ASSEMBLY SONGS *for* EVERY OCCASION

GEORGE H. GARTLAN

HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE

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ASSEMBLY SONGS

FOR

EVERY OCCASION

Selected and Arranged by

GEORGE H. GARTLAN

Director of Music in the Public Schools
of Greater New York

PUBLISHED BY

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PREFACE

MUSIC is the greatest single co-ordinating influence in education, developing as it does both the spiritual and material being. Assembly singing, undoubtedly the most vital contributing agent to this influence, properly performed, creates a spirit of unity, instills a love of the beautiful and serves the happiest hours of childhood.

"Assembly Songs for Every Occasion" offers to schools the most comprehensive collection of songs yet published, in which each individual song has been carefully selected and arranged to fit the purpose for which assembly singing was intended.

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

The several sections are devoted to

1—Patriotic Songs.
2—Songs for Every Occasion.
3—Community Songs.
4—American Songs and Spirituals.
5—Hymns.
6—Part Songs and Choruses.

It is contemplated that with few exceptions the songs in the first five groups will be sung in unison and the arrangements have been made with this end in view. The four part arrangements make the simplest practical form of piano support for the voices.

It is expected that the Art Songs in Group 6 will be sung on special occasions by a selected chorus. The arrangements while artistic to a degree, are well within the range of children's voices.

In the selection of material for an assembly book as comprehensive as this many things had to be considered, but there has of course been one primary object—one qualification above and beyond all others—one requisite that every song had to possess before the general or special utility was considered from any other standpoint—and that primary object has been the teaching of Americanization through the medium of songs, which will stimulate in the coming generation an appreciation of American ideals and American institutions.

To this great purpose this volume is respectfully dedicated.

THE EDITOR.

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The Star Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

John Stafford Smith
Harm. by George H. Gartlan

1. O— say! can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen, through the mists of the deep, Where the
3. O,— thus be it ev - er when— free - men shall stand Be -

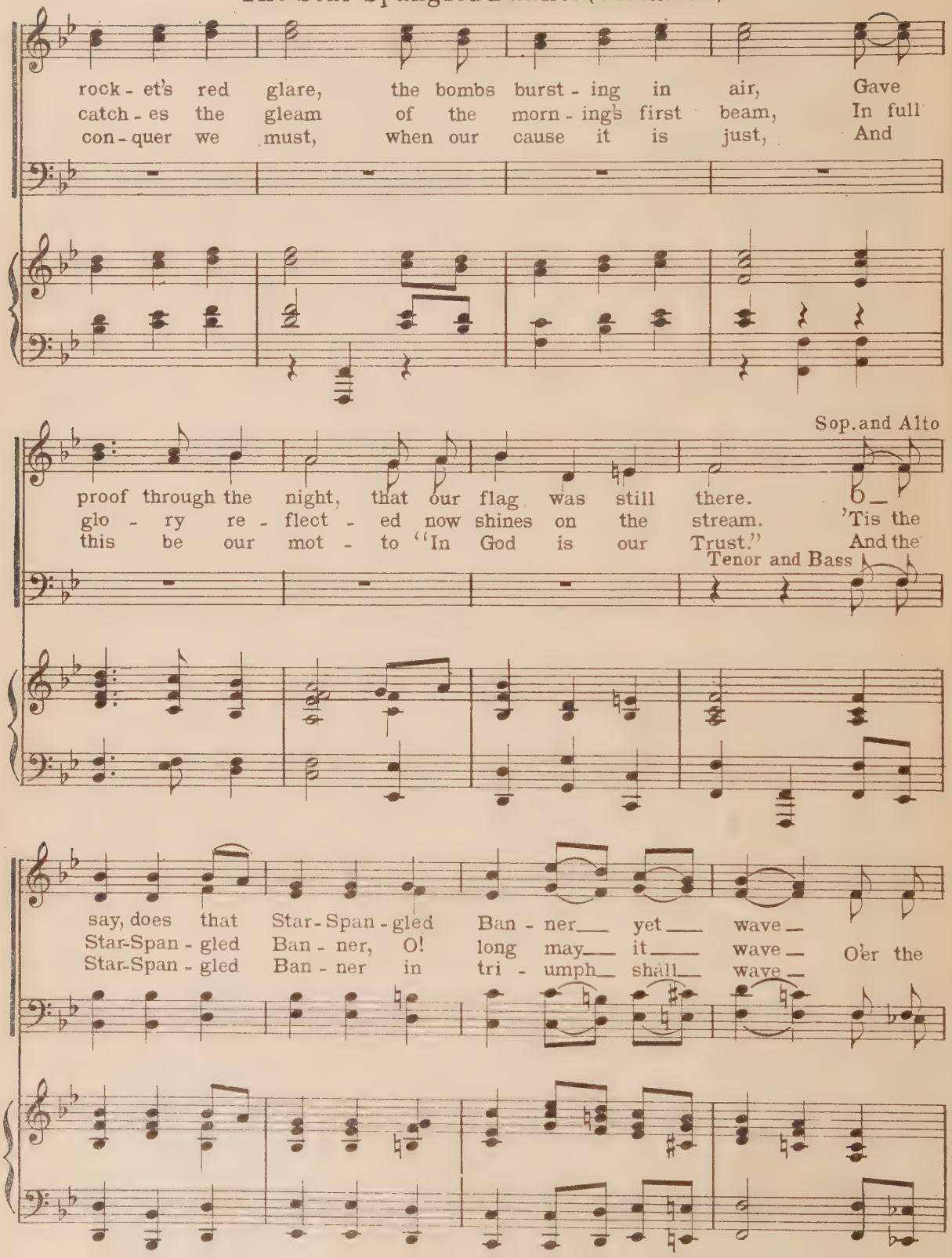
proud - ly we hailed at the twi - lights last gleam - ing? Whose broad
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
tween their lov'd homes and the war's de - so - la - tion! Blest with

stripes and bright stars, ❊ through the pe - ri - lous fight, ❊ O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the

ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing! And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
pow'r that hath made, and pre - served us a na - tion! Then

❊ *through the clouds of the fight* ❊ *This line appears in the final corrected edition*

The Star Spangled Banner (Continued)



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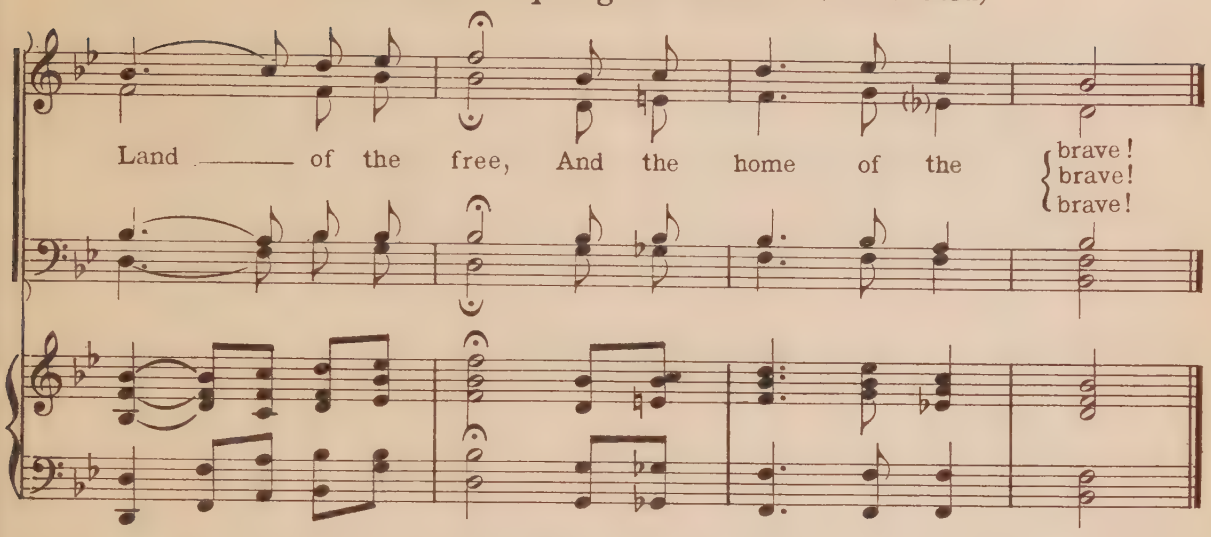
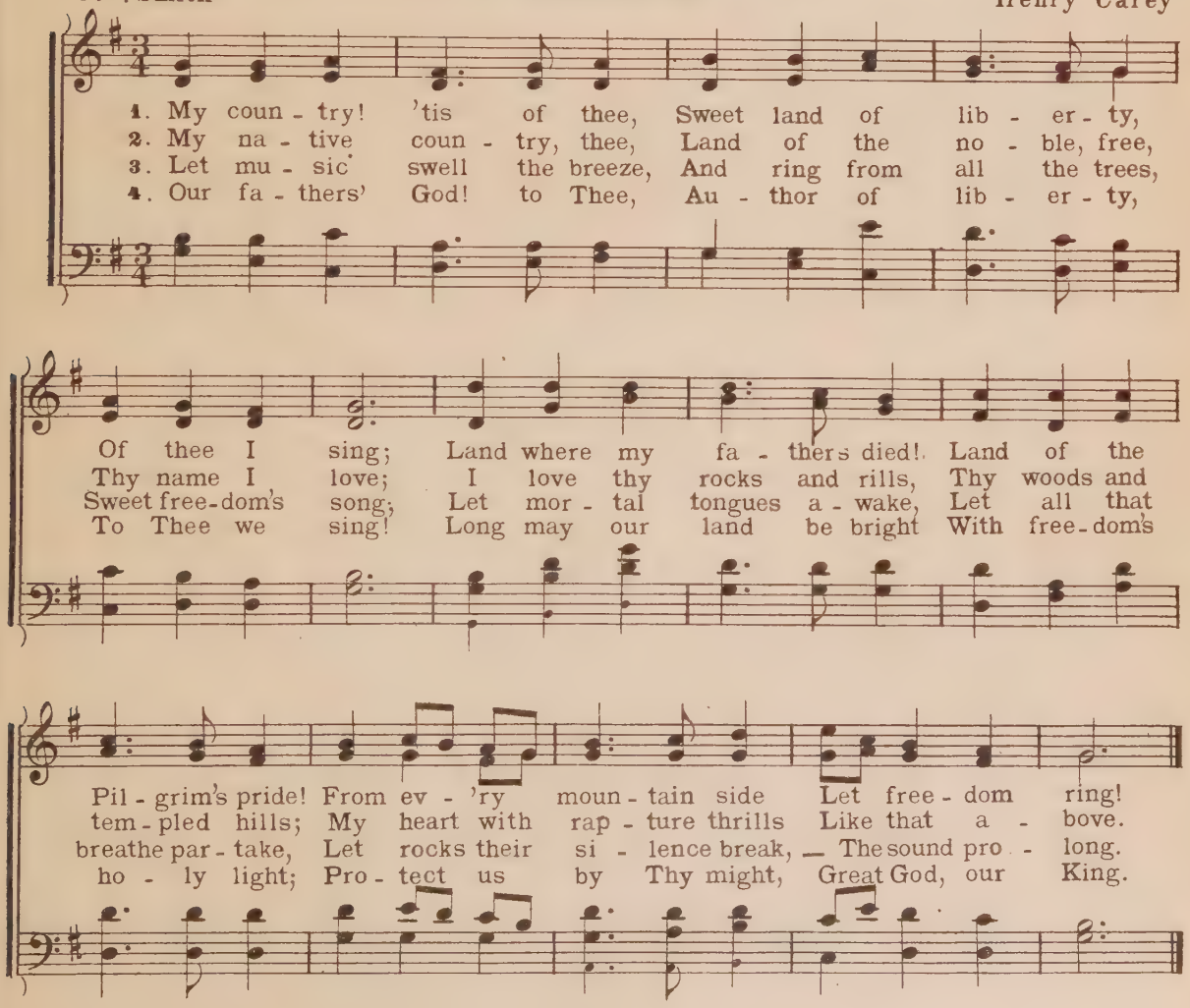


America

S. F. Smith — Henry Carey



The Red, White, and Blue

also, known as Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean

D. T. Shaw

mf Allegro

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free, The — shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo - tion, A — world of-fers hom-age to thee; Thy — man-dates make he-roes as - sem - ble, When — Lib - er-ty's form stands in view; Thy — ban-ners make tyr - an-ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy — blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! The —

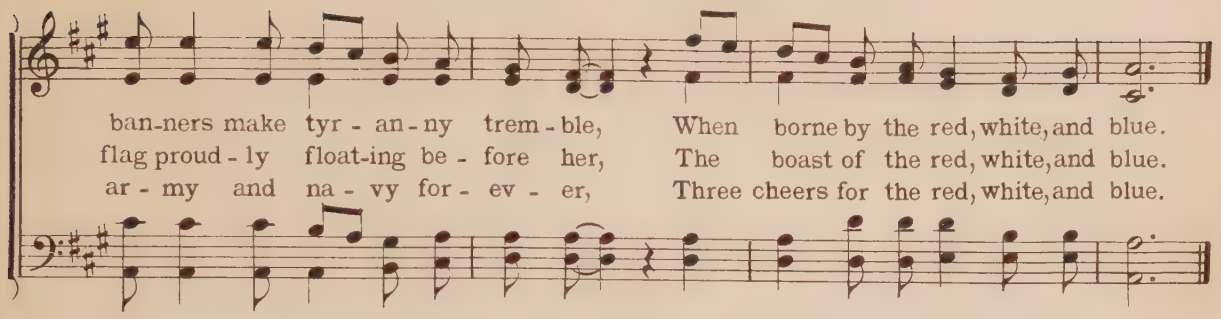
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat-ened the land to de- form, The — ark then of free-dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm, With her gar-lands of vic-t'ry a - round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew; With her flag proud - ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her

3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith - er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the ser-vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to the col - ors so true! The — ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er,

mf

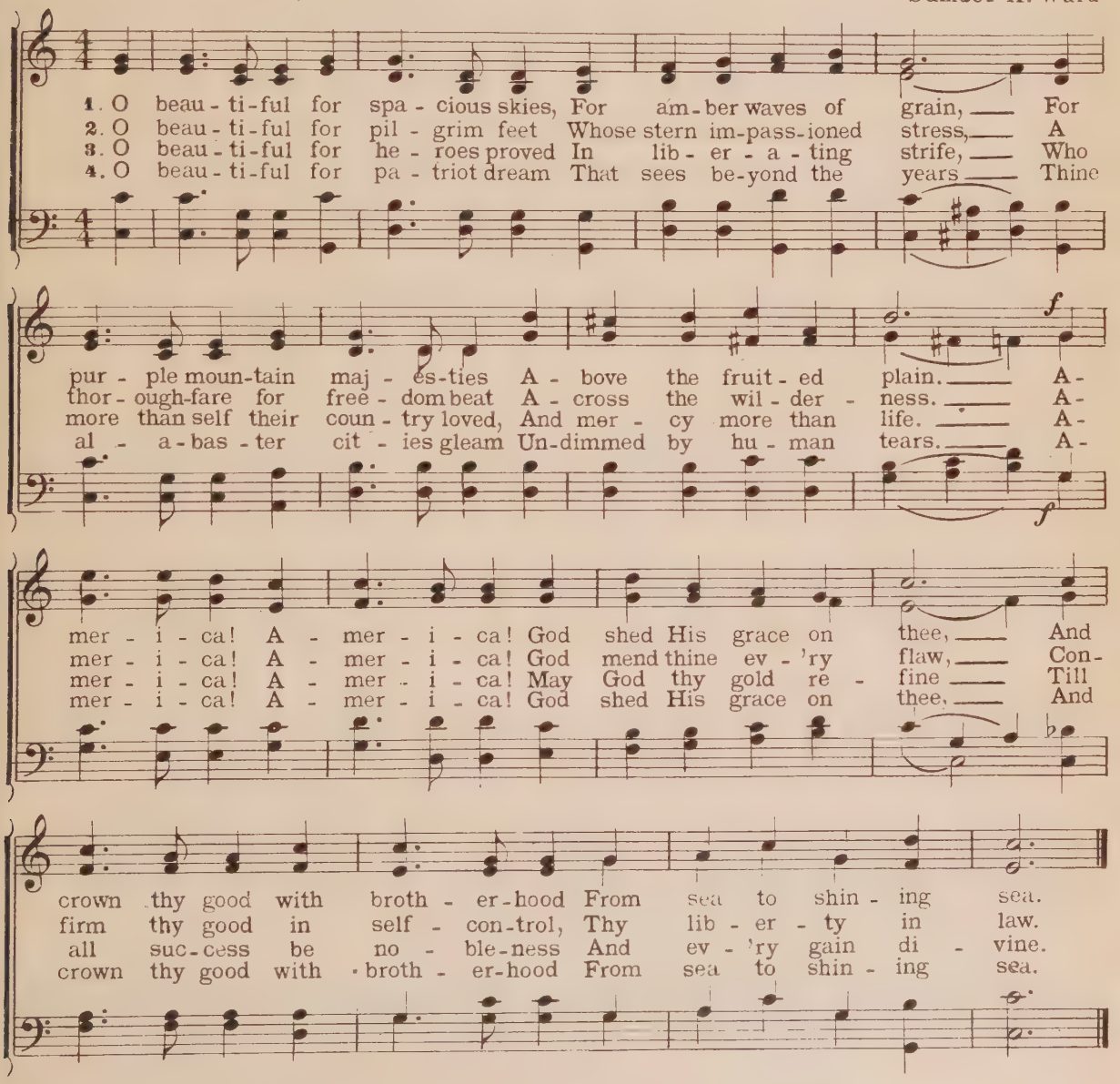
cresc.

f



America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates — Samuel A. Ward



Tenting To-night

Walter Kittredge

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Think-ing of days gone by,
3. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, And we'll be brave and true,

Our — wea - ry hearts, a song of home And — friends we love so dear.
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
And the flag shall float o'er all the land By the might of boys in blue.

Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease,

Ma-ny are the hearts pray-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace, Tent-ing to-night,
Last verse Dy-ing to-night,

Last time ppp

Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
Dy-ing to-night, *Omit* Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

The Battle Cry Of Freedom

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,

Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.

CHORUS
Fortissimo

The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hurrah! Down with the trai - tor, Up with the stars; While we ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.

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Columbia, Hail!

(Thanksgiving Hymn)

Arthur F. M. Custance

Moderato con spirito

f All hail!

1. All hail, be-lov-ed na - tive land! All hail! be-lov-ed na-tive land!
2. O'er sea and riv-er all a - long, O'er sea, and riv-er all a - long,

mf *p*

Be hushed all tones of sad - ness; The Lord has giv'n with boun - teous
The ships are proud - ly glid - ing; While count-less towns and cit - ies

mf *p*

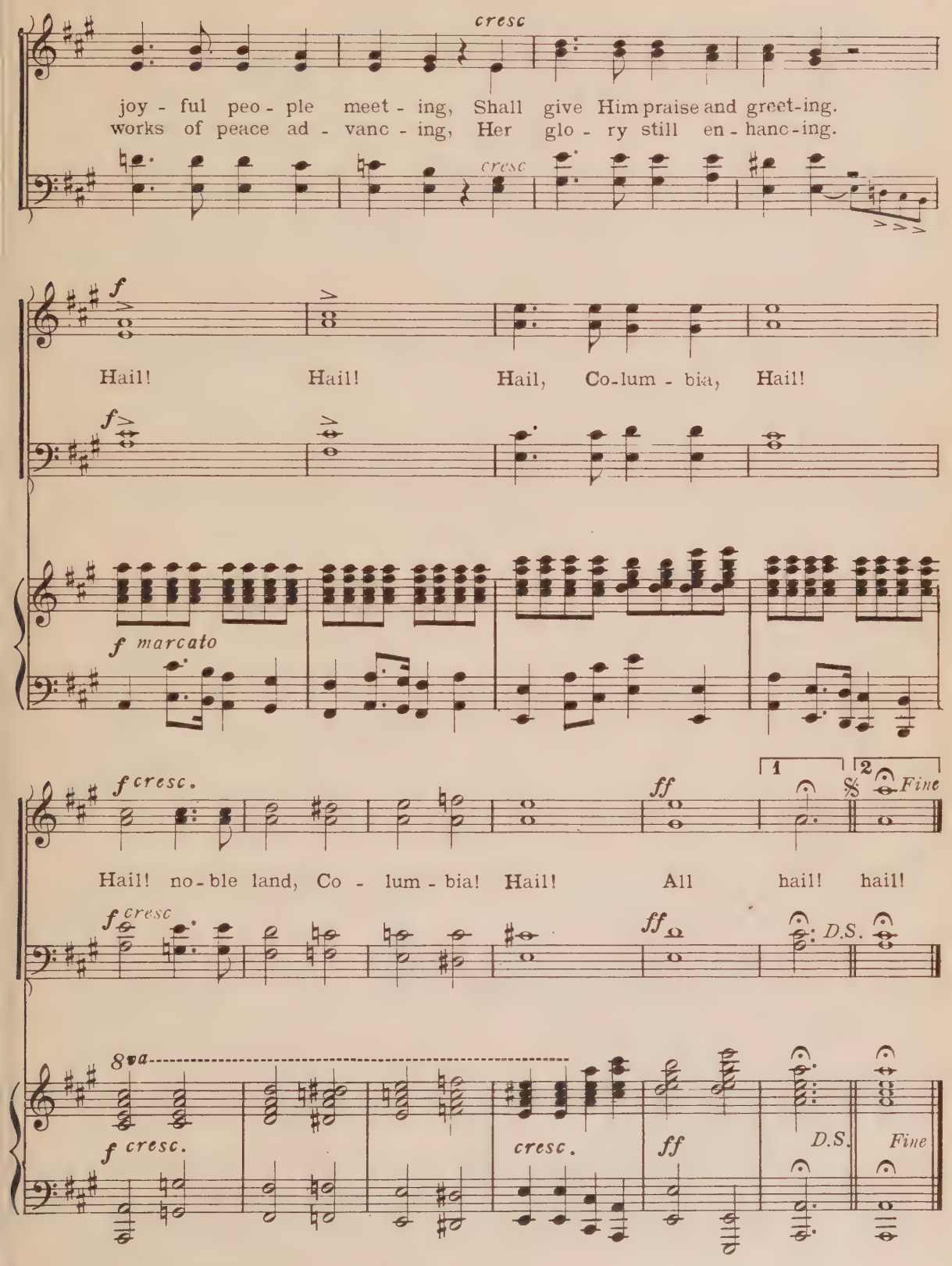
hand — Pros - per - i - ty and glad - ness. He makes each fer - tile
strong, — Are on their shores a - bid - ing. Round all our joy - ous

mf

cresc.

ver-dant field Its wealth of gold - en har - vest yield: His
hap - py land Our peo - ple join with heart and hand, In

cresc


cresc
joy - ful peo - ple meet - ing, Shall give Him praise and greet-ing.
works of peace ad - vanc - ing, Her glo - ry still en - hanc-ing.
cresc
f
Hail! Hail! Hail, Co-lum - bia, Hail!
f
f marcato
f cresc.
ff
1
2
Fine
Hail! no - ble land, Co - lum - bia! Hail! All hail! hail!
f cresc
ff
D.S.
8va
f cresc.
cresc.
ff
D.S.
Fine

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Words by Julia Ward Howe

Allegretto

1. Mine- eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tramp-ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is marching on.
he - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is marching on."
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

CHORUS

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

American Hymn

M. Keller

Maestoso

f

1. Speed our Re - pub-lic, O Fa - ther on high; Lead us in path-ways of jus-tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Free-dom to stand, We rush to arms when a-roused by its call; Still, as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thunders our war-cry: We con-quer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Still, as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war-cry: We con-quer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

3. Rise up, proud ea-gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair west-ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for Free-dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for Free-dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

p *cresc.* *mf* *f* *ff*

Hail, Columbia!

Joseph Hopkinson

Tune: President's March

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! — Hail, ye he - roes! heav'n-born band!
2. Im-mor - tal pa - triots! rise once more, De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore;
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! — Let ___ Wash - ing-ton's great name
4. Be-hold the Chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands,

Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause,
Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand
Ring through the world with loud ap - plause, Ring through the world with loud ap-plause;
The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat;

And when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won.
In - vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of toil — and blood the well - earned prize.
Let ev - 'ry clime, to free-dom dear — Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear.
But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.

Let in - de-pend-ence be our boast, — Ev - er mind - ful what it cost; —
While off-'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
With e - qual skill, with god - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
When hope was sink - ing in dis-may, When gloom ob-scured Co - lum-bia's day, His

The origin of this melody is doubtful. The composer is given as Fyle, Phyla, Fayles and Fyla.

Ev - er grate - ful for — the prize,— Let its al - tar reach the skies.
Truth and Jus - tice will —pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and— safe - ty we shall find.

America, My Country 'Tis Of Thee

(American Tune)

S. F. Smith — James J. McCabe

Maestoso M.M. (♩=88) *With fervor and vigor; moderate time not too slow*

1. My coun - try *'tis of thee, Sweet land of *lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,— Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

*Caution: Note the time

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

ad lib. a tempo

pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills; Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take: Let rocks their si - lence break; The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Words and Music by Louis Lambert

Arr. by George Rosey

With Spirit

Solo. *p* — Chorus. *f*

1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
2. The old church-bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
3. Get read - y for the ju - bi-lee, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
4. Let love and friend-ship, on that day, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —

Solo. *p* — Chorus. *f*

We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
Their choi - cest trea-sures then dis - play, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —

Solo. *p*

The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la-dies they will all turn out,
The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro-ses they will strew the way,
The lau - rel wreath is read - y now To place up - on his roy - al brow,
And let each one per - form some part To fill with joy the war-rior's heart.

Chorus. *(Repeat ad lib)* *f*

And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home.

The Ship Of State

H. W. Longfellow

George H. Gartlan
Arranged

Andante Maestoso

1st SOPRANO

2nd SOPRANO

ALTO

BASS
Optional

f

Thou too sail on — O, ship of State, — Sail on O, Un - ion strong and

Thou too sail on — O, ship of State, — Sail on O, Un - ion strong and

Complete in three parts without Bass

The Ship Of State (Continued)

great! with all the hope of fu-ture

great! Hu-man-i - ty with all its fears,—

great! Hu-man-i - ty with all its fears,— with all the hope of fu-ture

years— Is hang-ing breath-less on thy fate.— Sail on, sail

Sail on,

years— Is hang-ing breath-less on thy fate.— Sail on,

on, Sail on O, Un - ion strong and great!

Sail on, We know what

Sail on, Sail on O, Un - ion strong and great! We know what

What work-men wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made each

Mas-ter laid thy keel,

Mas-ter laid thy keel, What work-men wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made each

p

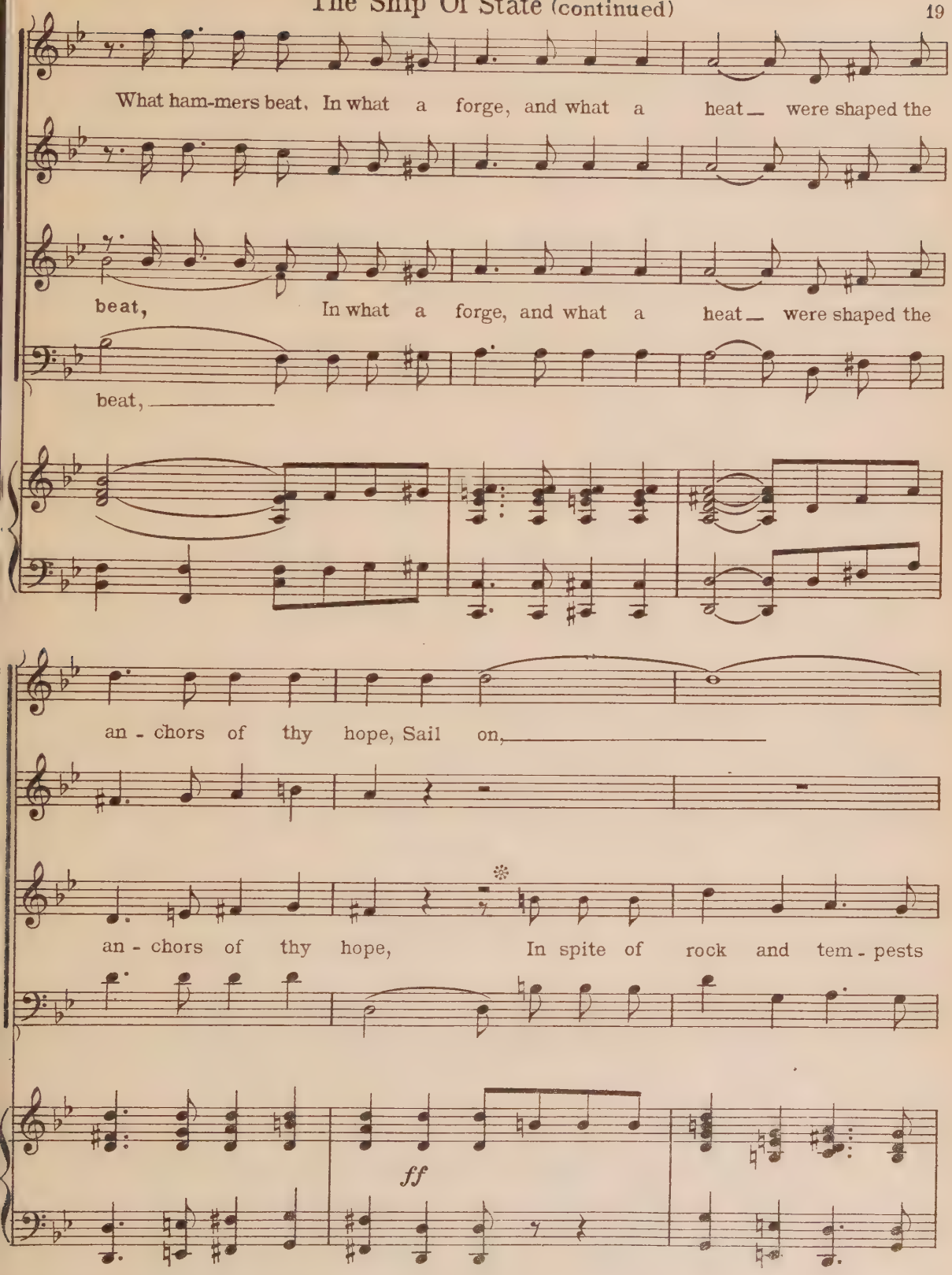
mast, and sail, and rope, What an-vils rang,

mast, and sail, and rope, What an-vils rang, What hammers

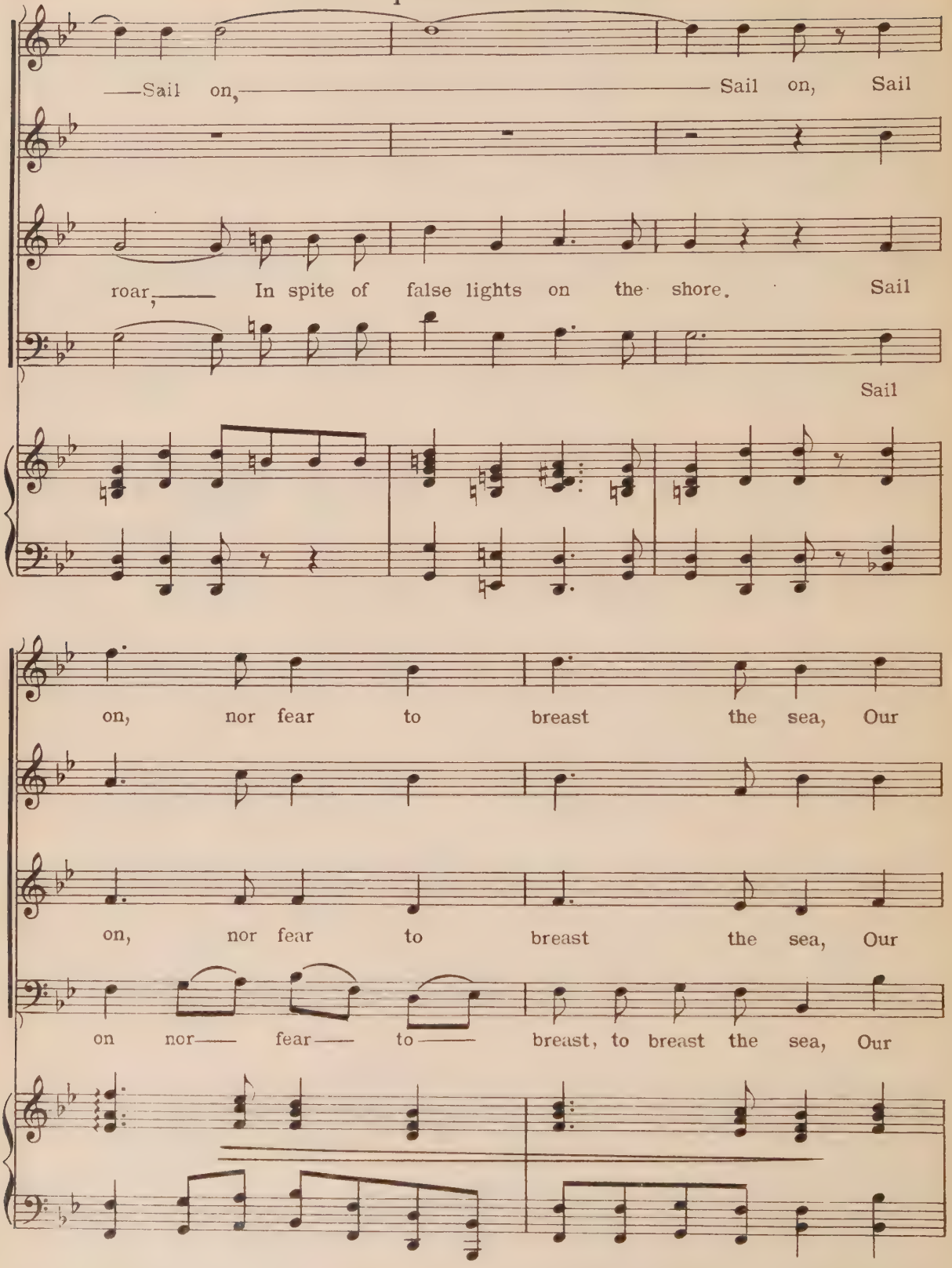
What ham-mers beat, What an - vils rang,

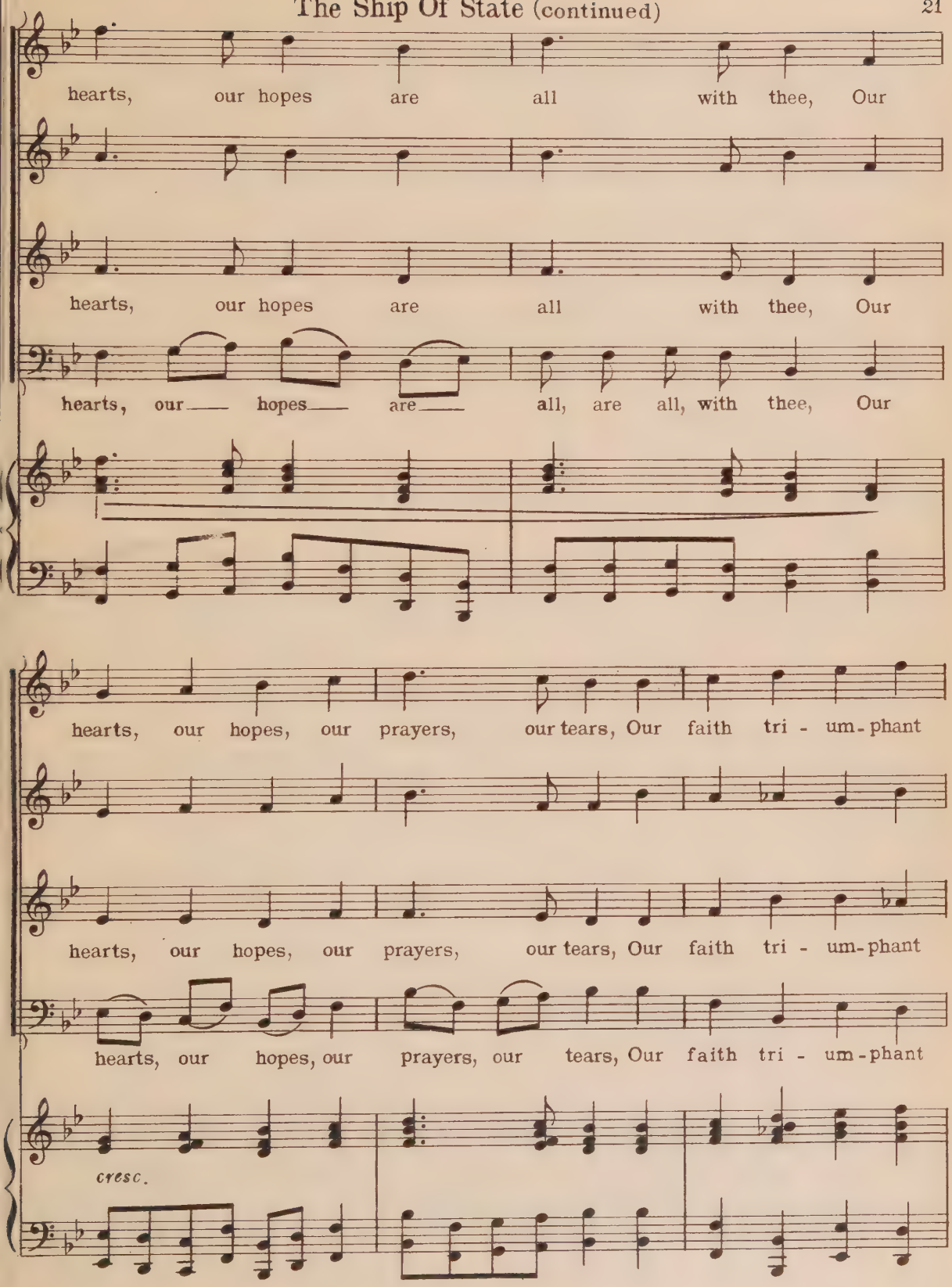
beat, What an-vils rang, What ham-mers

* If no Basses are available, Altos sing lower notes



* Without Basses, Altos sing this melody


Sail on, Sail on, Sail
roar, In spite of false lights on the shore. Sail
Sail
on, nor fear to breast the sea, Our
on, nor fear to breast the sea, Our
on nor fear to breast, to breast the sea, Our


hearts, our hopes are all with thee, Our
hearts, our hopes are all with thee, Our
hearts, our hopes are all, are all, with thee, Our
hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith tri - um-phant
hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith tri - um-phant
hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith tri - um-phant
cresc.

o'er our fears, Are all with thee, Are

o'er our fears, Are all, are all with thee, with thee, Are

ff

all with thee. Sail on, Sail on, Sail on!

all with thee. Sail on, Sail on, Sail on!

ff *ff* *fff*

The New Year

Percy Goetschius

1. Ring out, O bells, ring sil - ver-sweet, o'er hill and moor and dell!
2. Ah! who can say how much of joy with - in it there may be —
3. The flow'rs of spring must bloom at last, when gone the win - ter's snow;

In mel - low ech - oes let your chimes their hope - ful sto - ry tell.
Stored up for us, who list - en now to your sweet mel - o - dy?
God grant that aft - er sor - row past, we all some joy may know,

Ring out, ring out, all - ju - bi - lant, this joy - ous, glad re - frain:
Good - bye, Old Year! tried, trust-y friend, thy tale at last is told.
Though tem-pest-tossed our bark a-while on life's rough waves may be,

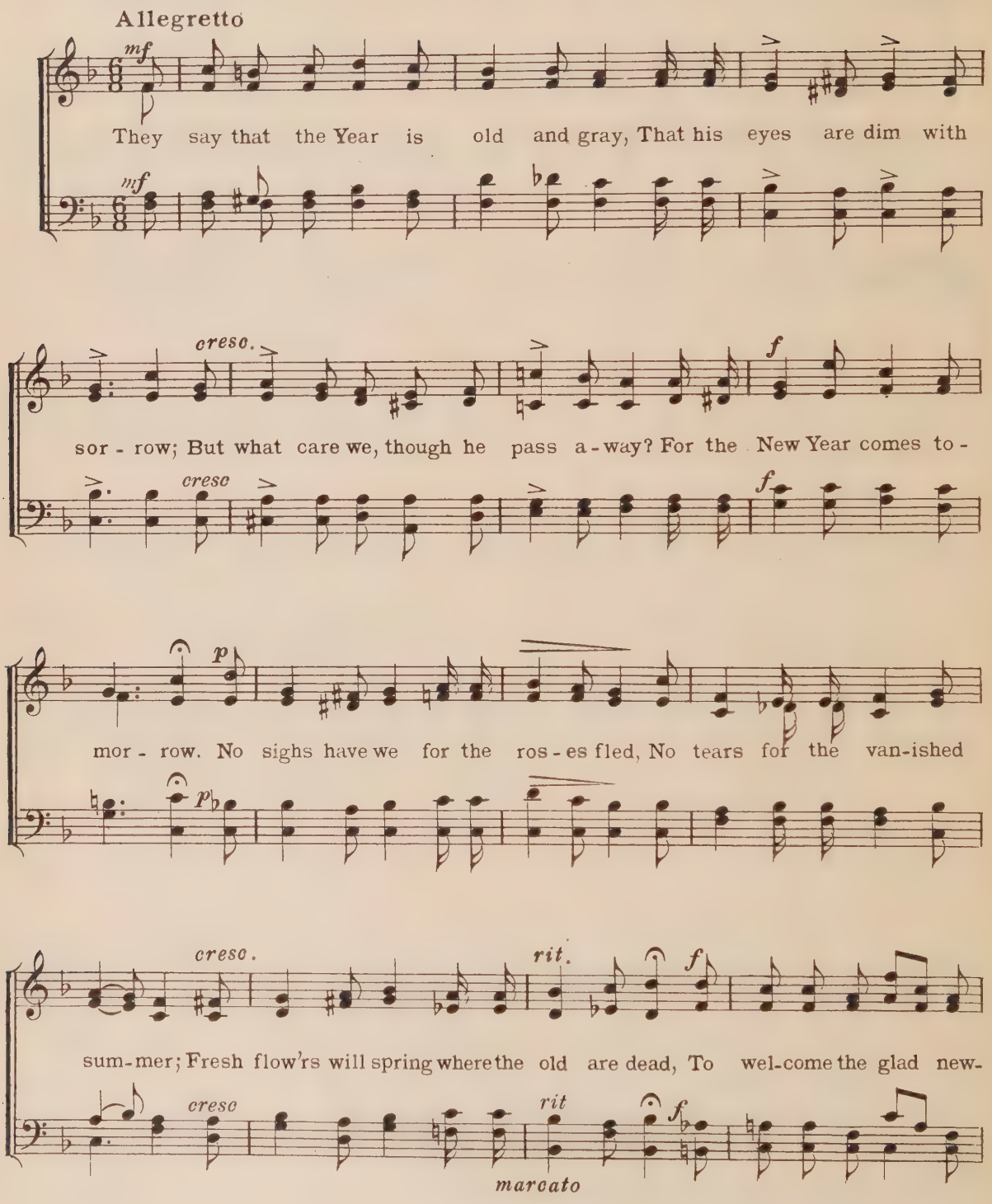
Ring out, ring out, all - ju - bi - lant, this joy - ous, glad re - frain:
Good - bye, Old Year! tried, trust-y friend, thy tale at last is told.
Though tem-pest-tossed our bark a - while on life's rough waves may be,

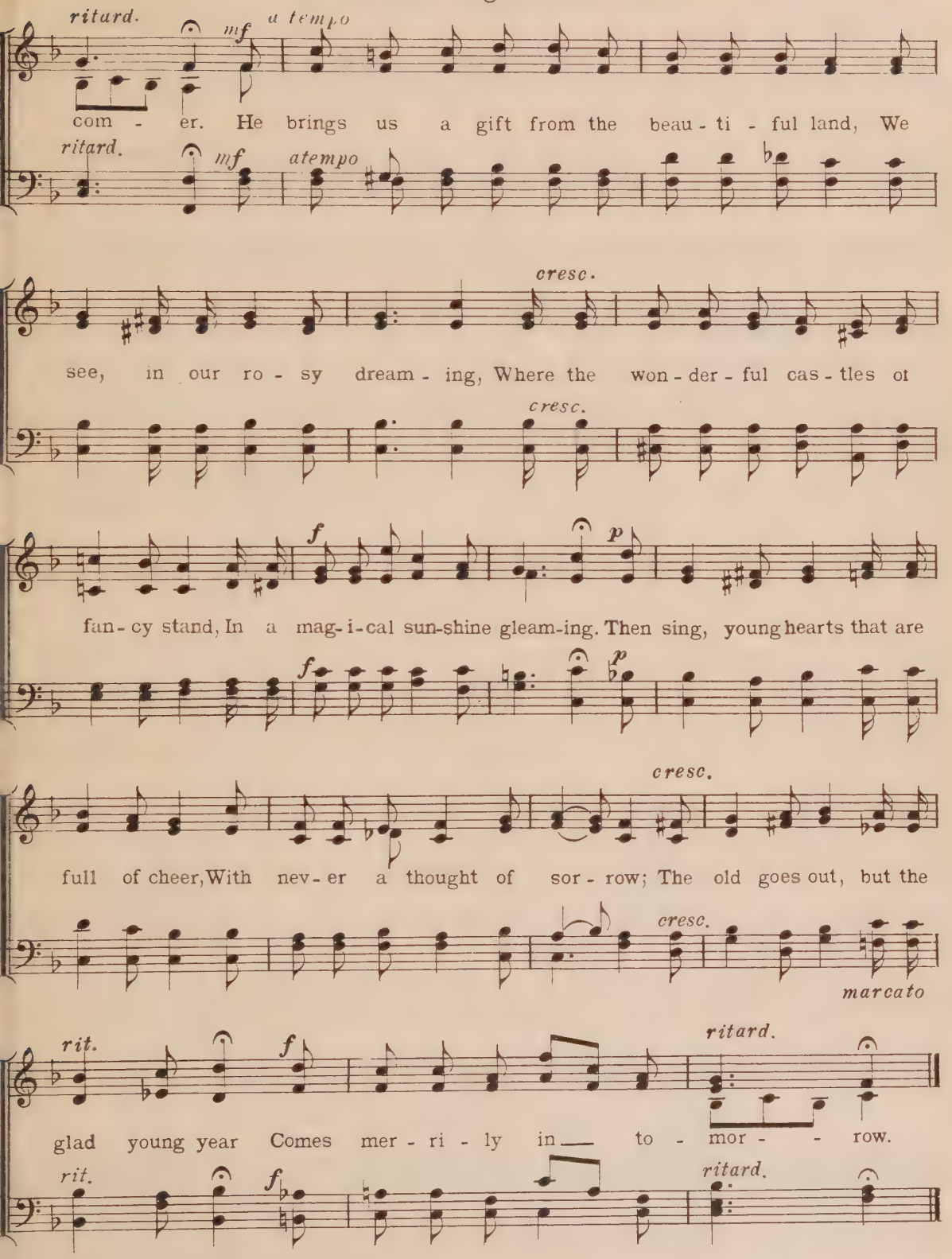
"A bright New Year, a glad New Year, hath come to us a - gain!"
O, New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of bright-est gold.
There comes a day of calm at last, when we the ha - ven see.

New Year Song

Emily Huntington Miller

Leo Oehmler

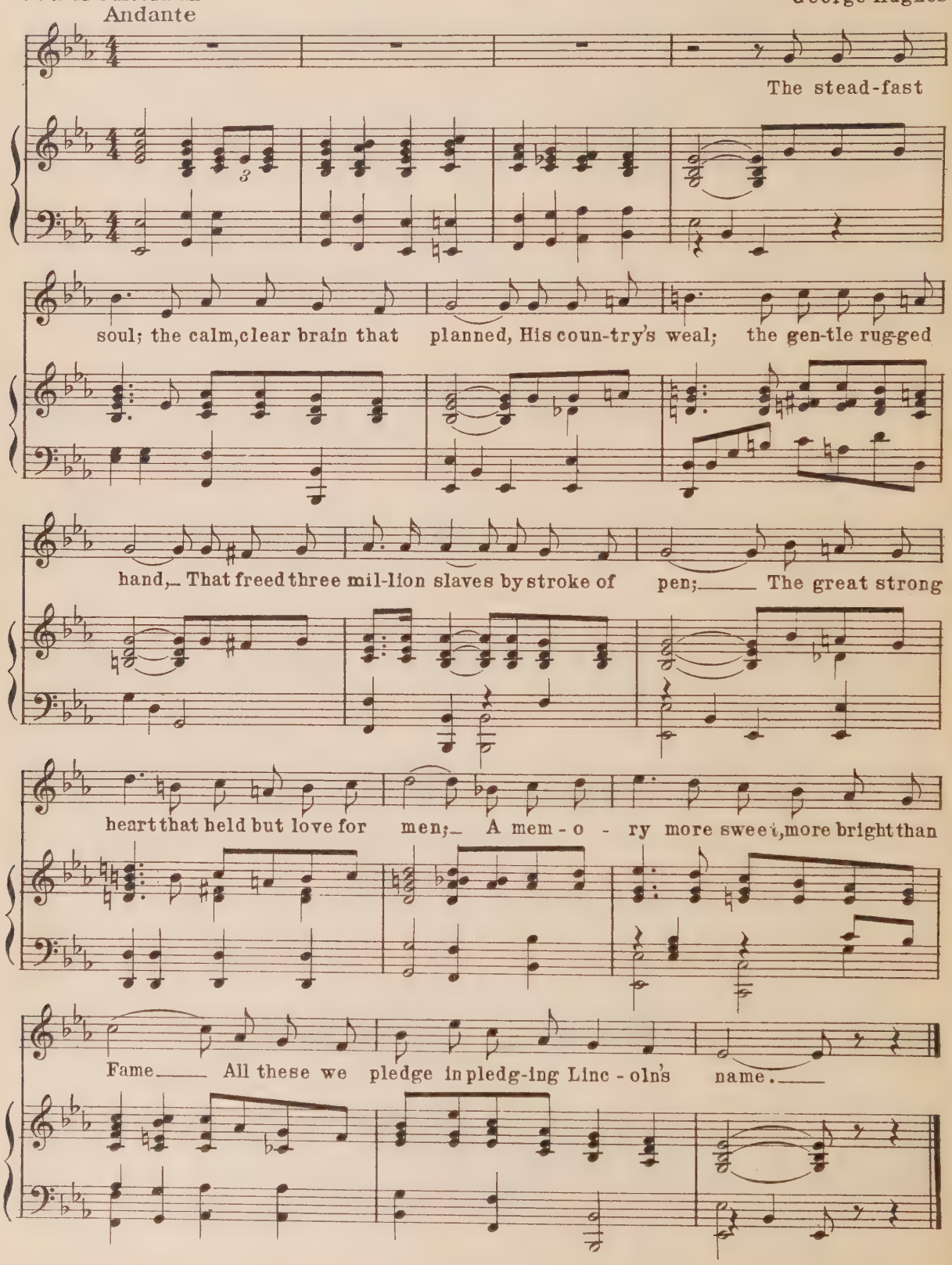



ritard.
mf
a tempo
com - er. He brings us a gift from the beau - ti - ful land, We
ritard.
mf
atempo
cresc.
see, in our ro - sy dream - ing, Where the won - der - ful cas - tles of
cresc.
f
p
fan - cy stand, In a mag - i - cal sun-shine gleam-ing. Then sing, young hearts that are
f
p
cresc.
full of cheer, With nev - er a thought of sor - row; The old goes out, but the
cresc.
marcato
rit.
f
ritard.
glad young year Comes mer - ri - ly in — to - mor - - row.
rit.
f
ritard.

For Lincoln's Birthday

Arthur Guiterman

George Hughes



St. Valentine

Rena I. Halsey

Sprightly

mf

1. Who is that tap-ping on gar-den gate? 'Tis ro-sy Cu-pid, he's al-ways late!
2. Who is that tap-ping on heart of thine? 'Tis lov-er true,— thy Val-en-tine,

cresc.

He comes from Val-en-tine, good saint, A gal-lant beau quite old and quaint,
He has sent thee— a gift of love, All tied with blue from sky a-bove:

mf

He has a bag well fill'd with hearts, All stuck with ti-ny sil-ver darts!
For blue means true as deep blue sea, Now lit-tle maid with song of glee,

cresc. *dim.*

Go, o-pen wide the gate, you see,— He's brought a heart for thee.—
Go, o-pen wide thy heart this day,— To Val-en-tine so gay.—

cresc. *dim.*

Ode For Washington's Birthday

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Beethoven
(From the Ninth or Choral Symphony.)

1. Wel-come to the day re - turn - ing, Dear-er still as a - ges flow,
2. Hear the tale of youth-ful glo - ry,— While of Brit-ain's res-cued band,
3. Look! the shad - ow on the di - al,— Marks the hour of dead-lier strife;
4. Vain is Em - pire's mad temp - ta - tion! Not for him an earth-ly crown!
5. "By the name that you in - her - it, By the suf-frings you re-call,
6. Fa-ther! we whose ears have tin - gled With the dis-cord notes of shame,

While the torch of faith is burn - ing, Long as free-dom's al - tars glow!
Friend and foe re - peat the sto - ry, Spread his fame o'er sea and land,
Days of ter - ror, years of tri - al, Scourge a na - tion in - to life.
He whose sword has freed a na - tion! Strikes the of - fered scep-tre down.
Cher - ish the fra - ter - nal spir - it; Love your coun - try first of all!
We, whose sires their blood have min - gled In the bat - tle's thun - der flame,

See the he - ro whom it— gave us Slumb'-ring on a moth-er's breast,
Where the red cross fond - ly— stream-ing, Flaps a - bove the frig-ate's deck,
Lo, the youth, be - come her— lead - er! All her baf - fled ty-rants yield;
See the throne-less con-queror seat - ed, Rul - er— by a peo-ple's choice;
List - en not to i - dle— ques-tions If its— bands may be un - tied;
Gath'-ring while this ho - ly— morn - ing Lights the— land from sea to sea,

For the arm he stretched to save us,— Be its morn for - ev - er blest.
Where the gold - en lil - ies, gleam-ing, Star the watch-tow'rs of Que-bec.
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her; Crown him on the tent - ed field!
See the Pa - triot's task com-plet - ed; Hear the Fa - ther's dy - ing voice!
Doubt the pa - triot whose sug-ges - tions Strive a na - tion to di - vide!"
Hear thy coun - sel, heed thy warn - ing; Trust us, while we hon - or thee!

The Winds Of March Are Blowing

A. F. M. Custance

Moderato

mf *cresc.*

1. The winds of March are blow-ing, And fresh-en all the rush-ing air; The
2. For Na-ture, kind-ly moth-er, Is bid-ding all her tribes a-wake, And
3. What tho' with nois-y blus-ter, The winds of March sometimes may rove, The

mf *cresc.*

And The
Is And
The The

dim. *mf* *cresc.*

streams a-gain are flow-ing, Spring's path way to pre-pare; The for-est trees are
join with one an-oth-er, Old Win-ter's chain to break; The winds of March a-
pow'r of Spring they mus-ter Rais-es the sap in grove; As days re-vive and

dim. *mf* *cresc.*

mf

toss-ing Their gi-ant arms in glad-some mood, The sound of loud re-
rouse them To vig-or in the ea-ger strife, The stir-ring breeze en-
length-en, They clear the mists our hopes that spoil, And while our hands they

mf

f 3

joic-ing, Re-ech-oes through the wood, Re-ech-oes through the wood.
dows them With en-er-gy and life, With en-er-gy and life.
strength-en, They an-i-mate our toil, They an-i-mate our toil.

f 3

Re-
With
They

Saint Patrick's Day

M. J. Barry — Irish Folksong

mf

1. Oh! blest be the days when the green ban - ner float - ed, Sub -
2. Her scep - ter, a - las! pass'd a - way to the stran - ger; And
3. Oh! blest be the hour, when be - girt by her can - non, And

mf

lime o'er the moun-tains of free In - nis - fail;* When her sons to her glo - ry and
trea-son sur-ren-dered what val-or hath held; But true hearts re-mained a-mid
hail'd as it rose by a na-tion's ap-plause, That flag wav'd a-loft o'er the

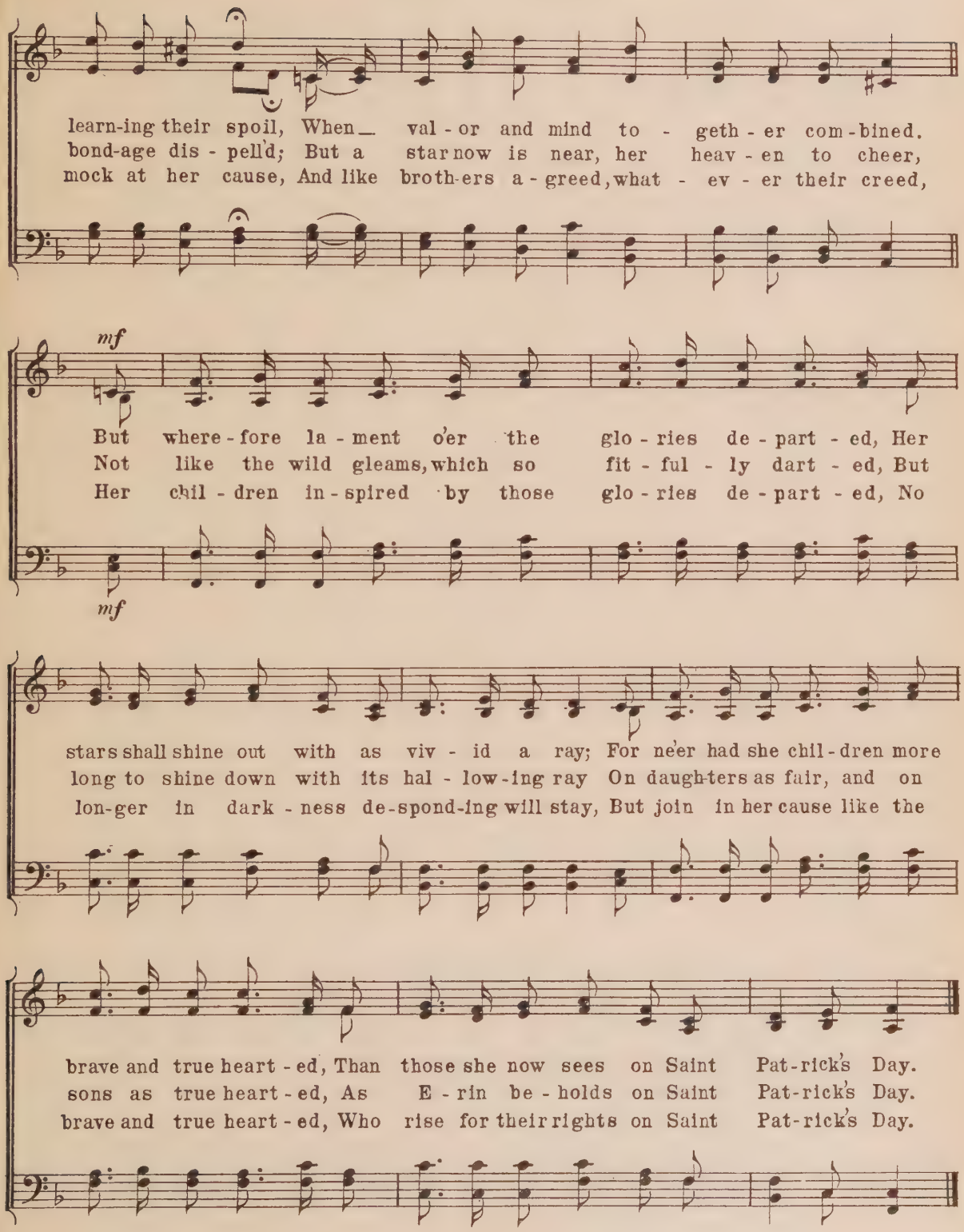
free-dom de - vot - ed, De - fied the in - vad - er to tread her soil,
dark-ness and dan-ger, Which, 'spite of her ty-rants, would not be quell'd.
spire of Dun-gan-non,** As - sert - ing for I - rish - men, I - rish laws.

f

When back o'er the main they chased the Dane, And gave to re - lig - ion and
Oft, oft, thro' the night flash'd gleams of light, Which al-most the dark-ness of
Once more shall it wave o'er hearts as brave, De - spite of the das-tards who

f

*An ancient name for Ireland. ** A town in North eastern Ireland, once the chief seat of the Kings of Ulster.


learn-ing their spoil, When val - or and mind to - geth - er com - bined.
bond-age dis - pell'd; But a star now is near, her heav - en to cheer,
mock at her cause, And like broth-ers a - greed, what - ev - er their creed,
mf
But where - fore la - ment o'er the glo - ries de - part - ed, Her
Not like the wild gleams, which so fit - ful - ly dart - ed, But
Her chil - dren in - spired by those glo - ries de - part - ed, No
mf
stars shall shine out with as viv - id a ray; For ne'er had she chil - dren more
long to shine down with its hal - low - ing ray On daugh-ters as fair, and on
lon-ger in dark - ness de-spond-ing will stay, But join in her cause like the
brave and true heart - ed, Than those she now sees on Saint Pat-rick's Day.
sons as true heart - ed, As E - rin be - holds on Saint Pat-rick's Day.
brave and true heart - ed, Who rise for their rights on Saint Pat-rick's Day.

The Wearing Of The Green

Words by Dion Boucicault

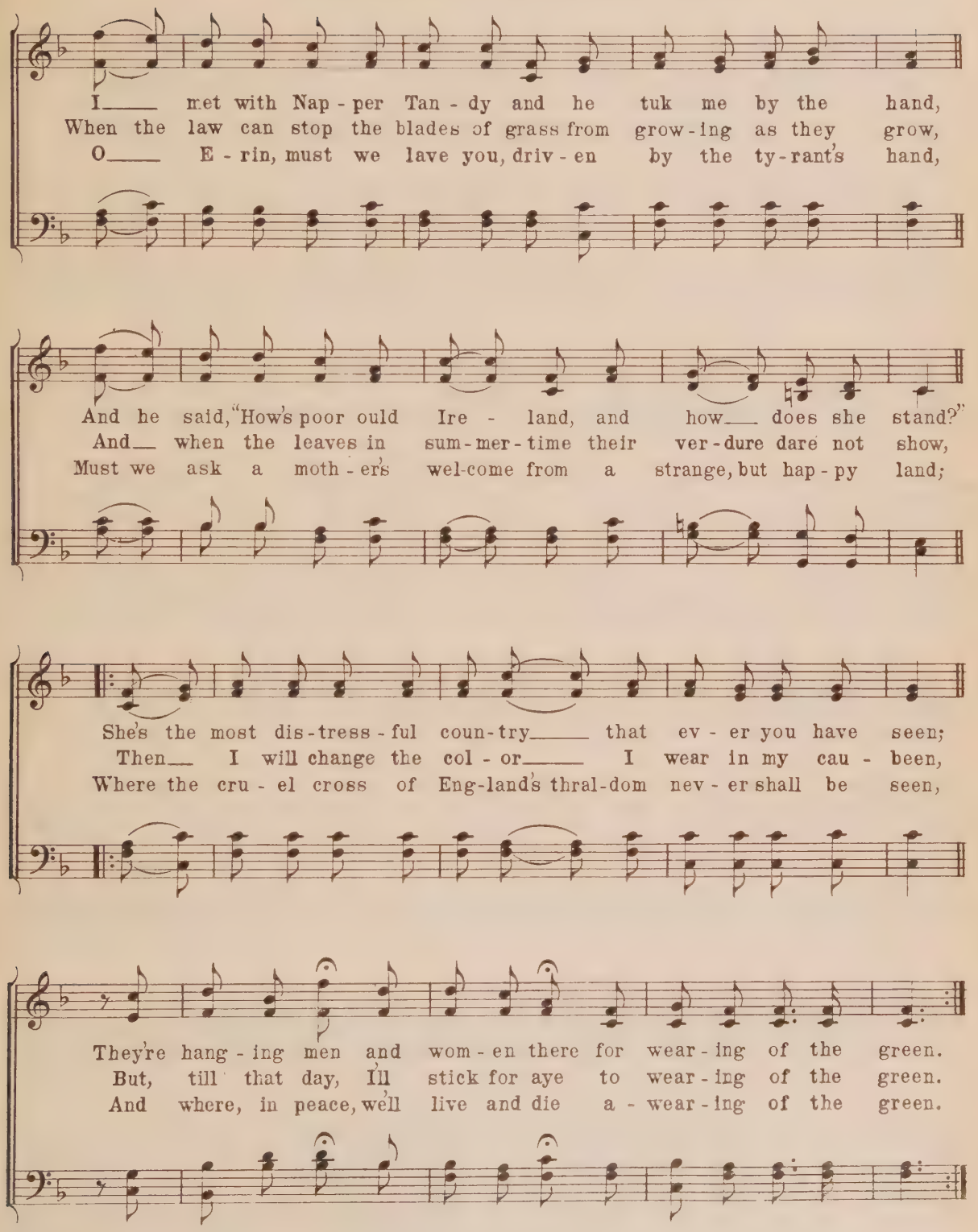
Moderato

1. O Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round,
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el red,
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart,

The Sham-rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground;
Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed.
Her sons with shame and sor-row from the dear old soil will part.

Saint_ Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen,
You may take the sham-rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
I've heard whis-per of a coun-try that lies far be-yant the say,

For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green.
But 'twill take root and flour-ish still, tho' un - der-foot 'tis trod.
Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free-dom's day.


I met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand,
When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow,
O E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand?"
And when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show,
Must we ask a moth - er's wel-come from a strange, but hap - py land;
She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have seen;
Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau - been,
Where the cru - el cross of Eng-land's thral-dom nev - er shall be seen,
They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green.
But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear - ing of the green.
And where, in peace, we'll live and die a - wear - ing of the green.

A Song Of March

E. A. Davis

Walter Howe Jones

I come with a shout, and scat-ter a-bout The things that I find in my way;—

Thro' cit - y and town I march with a frown And o - ver the hills a - way;—

I blus - ter and blow, and snap off the snow, For car-pets as nev - er were seen;—

And raise such a breeze, the shrubs and the trees Don quick-ly their love-li-est green.

The Return Of Spring

Bayard Taylor

Walter Howe Jones

1. A spir - it of beau - ty walks the hills, A spir - it of love the plain;
2. 7 Is it a spike of az - ure flow - ers Deep in the mead-ows seen,—

The shad-ows are bright, and the sun - shine fills The air with a dia-mond rain!
Or is it the pea - cock's neck that tow'rs Out of— the span-gled green?

Be - fore— my vi - sion the glo - ries swim To the dance of a tune un - heard;
Is a white dove glanc-ing a - cross the blue, Or an o - pal tak - ing wing?

Is an an - gel singing where woods are dim, Or— is it an am-or-ous bird?
For my soul— is daz - zled thro' and thro' With the splen-dor of— the spring.

Arbor Day

Seymour S. Short

Walter Howe Jones

1. A - gain we come this day to greet,— Ar-bor Day! sweet
2. Bring forth the trees! pre - pare the earth For Ar-bor Day! sweet

Ar-bor Day! With will-ing hands and nim-ble feet, Ar-bor Day! sweet
Ar-bor Day! With song we cel - e - brate thy birth, Ar-bor Day! sweet

Ar-bor Day! No sweet-er theme our time can claim, No grand-er deed points
Ar-bor Day! And when our joy - ful task is done And we the meed of

us to fame, No day more proud than this we name,— Ar-bor Day! dear Ar-bor Day!
praise have won, The glorious works but just be-gun For Ar-bor Day! dear Ar-bor Day!

Forest Song

W. H. Venable

Walter Howe Jones

Unison

1. A song for the beau-ti-ful trees! A— song for the for-est grand,
2. A song for the palm,- the pine, And for ev-'ry— tree that grows,
3. So long as the riv-ers flow, So— long as the mountains rise,

The— gar-den of God's own— hand, The— pride of His cen-tu-ries.
From the des-o-late zone of— snows To the zone of the burn-ing line.
May the for-est— sing to the skies, And— shel-ter the earth be-low.

Hur-rah! for the king-ly oak,— For the ma-ple, the syl-van queen,
Hur-rah! for the ward-ers proud,— Of the moun-tain-side and vale,
Hur-rah! for the beau-ti-ful trees, Hur-rah! for the for-est grand,

For the lords of the em-er-ald cloak, For the la-dies in liv-ing green.
That- chal-lenge the thun-der-cloud, And— buf-fet the storm-y gale.
The— pride of His cen-tu-ries, The— gar-den of God's own hand.

Around The May-Pole

Rena I. Halsey

Allegro

mf

1. Oh, see the May-pole long and bare, Crowned with a wreath of flow-ers fair, See the rib-bons gay— and bright, Wave and flash in sun-ny light,— Kissed by the sun to rain-bow hue, Red— and yel-low, green and blue. A-round the pole the chil-dren go, Weav-ing rib-bons to and fro.

2. Oh, see the chil-dren fair and gay, Dance 'round and 'round, the first of May, Hear their voic-es in joy-ous song, Weav-ing, twist-ing rib-bons long, A-round— they go in mer-ry ring, Smil-ing with joy as 'round they swing, A-round the pole the chil-dren go, Weav-ing rib-bons to and fro.

cresc.

f

Sailors' and Soldiers' Memorial Day

(May 30th, the day set apart for strewing flowers over the graves of fallen sailors and soldiers.)

Moderato

1. When flow-'ry sum-mer is at hand, And spring has gemm'd the earth with bloom,
2. They died our coun-try to re - deem, And from the lov - ing earth we bring
3. With snow-y haw-thorn, clus-ters white, Fair vi - o-lets of heav'n-ly blue,
4. But pur - er than the fair-est flow'rs, We strew a-bove the hon-ored dead,
5. We_ bend and kiss the pre-cious sod,_ Swift fall our tears the graves a - bove;

We_ hith - er bring, with lov-ing hand, Bright flow'rs to deck our sail-ors' tomb.
The wealth of hill, and vale, and stream, Our_ grate-ful land's best of - fer - ing.
And ear - ly ros - es, fresh and bright, We_ wreathe the red, and white, and blue.
The ten - der change-less love of ours,_ That decks the sail-ors' low - ly bed.
Oh! broth-ers! from the hills of God,_ Look down and see our change-less love.

CHORUS

Gen - tle birds a - bove are sweet - ly sing - ing, O'er the graves of he-roes brave and true; While the sweet-est flow'rs we are true, brave and true;

Repeat pp

bring - ing, Wreath'd in gar - lands of red,___ white and blue.

Flowers For The Brave

For Memorial Day

Slow march time

John Hyatt Brewer

1. Hushed is the sound of the fife, And the bu - gle pip - ing
2. The flash-ing swords that were drawn, No rust shall their fame de -

clear. The vi - vid and del - i - cate life In the soul of the youth-ful
stroy! Boughs ro - sy as rifts of dawn, Like the blush on the cheek of

year. We bring to the qui - et dead, With a gen-tle and tem - pered
joy; Rich fires of the gar - dens and meads, We kin-dle these hearts a -

grief; O'er the mound so mute we shed, The beau-ty of blossom and leaf.
bove! What splendor can match their deeds? What sweetness can match our love?

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CHORUS

Here bring you pur-ple and gold; Of col-or and scent the glo-ry, And

ritard. *maestoso*

cher-ish the deeds that ne'er grow old; Of brave men, in song and sto-ry.

Arbor Day Song*

S. F. Smith

Maestoso

Geo. Edgar Oliver

1. Joy for the stur-dy trees! Fanned by each fra-grant breeze,
2. Plant them by stream or way, Plant them where child-ren play;
3. God will His bless-ing send; All things on Him de-pend;

Love-ly they stand! The song-birds o'er them thrill, They shade each
And toil-ers rest; In ev-'ry ver-dant vale, On ev-'ry
His lov-ing care Clings to each leaf and flower Like i-vy

tink-ling rill, They crown each swel-ling hill, Low-ly or grand.
sun-ny swale, Wheth-er to grow or fail, God know-etb best.
to its tower; His pres-ence and His power Are ev-'ry-where.

*May also be sung to tune known as "America"
Used by permission of Geo. Edgar Oliver

The Blue And The Gray

For Memorial Day

Francis Miles Finch — Roys Bridgman

1. By the flow of the in - land riv - er, Whence the fleets of — i - ron have fled, Where the blades of the grave-grass quiv - er, A - sleep are the ranks of the dead; Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day; Un - der the one, — the — Blue,— Un - der the oth - er, the Gray.

2. From the si - lence of sor-row-ful hours The — des - o-late mourn-ers go, All — lov - ing-ly la-den with flow - ers, A - like for the friend and the foe; Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day; Un - der the ros-es, the — Blue,— Un - der the li - lies, the Gray.

3. No — more shall the war - cry sev - er, Or the wind - ing — riv-ers be red; They — ban - ish our an-ger for - ev - er When they lau - rel the graves of our dead! Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day; Love and — tears for the Blue,— Tears and — love for the Gray.

Graduation Song

W. Locke Smith

E. H. Pierce

1. How sad, 'mid the sun - shine that glad - dens the scene, Comes the thought that to - day we must part, That the bond which af - fec - tion has ev - er left green Must be sev - er'd to - day in the heart; That we meet in the home of our child-hood no more, As we lov - ing - ly met to the last; That we nev - er a - gain on this time-bound - ed shore May u - nite in the songs of the past.

2. But fond - ly our thoughts will re - turn to the spot, On the wings of re - mem - brance borne up, And our hearts shall re - joice while we cher-ish the lot That per - mits us to drink of the cup; Then fare - well to our school, and fare - well to the friends Who have light - ed our path-way with love; Tho' to day we must part, yet our prayer will as - cend That our school be u - nit - ed a - bove.

1. we must part,
2. borne up,

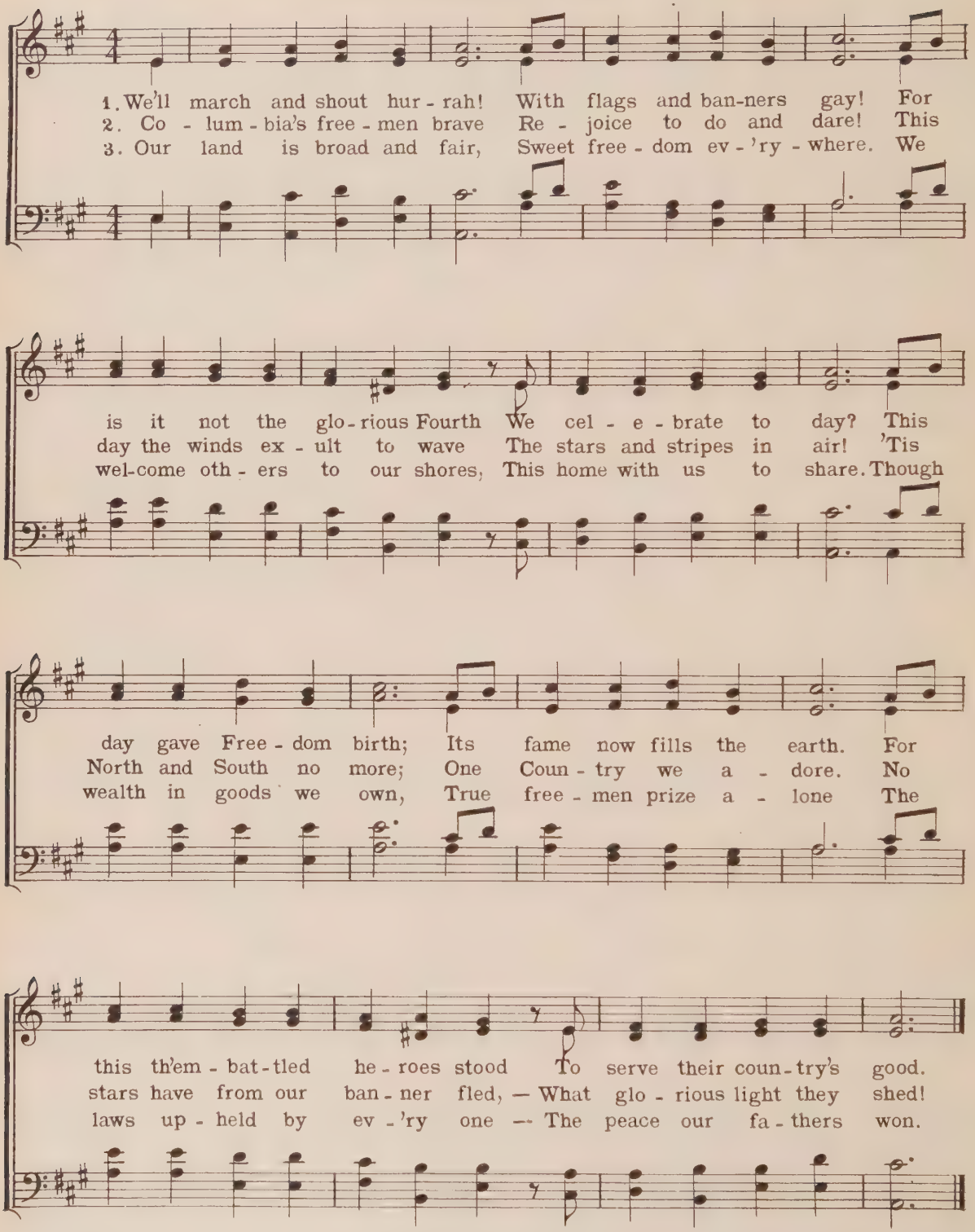
1. to the last:
2. with love;

f

f

The Glorious Fourth

For Independence Day



Thanksgiving Hymn

Bertha E. Bush

W. B. Olds

1. Dear Lord a-bove, whose kind-ly hand With bless-ings strews our way,—
2. We praise Thee for the har-vest fair, For crowd-ed barn and press,
3. For bless-ings count-less as the stars, Aye, more than we can say,—

Our grate-ful hearts to Thee we raise This glad Thanks-giv-ing Day.
For hap-py homes and lov-ing hearts And warmth of kind-li-ness.
We of-fer up our grate-ful praise This glad Thanks-giv-ing Day.

Thanksgiving

Anna L. Barbauld

Ignace Pleyel

1. Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. For the bless-ings of the field, For the fruits the gar-dens yield,
3. All that spring with boun-teous hand Scat-ters o'er the smil-ing land;
4. Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol-emn praise:

Boun-teous source of ev-'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy!
For the joy which har-vests bring, Grate-ful prais-es now we sing,
All that lib-'ral au-tumn pours From her rich o'er-flow-ing stores.
And when ev-'ry bless-ing's flown, Love Thee for Thy-self a-lone.

Harvest Home Song

Bertha E. Bush — W. B. Olds

1. The year has sped in joy and grief, The reap-ing and the sow-ing;
2. Yet while our har-vest song we raise In mer-ry tune-ful cho-rus,

The grain is gar-nered from the sheaf, The barns are o-ver-flow-ing.
We'll not for-get the Lord to praise Whose boun-ty has been o'er us.

And now with hap-py heart has come Each kind-ly friend and neigh-bor
He blessed us through the live-long year, Sent sun and show-er ev-er,

To cel-e-brate our har-vest home, The glad re-sult of la-bor.
His boun-ty gave our har-vest here, Oh, praise His name for-ev-er.

REFRAIN.

So now with joy and sing-ing We greet the glad home-bring-ing;

With thank-ful hearts this day we keep Our hap-py har-vest home,

With thank-ful hearts this day we keep Our hap-py har-vest home.

Old Winter

John Greenleaf Whittier — Walter Howe Jones

1. Old Win-ter is a stur-dy one, And last-ing stuff he's made of;
2. He spreads his coat up-on the heath, Nor yet, to warm it, lin-gers;
3. His home is by the North Pole's strand, Where earth and seas are froz-en;

His flesh is hard as i-ron-stone, There's noth-ing he's a-fraid of.
He scouts the thought of ach-ing teeth, Or chil-blains on his fin-gers.
His sum-mer house, we un-der-stand, In Switz-er-land he's chos-en.

Santa Claus

Moderato

mf

1. Old San - ta Claus sat all a - lone, as qui - et as could be,
2. He had been bus - y as a bee, had stuffed his pack with toys,
3. He clapped his specs up - on his nose, picked up his rust - y pen,

mf

A fun - ny look a - bout his eyes, for a fun - ny chap was he;
Had gath - ered worlds of odds and ends, his gifts for girls and boys;
And wrote more lines in one short hour than you could write in ten;

His queer old cap was twist - ed, torn, his wig was all a - wry;
"I'm al - most read - y now," he said, "and Christ-mas near - ly here;
Then, Christ-mas eve and all in bed, quick down the chim - ney flew,

He sat and mused, quite lost in thought, while time went fly - ing by.
But one thing more, I need a book for lit - tle folks this year."
And left, be - side the stock-ing filled, the book he meant for you.

CHORUS

f

San-ta Claus, who fears no dan-ger, O-ver all the world a ran-ger,

f

Ev-'ry-where a wel-come stran-ger, Speeds a-far on Christ-mas eve!

A Christmas Carol

Christmas Carol

A. F. M. Custance

CHORUS. Brightly

f

Car-ol, broth-ers, car-ol, Car-ol joy-ful-ly; Car-ol the good

f

Car-ol, car-ol, broth-ers, Car-ol, car-ol, broth-ers,

mf

ti-dings, Car-ol mer-ri-ly. And pray a glad-some Christ-mas For

mf

ti-dings, car-ol,

A Christmas Carol (concluded)

men, *cresc.* *f* *Fine*

all good Chris-tian men, car-ol, Car-ol, broth-ers car-ol, Christmas Day a-gain.

cresc. *f*

car-ol,

mf DUET

1. Car-ol, but with glad-ness, Not in songs of earth; On the Sav-iour's
2. At the mer - ry ta - ble, Think of those who've none, The or-phan and the
3. List'ning an - gel mu-sic, Dis-cord sure must cease, Who dare hate his
4. Let our hearts re - spond-ing To the ser - aph band, With this morn-ing's

mf

birth-day, Hal-lowed be our mirth, While a thou-sand bless-ings Fill our hearts with
wid - ow, Hun - gry and a - lone. Boun-ti - ful your of - frings To the al - tar
broth-er On this day of peace? While the heav'ns are tell - ing To man-kind good
sun-shine Bright in ev - 'ry land: Word, and deed, and pray - er Speak the grate-ful

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

glee, Christ-mas day we'll keep, the Feast of char - i - ty.
bring; Let the poor and need - y Christ-mas car - ols sing.
will, On - ly love and kind - ness Ev - 'ry bo - som fill.
sound, Tell - ing "Mer - ry Christ - mas" All the world a - round.

f *D.C.*

f

Hurrah! The Snow Again Is Here!

Words and Music by Leo Oehmler

Allegretto giocoso

mf

1. Hur - rah! the snow a - gain is here! White flakes are fall - ing
2. For snow - ball sport will keep us warm, What sled - ding we will

mf

rinf *rinf* *f*

fast! Hur - rah! to win - ter and good cheer, King Frost has come at last. With-
do! And in fine skat - ing there's a charm That gives us pleas - ure too. So

rinf. *rinf.* *f*

mf *rinf*

in our school - room, snug and warm, Let's stud - y with good will, But
let us do our teach - er's will To earn such jol - ly fun, Let

mf *rinf.*

rinf *rinf* *f*

when we're thro' we'll face the storm, And laugh at win - ter's chill.
Du - ty be our mas - ter till Our school-day work is done.

rinf. *rinf.* *f*

Fare Thee Well, Lovely Year

Con espressione

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams

SOP. I.

p

Fare thee well, love - ly year, Fare thee well, love - ly year, Thou wert

SOP. II.

Fare thee well, love - ly year, Fare thee well, love - ly year, Thou wert

ALTO

pp rit. ad lib.

rich in joy while here, Fare thee well, love - ly year.

rich in joy while here, love - ly year.

p

Fare thee well, love - ly year.

mf

1. Bring-ing spring-time with its show-ers; Gor-geous au-tumn with its
2. We've en-joyed thy ev - 'ry pleas-ure; Days that pass'd in hap-py
3. Quick-ly as thy hours are speed-ing; We move for-ward to thy

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2. We've en - joyed thy ev - 'ry pleas-ure; Days that pass'd in hap - py
3. Quick-ly as thy hours are speed-ing; We move for - - ward to thy

f *pp rit.*

flow-ers; In thy smiles thou wert so dear; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
meas-ure; Nev-er-more canst thou ap-pear; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
lead-ing; Now the close is draw-ing near; Fare thee well, love-ly year.

flow-ers; In thy smiles thou wert so dear; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
meas-ure; Nev-er-more canst thou ap-pear; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
lead-ing; Now the close is draw-ing near; Fare thee well, love-ly year.

Song Of Columbus Day

Theron Brown — Michael Haydn

1. Co-lum-bia, my land! all hail the glad day When first to thy
2. Dear Coun-try, the star of the val-iant and free! Thy ex-iles a-
3. Thy fair-est es-tate the low-ly may hold, Thy poor may grow
4. O Un-ion of States, and un-ion of souls! Thy prom-ise a-

strand Hope point-ed the way; Hail him who thro' dark-ness first
far are dream-ing of thee; No fields of the Earth so en-
great, thy fee-ble grow bold: For worth is the watch-word to
waits, thy fu-ture un-folds, And earth from her twi-light is

fol-lowed the Flame That led where the May-flowr of Lib-er-ty came.
chant-ing-ly shine, No air breathes such in-cense, such mu-sic as thine.
no-ble de-gree, And man-hood is might-y where man-hood is free.
hail-ing the sun, That ris-es where peo-ple and rul-ers are one.

The Blue Bells Of Scotland

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone?
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell?
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad?
4. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die?

O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone?
O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell?
What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad?
Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die?

cresc.

He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up-on the throne;
He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
His bon-net's Sax-on green, and his waist-coat is of plaid;
The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;

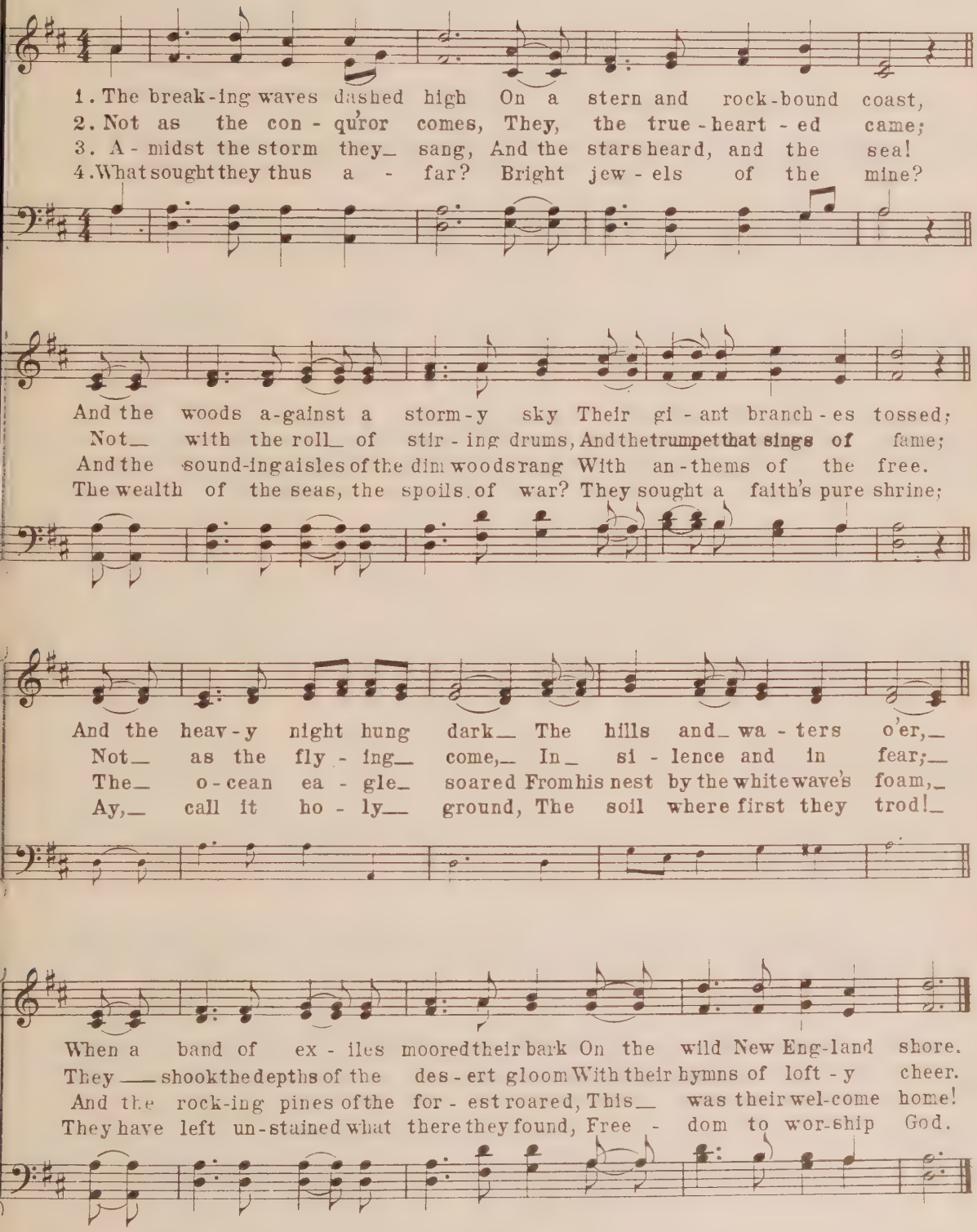
cresc.

And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my lad-die well.
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my High-land lad.
But it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High

Mrs. Hemans

Browne



Santa Lucia

Italian Folk Song

1. Now 'neath the sil-ver moon
2. When o'er thy wa - ters

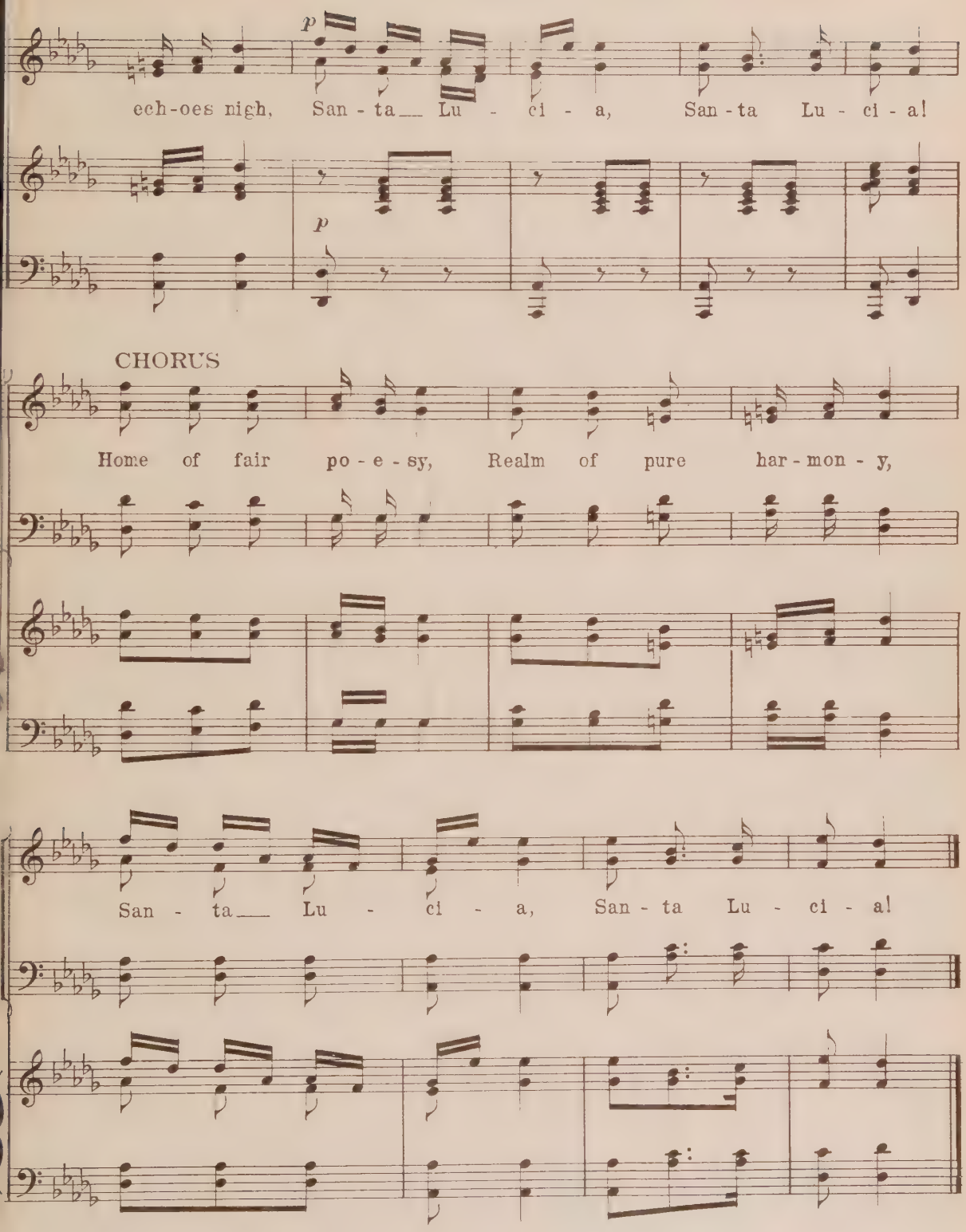
O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low Soft winds are blow-ing.
Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can sooth us, All care al - lay - ing.

Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in - vite us And as we
To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre -

gent-ly row All things de - light us.
a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en.

f Hark, how the sai-lors cry Joy-ous-ly

f


p
ech-oes nigh, San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
p
CHORUS
Home of fair po - e - sy, Realm of pure har - mon - y,
San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

All Through The Night

Welsh Folk Song

SOPRANOS

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee All through the night;
2. Tho' I roam a min - strel lone - ly All through the night;

ALTOS

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee All through the night;
2. Tho' I roam a min - strel lone - ly All through the night;

BASS (*Optional*)

Guard - ian an - gels God will lend thee, All through the night.
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly All through the night.

Guard - ian an - gels God will lend thee, All through the night.
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly All through the night.

Soft, the drow - sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep-ing;
O'er thy spir - it gent - ly steal - ing, Vis - ions of de - light re - veal - ing;

Soft, the drow - sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep-ing;
O'er thy spir - it gent - ly steal - ing, Vis - ions of de - light re - veal - ing;

Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing All through the night.
Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing All through the night.

Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing All through the night.
Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing All through the night.

* Complete three part song (unchanged voices) or four part with optional bass

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

Emma Willard

Joseph P. Knight

Andantino

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se-
2. Such be the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine, Or

cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
tho' the tem-pest's fier-y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death; In

know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And
o-cean cave, still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i - ty. And

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, And

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

My Bonnie

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My Bon - nie lies o - ver the sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed; Last night as I lay on my pil - low, I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead.
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o - ver the sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bon - nie to me.
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, The winds have blown o - ver the sea; The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, And brought back my Bon - nie to me.

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me!

Home Again

Marshall S. Pike

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain,— From a for - eign shore! And
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, And
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft,— Ling - ers round the place, And

oh, it fills my soul with joy,— To meet my friends once more.
oh, the friends I loved in youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me;
oh, I feel the child - hood charm That time can - not ef - face.

Fine

pp

Here I dropped the part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam,
And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me long - er roam,
Then give me but my home-stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome,

pp

But now I'm once a - gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home.
But death a - lone can break the tie— That binds my heart to home.
For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

D.C.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Robert Burns

James E. Spilman

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft - y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream Af-ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
Ma - ry re - sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet

Af-ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove whose ech - o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
flow-'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

rit. a tempo

hill, Ye wild whis-tling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a -

rit. a tempo

lap-wing, thy scream-ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
eve-ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
sleep by thy mur - mur-ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne

Sir Henry R. Bishop

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces though we may roam; Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.

2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth-er now thinks of her door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more.

3. An ex-ile from home, splen-dor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a-gain, The birds sing-ing gai-ly, that came at my call; Give me them and that peace of mind, dear-er than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so hum-ble, There's no place like home.

The Dearest Spot Is Home

Moderato

W. T. Wrighton

mf

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've

mf

fair - y-land I've longed to see Is home,— sweet home. There how charm'd the
learn'd to look with lov - er's eyes On home,— sweet home. There where vows are

p

sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en-dear - ing, All the world is
tru - ly plight - ed, There where hearts are so u - nit - ed, All the world be -

not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is
sides I've slight - ed For home, sweet home. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is

p

home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home,— sweet home.

The Quilting Party

Andante

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-ter'd, On the bank the pale moon shone, And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o-cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, Trem-bled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas

p

cresc.

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

CHORUS

I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas

from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

Private Tommy Atkins*

Henry Hamilton — S. Potter

Tempo di marcia

1. O, we take him from the cit - y or the plough, — And we
2. In — time of peace he hears the bu-gle - call. — In —
3. In — war-time, then, its "Tom-my to the front!" — And we

Ta-ran - ta ra,

drill him and we dress him up so neat; — We teach him to up -
Bar-racks, from "Re - val - ly" to "Lights out!" — If "Sen-try go" and
ship him off in "Troop-ers" to the fray, — We sit at home while

Ta-ran - ta ra,

hold his man - ly brow, — And how to walk, and where to put his
"Pipe-clay" ev - er pall, — There's al-ways plen - ty more of work a -
Tom-my bears the brunt, — A - fight-ing for his coun-try and his

Ta-ran - ta ra,

feet. It does not mat - ter who he was be -
bout. On leave, o' nights, you meet him in the
pay. And wheth - er he's on In - dia's cor - al

ta - ran - ta - ran - ta ra,

fore, — Or what his par-ents fa - vor'd for his name; —
street, — As hap - py as a school-boy, and as gay; —
strand, — Or pour - ing out his blood in the Sou - dan, —

Ta-ran - ta ra, Ta-ran - ta

*This popular English song found favor with the "Tommies" and as such has some historic interest.

— Once he's pock - et - ed the shil - ling, and a u - ni - form he's
— Then — back he goes to du - ty, all for Coun - try, Home and
— To — keep our flag a - fly - ing, he's a - do - ing and a -
ra,

fill - ing, We — call him Tom - my At - kins, all the same. —
Beau - ty, And the no - ble sum of half - a - crown a day. —
dy - ing, Ev - 'ry inch of him a sol - dier and a man. —

REFRAIN

f

O! — Tom - my, Tom - my At - kins, you're a "good un," heart and hand; You're a cred - it to your

f

call - ing, and to all your na - tive land; May your luck be nev - er fail - ing, may your

rall.

love be ev - er true! God bless you, Tom - my At - kins, here's your Coun - try's love to you!

rall.

Aloha Oe

Hawaii

Andantino
Quartet

Composed by H. M. Queen Lihuokalani

mp

1. Proud-ly swept the rain cloud by the cliff,_ As on__ it glid - ed thro' the trees,
2. Thus sweet mem - o - ries come back to me,_ And bring re-mem-brance of the past,

Ha - a - heo eka u - a i na pa-li Ke ni-hi a - e la - ika-na-he-le

mp

poco rit.

Still_ fol-low-ing with grief the Li - ko, The_ a - hi-hi-le-hua of the vale.
Dear-est one, yes, thou art mine a - lone, Our_ love for e-ter - ni - ty shall last.

E u - hai ana pa - ha - i - ka li-ko, Pu-a a - hi-hi-le-hu - a o u - ka.

poco rit.

CHORUS

mf 2nd time pp

Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Thou charm-ing one who dwells a-mong the bow-ers,

A - lo - ha, oe, A - lo - ha oe, E ke o - na o - na no - ho i ka li - po,

rit.

One fond em-brace be-fore I now de-part, Un-til we meet_ a - gain.

One fond em-brace, a ho - i a - e au, Un-til we meet_ a - gain.

rit.

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Ben. Jonson

p Con espress.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee,

p

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine,
thou there-on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me,

But might I of love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it-self, but thee.

The Minstrel Boy

1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him. "Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee."

2. The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un-der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-sun-der, And said, "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav-'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev-er sound in slav-'ry."

Jingle, Bells

Arranged by George Rosey

Allegro

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o-pen sleigh;
2. A day or two a-go I thought I'd take a ride; And
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;

stacc.

O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring,
soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank, Miss-
Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-

Mak-ing spir-its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!
for-tune seem'd his lot; He got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
for-ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS

Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh, Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells!

Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

Sally In Our Alley

Words by Henry Carey

Tune: "The Country Lass"
Dr. Arne's arrangement

Slowly and Tenderly

1. Of all the girls__ that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
2. Of all the days__ are in the week, I dear - ly love but

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our___
one day, And that's the day___ that comes be - twixt A Sat - ur - day and

al ley. There's ne'er a la - dy in the land Is half so sweet___ as
Mon - day. For then I'm dress'd in all my best, To walk a - broad___ with

Sal - ly: She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our_____ al - ley.
Sal - ly: She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our_____ al - ley.

3

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up and, box and all,
I'll give unto my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

4

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for she I'd better be
A slave and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally;
And then how happily we'll live—
But not in our alley.

The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved

lec-tion pre-sent them to view! The wide spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in-fan-cy knew; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell;
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The old oak-en

buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-covered buck-et that hung in the well.

2

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Sailing

Con spirito

Godfrey Marks

1. Y'heave ho!_ my lads,_ the wind blows free,_ A pleas-ant gale_ is on our lee;_ And soon_ a-cross the o-cean clear_ Our gal-lant bark_ shall brave-ly steer, But ere we part_ from Eng-land's shores to-night, A song we'll sing_ for home and beau-ty bright.

2. The sail-or's life_ is bold and free, His home_ is on_ the roll-ing sea;_ And nev-er heart more true or brave_ Than his_ who launch-es on_ the wave; A-far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With jo-cund song_ he rides the spark-ling foam.

3. The tide_ is flow-ing with the gale, Y'heave ho!_ my lads, set ev-'ry sail;_ The har-bor bar_ we soon shall clear; Fare-well,_ once more, to home so dear, For when the tem-pest rag-es loud and long,_ That home shall be_ our guid-ing star and song.

Used by permission

Sailing (concluded)

CHORUS

Then here's to the sail-or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him up-

on the wa-ters blue! *ad lib.* Sail-ing, sail-ing, o-ver the bound-ing main;

For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a-gain! Sail-ing, sail-ing,

o-ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a-gain. *ad lib.*

Men Of Harlech

1. Men of Har-lech! In the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,

Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing

Sax - on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men, Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men,
horse-men o-ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, or wife, or lov-er,

They shall bite the ground! Loose the folds a - sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The
Trem-bles on a blow! Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en, In

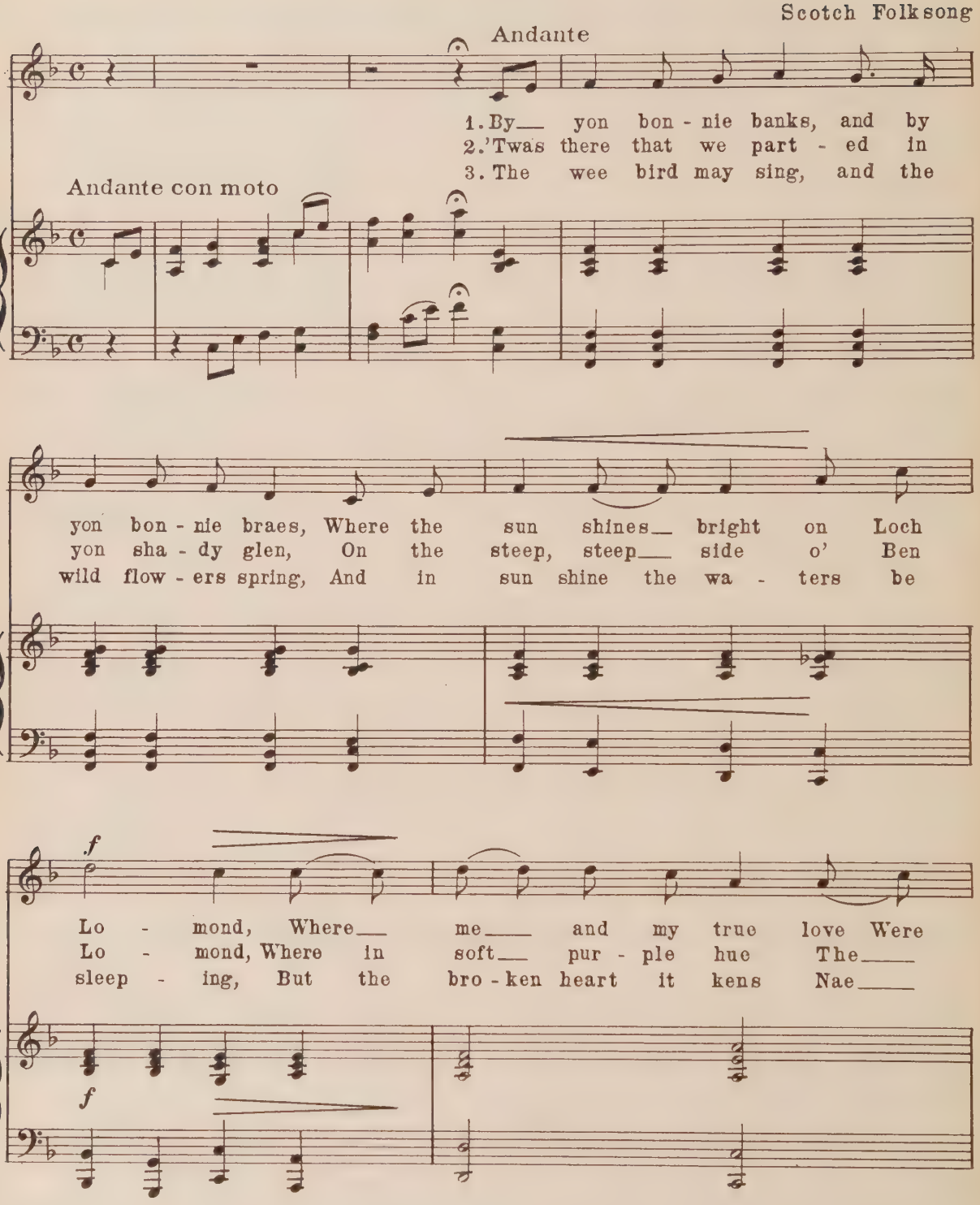
pla - cid sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav-en!

On-ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brav-est, he who leads us!
Men of Har-lech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry?

Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free - dom! God, and Right!

Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong



ev - er wont to gae, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. Oh,
High - land hills we view, And the moon__ com - ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh,
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - ful may__ cease frae their greet - ing.* Oh,

Faster *creso.*

ye'll tak' the high - road and I'll tak' the low - road, And I'll be in Scot - land a -

creso.

Slower

fore ye; But I and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain,

Slower

a tempo *rit.*

On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

a tempo *rit.*

* Greeting, an old Scotch word for weeping.

Sweet And Low

Alfred Tennyson

J. Barnby

Larghetto

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low, —
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

pp

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Fa - - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa-ther will come to his

sf *p* *mf*

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come _____ from the moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un-der the sil-ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moom and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come _____ from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

me, _____ While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps. _____
moon: _ Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. _____

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

A Warrior Bold

Edw. Thomas

Stephen Adams

Con spirito

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And ba-rons held their sway, A war-rior bold, with
2. So this brave knight, in ar-mor bright, Went gay-ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but

spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay:
ere the night, His soul had passed a-way, His soul had passed a-way.

"My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
The plight-ed ring he wore Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried:

That none with her com-pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die,
"I've kept the vow I swore, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die,

1 2

So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."
So what care I, tho' *Omit* death be nigh, I've

ad lib. *molto rallentando e dim.*

fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

p

Killarney

M. W. Balfe

Moderato

1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and
2. Mu - sic there for e - cho dwells, Makes each sound a

wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and wood-land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er
har - mo - ny; Ma - ny voiced the cho - rus swells, Till it faints in

fond - ly strays. Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands;
ec - sta - sy. With the charm - ful tints be - low,

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where; Foot - prints leaves on
Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors

rit. *dim.*

ma - ny strands, But her home is sure - ly there!
that we know, Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.

rit. *dim.*

pp a tempo

An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the West,
Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft light di - vine,

pp a tempo

Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney!
Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney!

Stars Of The Summer Night

(Serenada)

Longfellow

Dolce

p

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in

p

p

rall.

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

p

rall.

Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore — Old Irish

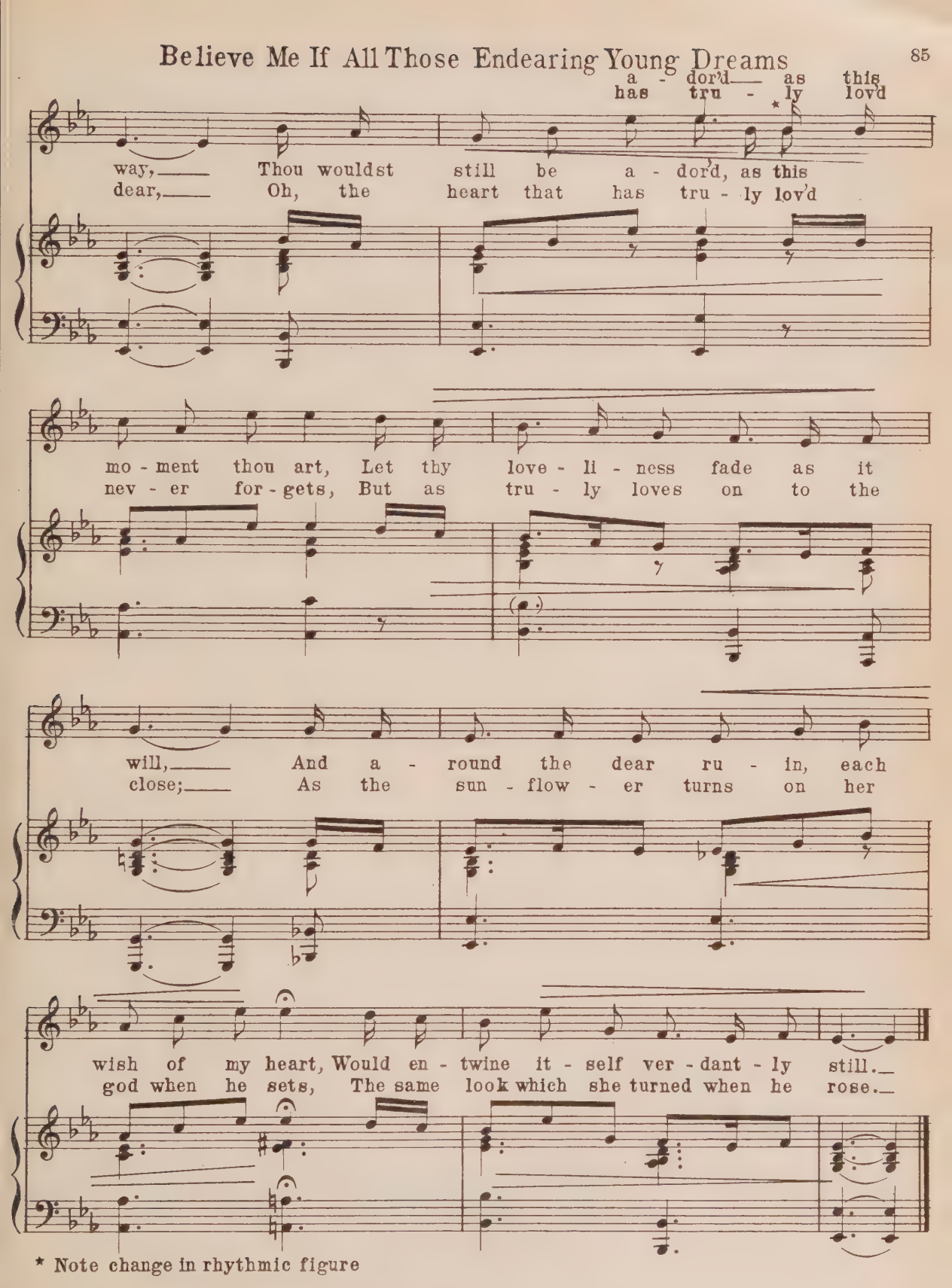
mf legato

1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy

mf

gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row and
cheek un - pro - faned by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a

fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more



* Note change in rhythmic figure

Nancy Lee

Fred E. Weatherly

Stephen Adams

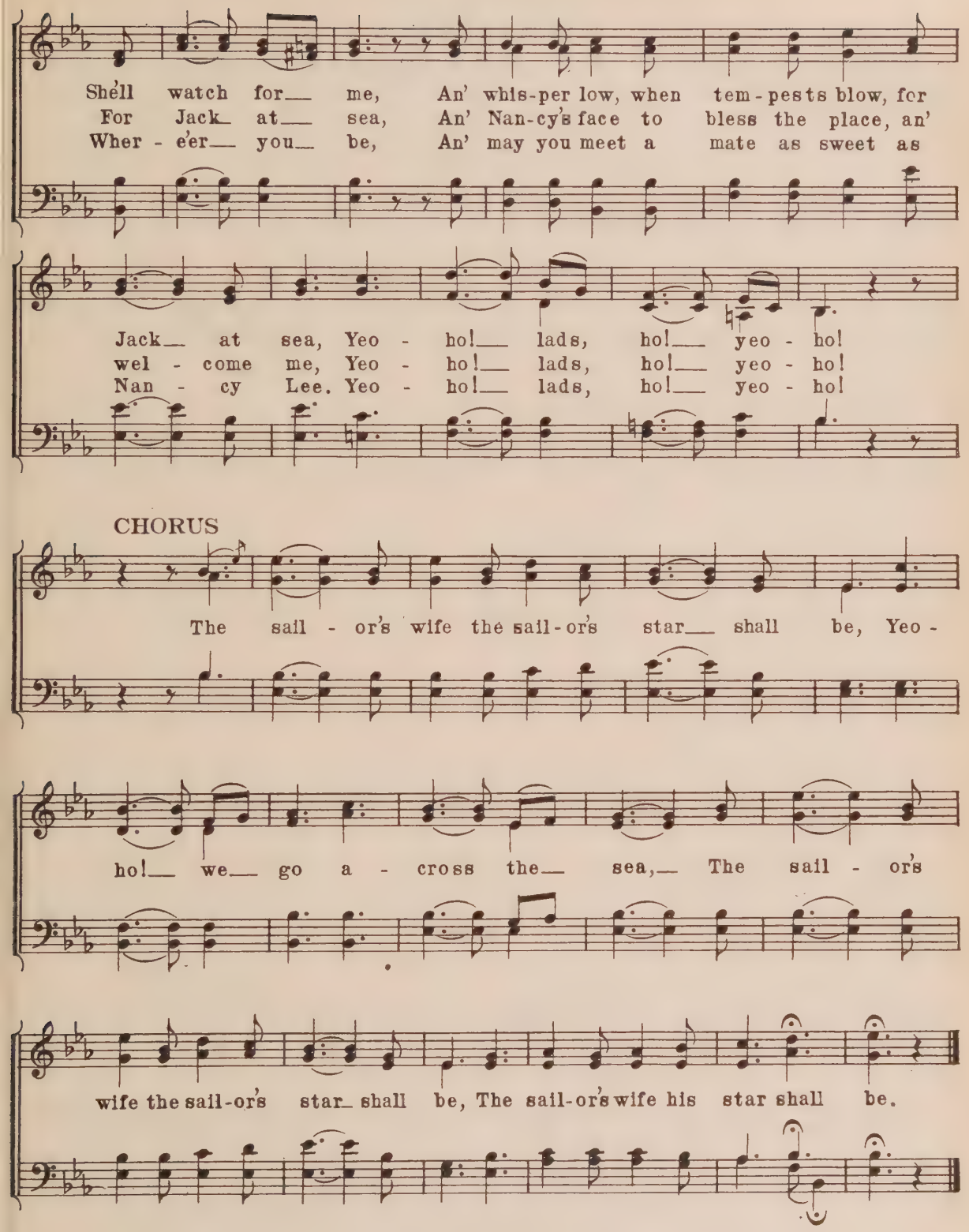
Spirited

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo - ho! lads,
2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow, Yeo - ho! lads,
3. The boa's - 'n pipes the watch be - low, Yeo - ho! lads,

ho! Yeo - ho! yeo - ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow, Yeo-
ho! Yeo - ho! yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know, Yeo-
ho! Yeo - ho! yeo - ho! Then here's a health be-fore we go, Yeo-

ho! lads, ho! yeo - ho! See there she stands and
ho! lads, ho! yeo - ho! But true and bright, from
ho! lads, ho! yeo - ho! A long, long life to

waves her hands, up - on the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a-way
morn till night, my home will be, An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet
my sweet wife, and mates at sea; An' keep your bones from Da - vy Jones


She'll watch for me, An' whis-per low, when tem-pests blow, for
For Jack at sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an'
Wher-e'er you be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as
Jack at sea, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
wel-come me, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
Nan-cy Lee. Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
CHORUS
The sail-or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, Yeo-
ho! we go a-cross the sea, The sail-or's
wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

Juanita

Andante moderato

1. Soft o'er the fount-ain, Ling-'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the mount-ain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Ask thy soul if we should part? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart!

2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart, con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

Annie Laurie

Tenderly

Lady John Scott

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

3. Like dew onth' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa'o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

cresc.

p

'Tis The Last Rose Of Summer

Thomas Moore

p

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - - ships de -

p

lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and
stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing Go, sleep thou with
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a -

rit. e dim.

gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
way! When true hearts lie with - ered And, fond ones are

rit. e dim.

pp 6 *rit. e dim.* *pp*

nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.
bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

rit. e dim. *pp*

* ad libitum

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

Andante — Scotch

p

1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of Auld Lang Syne?
2. We twa' ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' Auld Lang — Syne.
3. We twa' ha'e sport - ed i' the burn Frae morn - in' sun till dine, But — seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' Auld Lang — Syne.
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll — tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For Auld Lang — Syne.

CHORUS

p

For Auld — Lang — Syne, my dear, For Auld — Lang — Syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For Auld Lang Syne.

Repeat Chorus ff

Massa's In The Cold Ground

Stephen C. Foster

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring-ing De dark - ey's mourn-ful song,
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, Cayse he was so kind,

While de mock-ing-bird am sing-ing, Hap - py as de day am long.
hard to hear old Mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now they sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be - hind. I

Where de i - vy am a - creep-ing, O'er de grassy mound, Dere old Mas-sa am a-
Now de or - ange trees am bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore, Now de sum-mer days am
can-not work be-fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drops flow; I try to drive a-way my

CHORUS

sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
com - ing, Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more. Down in the corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful
sor - row, Pick-ing on de old ban - jo.

sound; All de dark-ies am a - weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

Go, Down Moses

Negro Spiritual

1. When Is-rael was in E-gypt land, Let my peo-ple go, Op-
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Mo-ses said, Let my peo-ple go, If
3. As Is-rael stood by the wa-ter side, Let my peo-ple go, By

Piano

f

pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple go.
not I'll smite your peo-ple dead, Let my peo-ple go. Go, down, Go, down
God's com-mand it did di-vide, Let my peo-ple go.

way down in E-gypt land, Tell ole Pha-roah: Let my peo-ple go.

Kingdom Coming

Civil War Song

Henry C. Work

1. Say dar-keys, hab you seen de mas-sa Wid de muff-stash on his face?
2. He six foot one way, two feet tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred pounds,
3. De dar-keys feel so lone-some lib-ing In de log-house in de lawn,
4. De o-ber-seer he make us trou-ble, An' he dribe us round a spell;

Go long de road some time dis__ morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de place?
His coat so big he__ couldn't pay de tai-lor, An' it won't go half way round.
Dey move dar tings to__ mas-sa's__ par-lor, For to keep it while he gone.
We lock him up in de smoke-house cel-lar, Wid de key trown down de well.

He seem a smoke way up de rib-ber, Whar de Lin-kum gun-boats lay;
He drill so much day call him Cap'an, An' he get so dref-ful tann'd,
Dar's wine an' ci-der in de kitchen, An' de dar-keys dey'll hab some;
De whip is lost, de han-cuff broken, But de mas-sa'll hab his pay;

He took his hat__ an' lef'__ ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!
I spec__ he try__ an' fool__ dem__ Yankees, For to tink he's con-tra-band.
I spose day'll all__ be con-fis-cat-ed When de Lin-kum so-jers come.
He's ole e-nough, big e-nough, ought to know bet-ter Dan to went an' run a-way.

Kingdom Coming (concluded)

CHORUS

De mas - sa say ha, ha! De dar - key say ho, ho! It

mus' be now de king - dom com - in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

I Ain't Going To Die No More

Negro Spiritual

CHORUS. *Slow*

Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! aint I glad I

Fine

ain't a-going to die no more;

1. Going to meet those hap - py Christ-ians,
2. Go - ing shout - ing home to glo - ry,
3. Go - ing to wear the star - ry crown;
4. We will sing our trou - bles o - ver,

Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,

Soon - er in the morn - ing, Meet those hap - py Christ - ians,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Shout - ing home to glo - ry,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, To wear the star - ry crown,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Sing our trou - bles o - ver,

D.C.

Soon - er in the morn - ing, I ain't a - going to die no more.

My Old Kentucky Home

Moderato

Stephen C. Foster

p

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay,
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mea-dow, the hill, and the shore,
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may go;

p

The corn-top's ripe and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day;
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the beach by the old cab-in door;
A few more days and the trou-ble all will end In the field where the sugar canes grow;

The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright,
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

By'n-by Hard Times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then, my old Ken-tucky home, good-night.
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tucky home, good-night.
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Ken-tucky home, good-night.

CHORUS

mf

Weep no more, my la-dy, O, weep no more to-day; We will sing one song for the

mf

rit. e dim.

old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.

rall. e dim.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Melody

mp *mf* CHORUS *mp*

Swing low, sweet char-i - ot,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home! Swing low, sweet

mp *mf* *mp*

mf *Fine* *f*

char - i - ot,— Com - in' for to car - ry me home! 1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan an'
2. If you get there be -
3. I'm some-times up an'—

mf *f*

ff

what did I see,— Com - in' for to car - ry me home? A
fore— I do,— Com - in' for to car - ry me home! Jess
some - times down,— Com - in' for to car - ry me home! But

ff

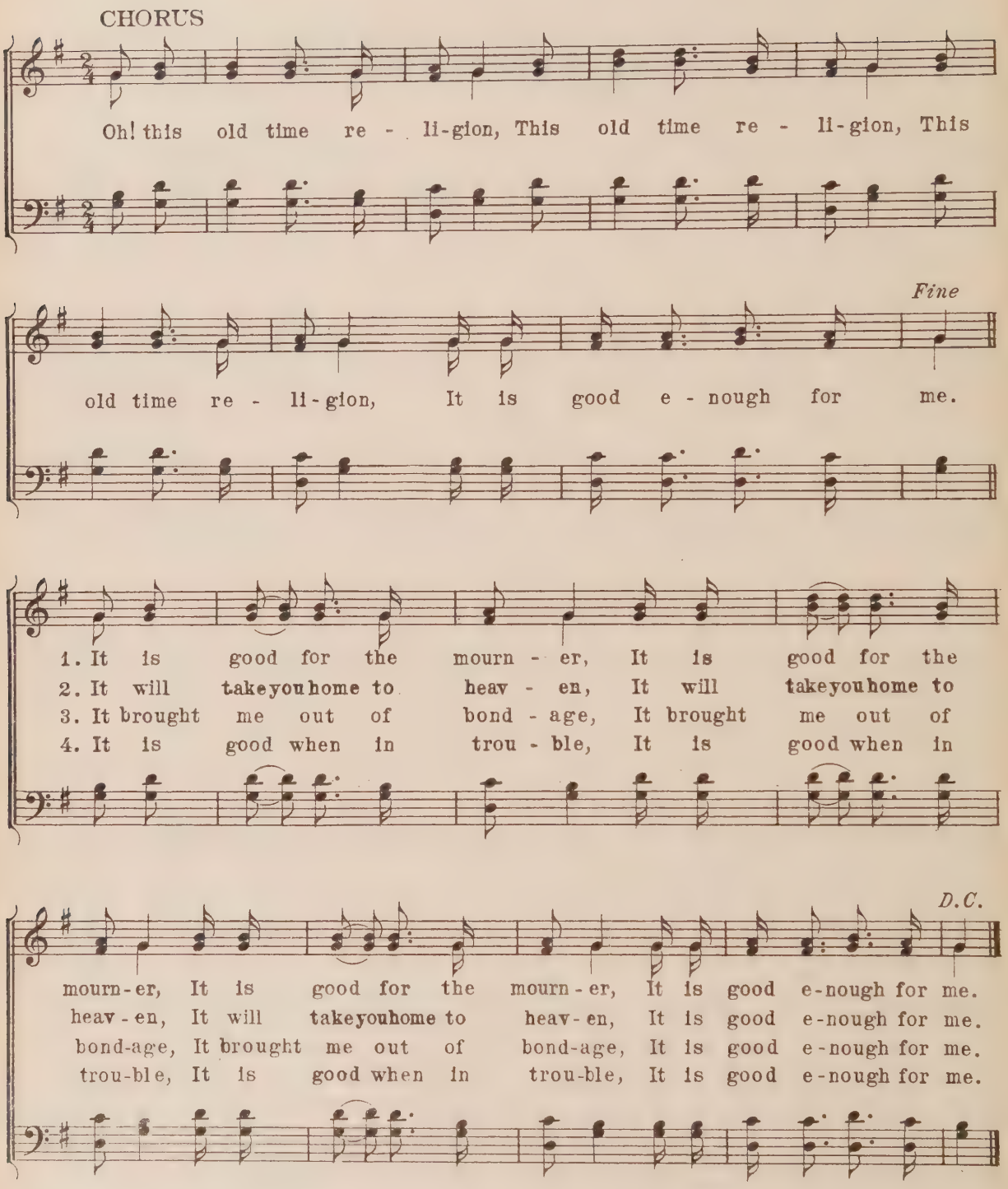
D. C. al fine

mf *mp* *rall.*

band— of an - gels com - in' af - ter me,— Com - in' for to car-ry me home!
tell— my frien's that I'm a-com - in' too,— Com - in' for to car-ry me home!
still— my soul feels heav-en - ly— boun',— Com - in' for to car-ry me home!

mf *mp* *rall.*

This Old Time Religion



Uncle Ned

Stephen C. Foster

1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a - go, long a - go! He ___ had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.

2. His fin - gers were long as the cane ___ in the brake, And he had no ___ eyes for to see! And he had no teeth to ___ eat a hoe - cake, So he had to let the hoe - cake ___ be.

3. One cold, frost - y morn-ing, Un - cle Ned ___ he ___ died, Massa's tears they ___ fell like the rain; For he knew when Ned was ___ laid in the ground, He'd ___ nev - er see his like a - gain.

CHORUS

Then lay down the shov - el and the hoe, ___ Hang up the fid - dle and the bow! For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good dark-ies go.

slower

Old Black Joe

Stephen C. Foster

Poco adagio

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free?

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way;
Why do I sigh when my friends come not a - gain?
The chil - dren dear, that I held up - on my knee?

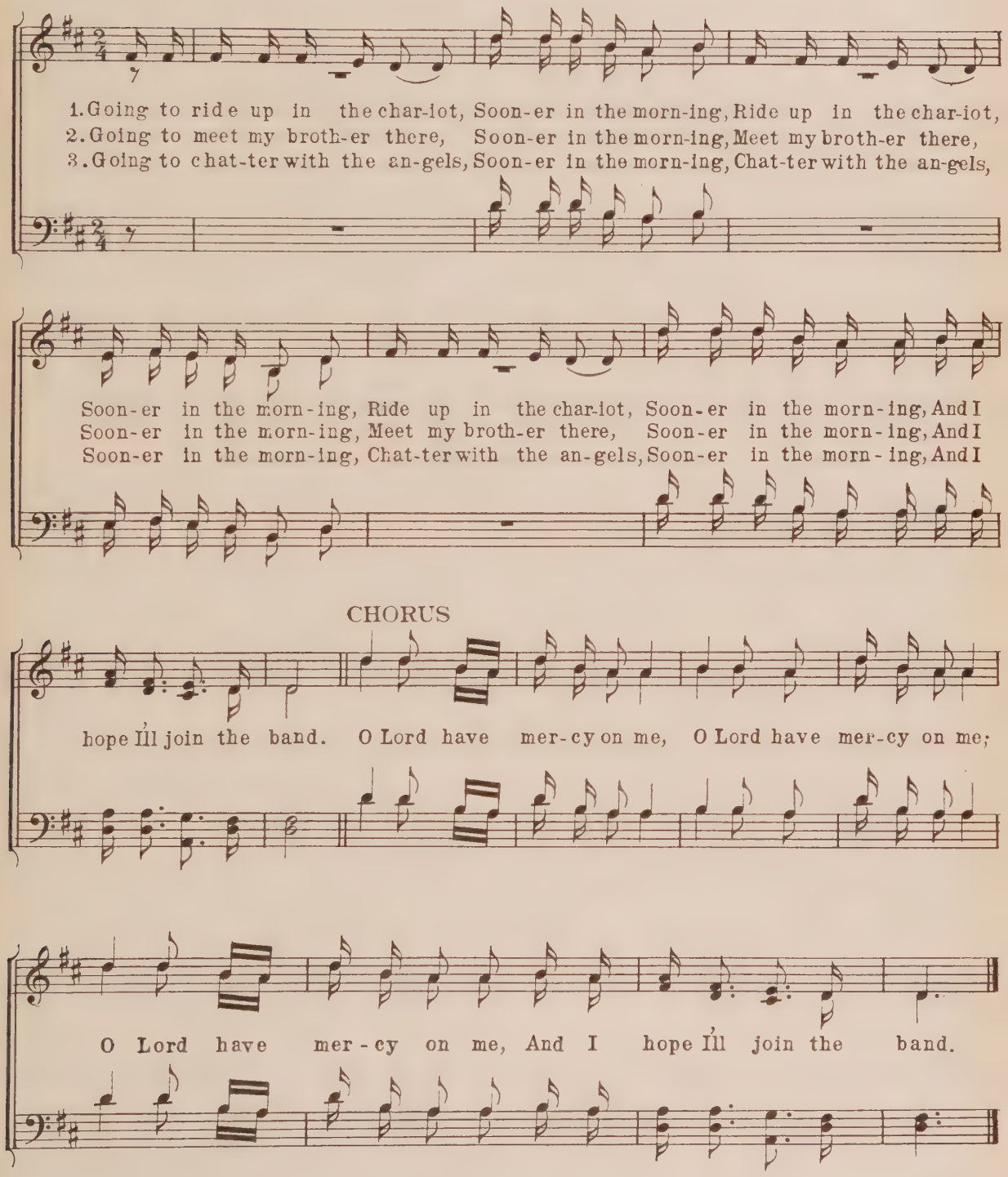
Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

CHORUS

hear their gen - tle voi-ces call - ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com - ing, For my

head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Going To Ride Up In The Chariot



Old Folks At Home

Stephen C. Foster

p

1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.

2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my mem'-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the bees a humm-ing All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?

p

CHORUS

All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,

rall.

O dark-ies how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

Old Dog Tray

Stephen C. Foster

1. The morn of life is past, And ev'-ning comes at last, It
2. The forms I call'd my own Have van-ish'd one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I

brings me a dream of a once hap-py day; Of youth-ful forms I've seen, Up-
lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a-way; Their hap-py smiles have flown, Their
know that he feels what my poor heart would say; Al-though he can-not speak, I'll

CHORUS

on the vil-lage green, A sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
gen-tle voic-es gone; I've noth-ing left but old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev-er
vain-ly try to seek A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

faith-ful, Grief can-not drive him a-way; He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll

slower

nev-er, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

Edwin H. Sears — R. S. Willis

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furled;
3. And ye be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast-'ning on By proph-et-bards fore-told,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heaven-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world;
Who toil a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,
When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;

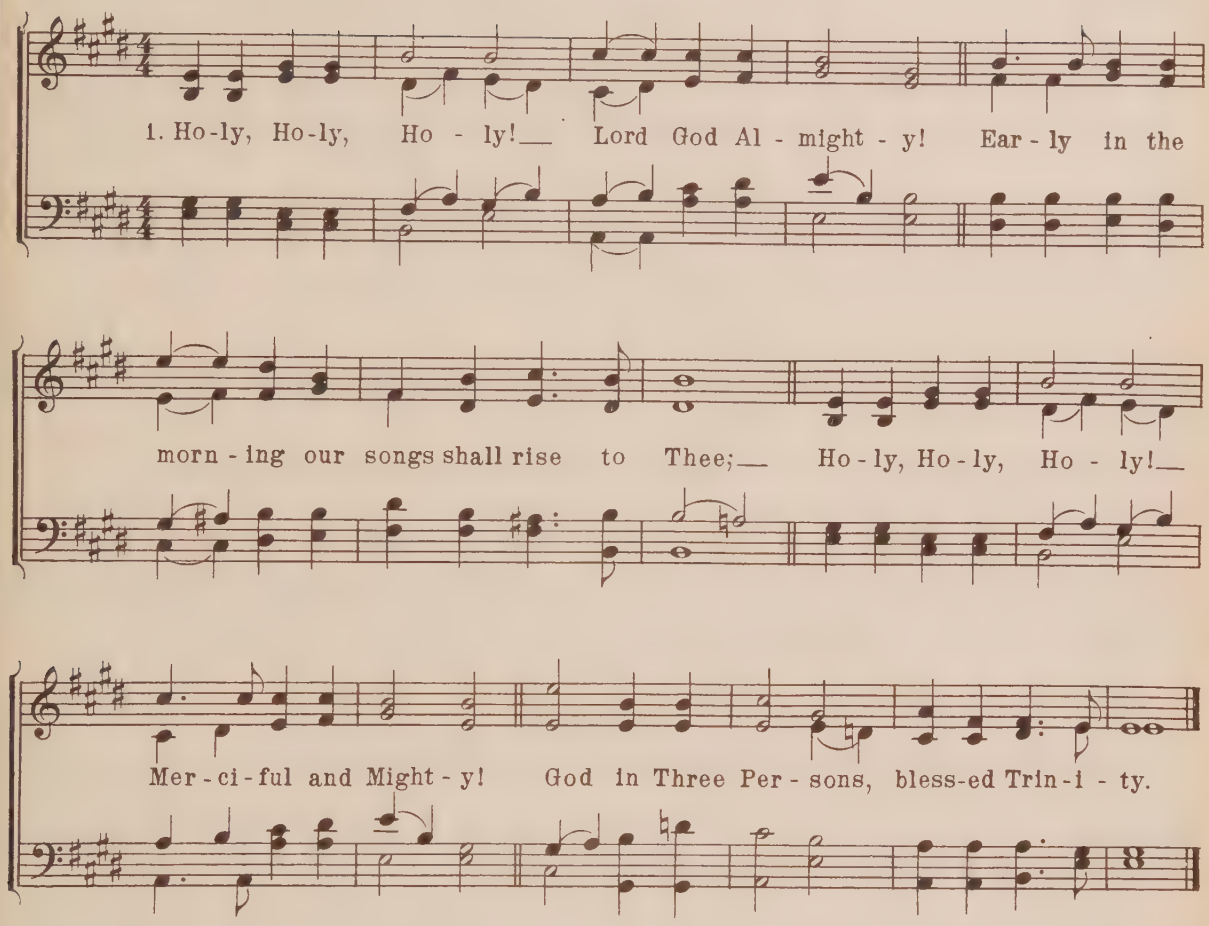
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious King;"
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hover-ing wing,
Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
When peace shall o-ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling,

The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing!
And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing!
Oh, rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing!
And all the world give back the song Which now the an-gels sing!"

Holy, Holy, Holy

Reginald Heber

J. B. Dykes



2. Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
   Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
   Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
   Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3. Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
   Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
   Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
   Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
   All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
   Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
   God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Old Hundred

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice,
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make:
3. Oh, en-ter then His gates with joy, With-in His courts His praise pro-claim;
4. Be-cause the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ever sure;

DOXOLOGY

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Let thank-ful songs your tongues em-ploy, Oh, bless and mag-ni-fy His name.
His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Come, Thou Almighty King

Wesley — Giardini

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther! all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more! His sov'reign

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success, Spir-it of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.
maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

mf

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, O
2. Sing, choirs of An - gels; Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,

mf

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem! Come and be -
Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to
Je - sus, to Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the

p

hold Him Born the King of An - gels! O come let us a - dore Him, O
God In the high - est! O come let us a - dore Him, O
Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing. O come let us a - dore Him, O

f

come let us a - dore Him, O come let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
come let us a - dore Him, O come let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
come let us a - dore Him, O come let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

f

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Wm. Williams — Joseph P. Holbrook

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
2. O-pen now the crys-tal foun-tain, Whence the heal-ing streams do flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;

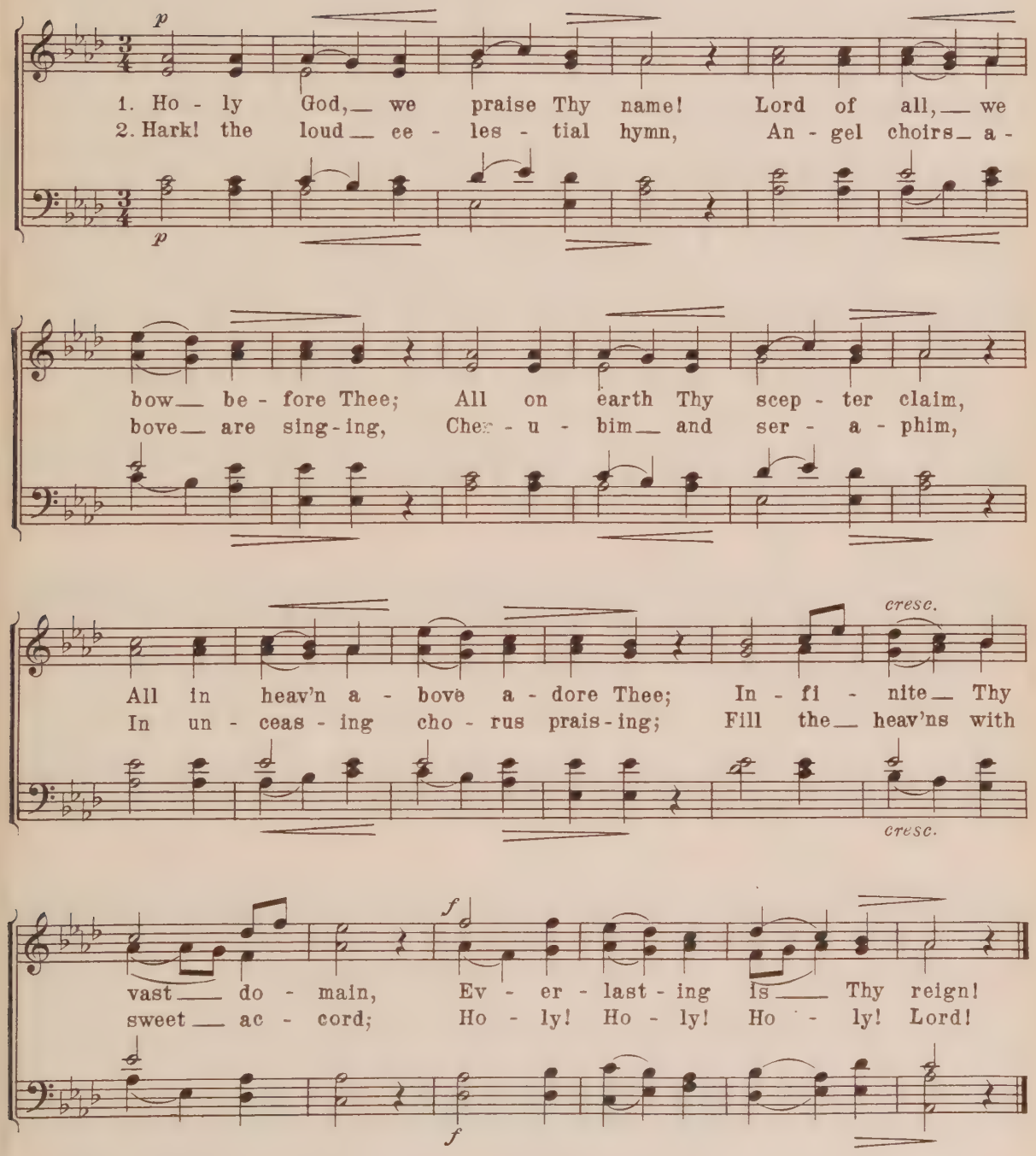
I am weak but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
Let the fie-ry cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney through;
Death of death and hell's de-struc-tion Land me safe on Ca-naan's side;

f

f

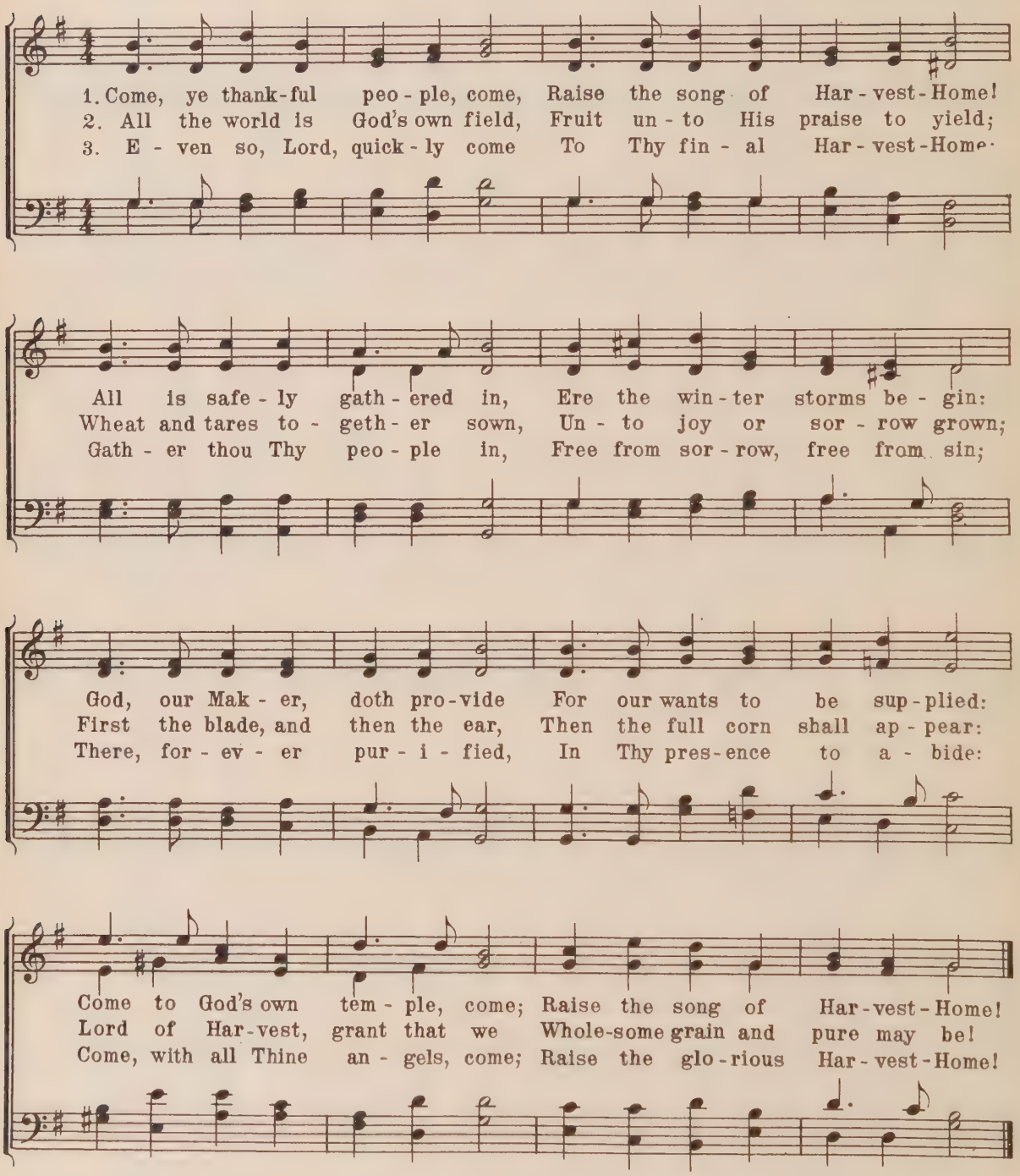
Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv-'rer, strong De-liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es, songs of prais-es, I will ev-er give to Thee.

Holy God, We Praise Thy Name



Come, Ye Thankful People

Henry Alford, D. D. George J. Elvey



The Homeland! O The Homeland!

Rev. Hugh R. Haweis — Arthur Sullivan

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come,

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:
No sin-ful thing nor e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there;
Where neith-er death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home:

I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here:
The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is ring-ing in my ears,
O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!

There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
God bring us all to the Home-land Of His e-ter-nal love.

In The Sweet By And By

S. Filmore Bennett — Joseph P. Webster

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far, For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hal-low our days!

by and by,

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti - ful shore!

by and by, by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti - ful shore.

by and by, by and by,

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God Save Our President

Harrison Millard

Marziale

fff *ff*

1. God save our Pres-i-dent from ev - 'ry harm! Shield and pro-tect him with Thy
2. God save our Pres-i-dent; watch o'er his life; Firm may he guide us on thro'
3. God save our Pres-i-dent, we hum - bly pray! Lord of all na-tions, oh, be

might-y arm; Guide him in ev-'ry act, Thou Lord of us all,
ev-'ry strife! Rule Thou his judg-ment still, Thou Rul - er be-nign!
Thou his stay! Hear us, with one ac-claim, we cry un-to Thee,

cresc.

Send him pros-per-i-ty, sus-tain lest he fall! Send him pros-per-i-ty,
Strengthen him ev-er-more, with Thy strength di - vine! Strenght-en him ev-er-more,
Keep Thou our Lead-er true, wher-e'er he may be; Keep Thou our Lead-er true

cresc.

rall. *tenuto* *rall. sempre* Adagio

on Thee we call, God save our Pres-i-dent from ev - 'ry harm.
his heart be Thine, God save our Pres-i-dent from ev - 'ry harm.
from er-ror free! God save our Pres-i-dent from ev - 'ry harm. A - men.

rall. *tenuto* *rall. sempre*

Centennial Hymn

John G. Whittier — J. K. Paine

1. Our fa - thers' God! from out whose hand The cen - turies fall like grains of sand! We meet to - day, u - nit - ed, free, And loy - al to our land and Thee, To thank Thee for the e - ra done, And trust Thee for the open - ing one.

2. Here where of old, by Thy de - sign, The fa - thers spake that word of Thine, Whose ech - o is the glad re - frain Of rend - ed bolt and fall - ing chain, To grace our fes - tal time from all The zones of earth our guests we call.

3. Be with us while the New World greets The Old World, throng - ing all its streets, Un - vail - ing all the tri - umphs won By art or toil be - neath the sun; And un - to com - mon good or - dain This ri - val - ship of hand and brain.

4. Thou, who hast here in con - cord furled The war - flags of a gath - er'd world, Be - neath our west - ern skies ful - fil The O - rient's mis - sion of good will, And freight - ed with Love's gold - en fleece, Send back the Ar - go - nauts of peace.

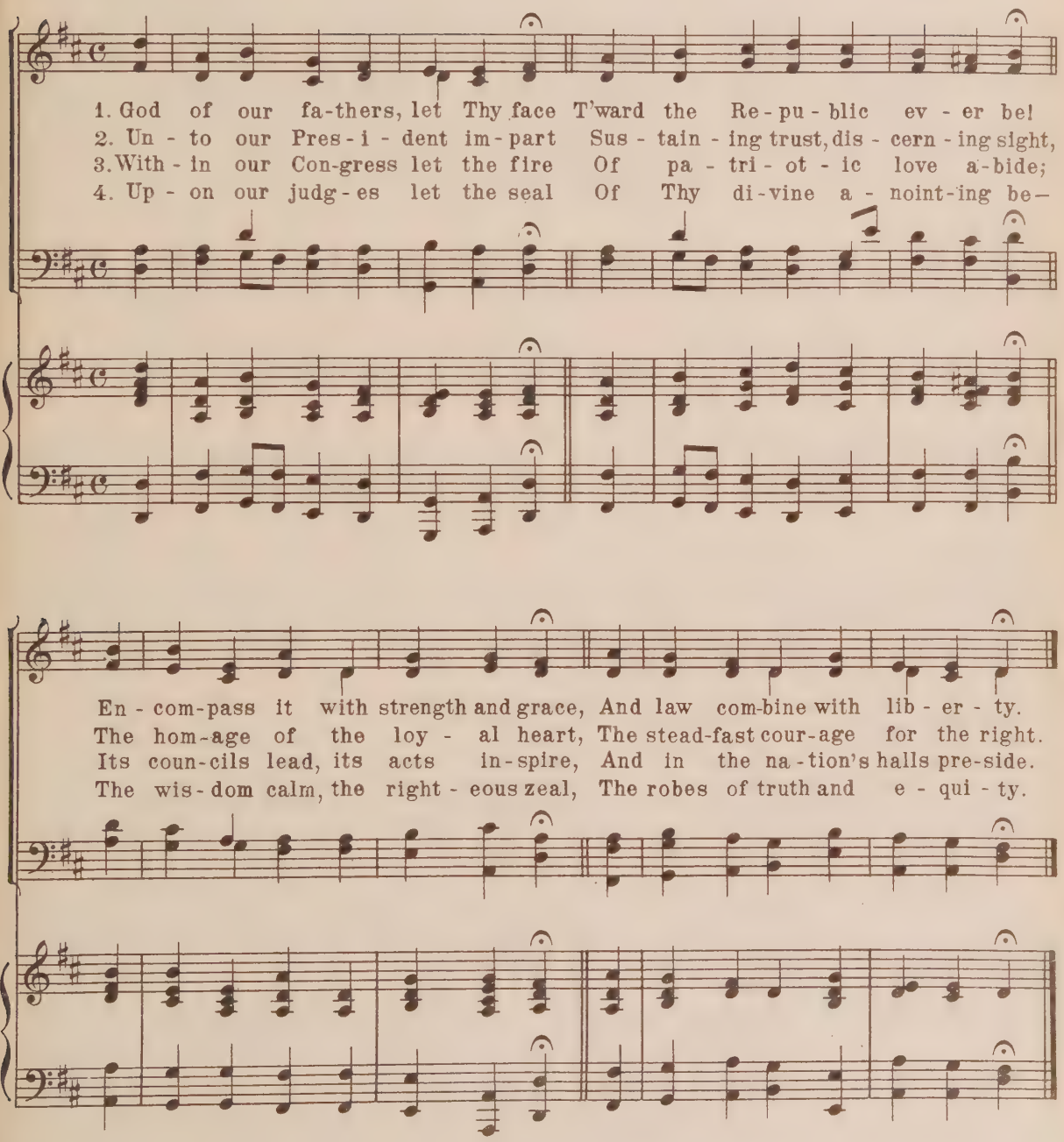
5. For art and la - bor met in truce, The beau - ty made the bride of use, We thank Thee, while with - al we crave, The aus - tere vir - tues, strong to save, The hon - or, proof to place or gold, The man - hood, nev - er bought or sold.

6. Oh, make Thou us, through cen - turies long, In peace se - cure, and jus - tice strong; A - round our gift of free - dom draw The safe - guards of Thy right - eous law, And cast in some di - vin - er mould, Let the new cy - cle shame the old.

cresc. *cresc.* *ff* *ff*

God Of Our Fathers

Rev. S. Wolcott, D. D. Geo. B. Nevin



Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman

J. B. Dykes

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, — Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, — Lead Thou me on. — Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see — The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. —
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou — Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now — Lead Thou me on. — I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, — Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not — past years —
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still — Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till — The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, — Which I have loved long since, and lost — a - while. —

Nearer, My God, To Thee

Sarah F. Adams

Lowell Mason

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! - E'en tho' it be a cross That - rais - eth me, — Still all my song shall be,
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, - Dark - ness be o - ver me, My — rest a stone; - Yet in my dreams I'd be,
3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; - So by my woes to be,
4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, — Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, — Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

Gottschalk

L. M. Gottschalk

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.

Now The Day Is Over

S. Baring Gould — Joseph Barnby

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Fa - ther, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. Through the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
bless - ing May our eye - - lids close.
bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
sin - less In Thy ho - - ly eyes.

Flemming

Slow

1. Tran - quil and peace - ful is the path to heav - en, Where now so
2. There life is bliss - ful! shall the spir - it trem - ble? Bright heaven - ly
3. There our lost rose - buds in our hands shall o - pen; Love, pure and

ma - ny fresh from earth's ripe vint - age, So ma - ny hap - py,
an - gels wait to lead us yon - der; There dwell the spir - its
ho - ly in our bo - soms glow - ing, Flows from the Fa - ther,

high and bless - ed spir - its, Wait to re - ceive us.
pu - ri - fied by suf - fring, Bless - ing and bless ed.
source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Liv - ing and lov - ing.

Who Is Like Thee?

P. C. Lutkin

f 1. Who is like Thee, O U - ni - ver - sal Lord! Who dare Thy
p 2. Thy ten - der love em-brac - es all man - kind, As chil - dren
f 3. And to Thy might and love is joined in Thee The high - est

praise and glo - ry share? Who is in heav'n, Most High, like Thee a -
all by Thee are blest; Re - pent - ant sin - ners with Thee mer - cy
wis - dom's liv - ing spring; What - e'er to us is deep - est mys - ter -

ff

dored? Who can on earth with Thee com - pare? Thou art the
find, Thy hand up - hold - eth the op - prest; All worlds at -
y, Is clear to Thee, our Lord and King. O God of

ff

rit.

One true God a - lone, And firm - ly found - ed is Thy throne.
test Thy pow'r sub - lime, Thy glo - ry shines in ev - 'ry clime.
wis - dom, love and might, We wor - ship Thee, E - ter - nal Light.

rit

Softly Now The Light Of Day

Weber

Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.

Now Thank We All Our God

1 Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es, Who
2 All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en, The

wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es; Who, from our mother's arms,
Ho - ly One who reigns In earth and high-est hea - ven; The One e - ter-nal God,

Hath blessed us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
Whom earth and heaven a - dore, For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

John B. Dykes

1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!

The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Be - speaks the tri-umph nigh!

'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin: ___
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made! ___

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic-tors in.
O joy, for all its form - er woes A thou-sand fold re - paid!

Abide With Me

Henry Francis Lyte

William Henry Monk

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide, The darkness deepens–Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

Cast Thy Burden

Più adagio

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

pp

Cast thy bur-den up-on the Lord; And He shall sus - tain thee; He

cresc. *p*

nev-er will suf-fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy right hand. Thy mer-cy, Lord, is

cresc. *dim.* *p*

great, and far a-bove the heav'ns. Let none be made a - sham-ed, that wait up-on Thee!

The Ninety And Nine

E. C. Clephane

Ira D. Sankey

1. There were nine - ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter___ of the fold,
2. "Lord,_ Thou___ hast here Thy nine-ty and nine, Are_ they not e-nough for Thee?"
3. But___ none of the ran-somed ev - er knew How_ deep were the wa-ters crossed;
4. "Lord,_ whence are those blood-drops all_ the way That_ mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But___ all thro' the moun-tains, thun-der-riv'n, And_ up from the rock-y steep,

But___ one___ was out on the hills a - way, Far_ off___ from the gates_ of gold—
But the Shepherd made an - swer: "This of mine Has_ wan-dered a - way___ from me,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found_ His sheep that was lost.
"They were shed___ for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring_ him back."
There a - rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice!_ I have found_ my sheep!"

A - way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
And al - though_ the road_ be rough and steep, I___ go to the des-ert to
" Out in the des-ert He heard its cry— " Sick___ and helpless, and
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night___ by
And the an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne: "Re - joice! for the Lord___ brings

Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
find___ my sheep, I___ go to the des - ert to find___ my sheep."
read - y to die, " Sick___ and help-less, and read - y to die.
man - y a thorn, They are pierced to - night___ by man - y a thorn."
back___ His own! Re - joice! for the Lord___ brings back___ His own!"

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Pilgrim Hymn

(Duke Street)

John Hatton

1. O God! be-neath Thy guid-ing hand; Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea;
2. Thou heardst, well pleas'd, the song, the prayer; Thy bless-ing came; and still its power
3. Laws, free-dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those ex-iles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil-dren's chil-dren shall a-dore,

And, when they trod the win-try strand, With pray'r and psalm they wor-shipped Thee.
Shall on-ward thro' all a-ges bear The mem-'ry of that ho-ly hour.
And where their pil-grim feet have trod, The God they trust-ed guards their graves.
Till these e-ter-nal hills re-move, And spring a-dorns the earth no more.

Oh, Worship The King

1. Oh, wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa-vil-lioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
2. Oh, tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, Whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air, It shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.

HANUKKAH

My Salvation's Tower

Maestoso

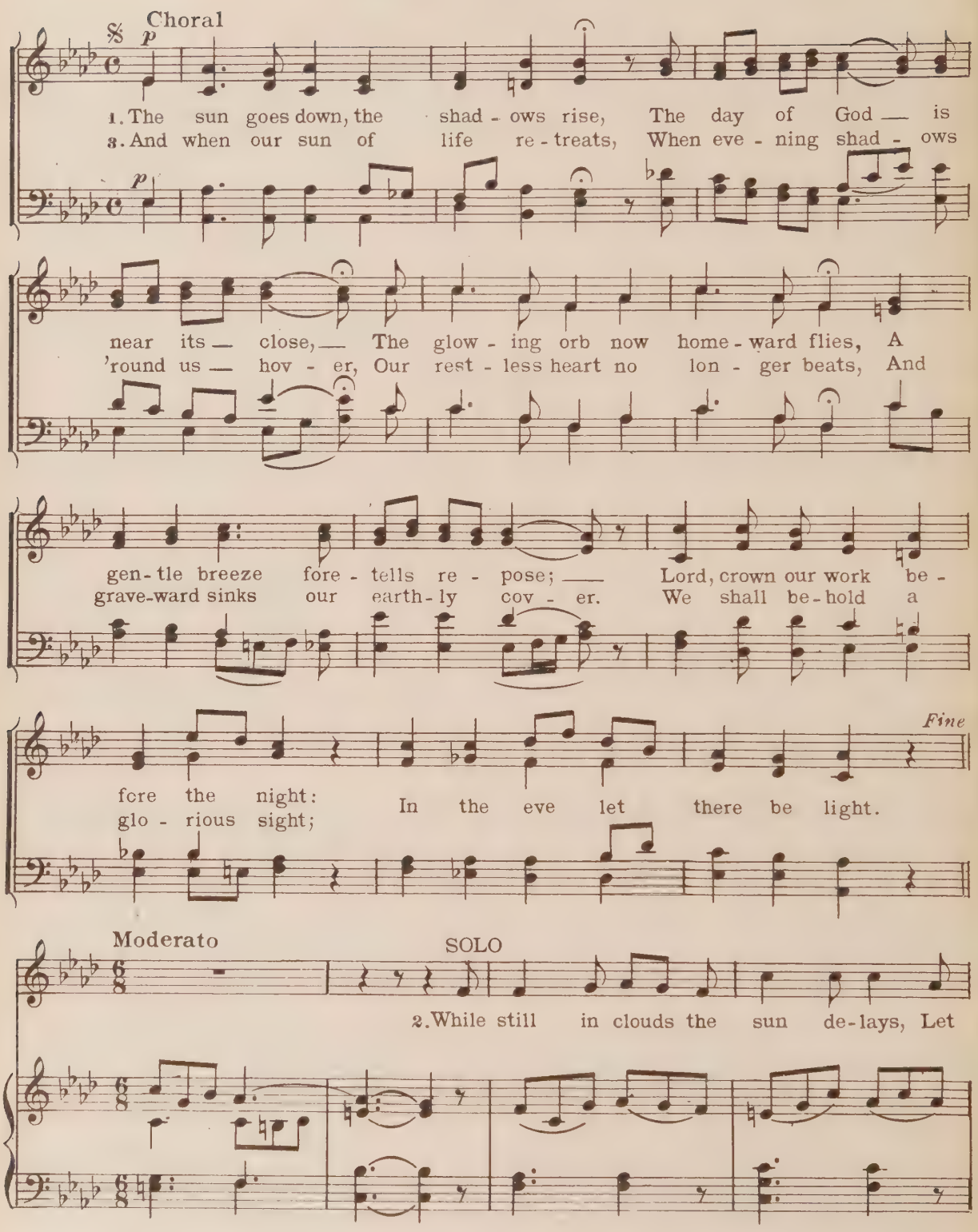
1. I will praise, O Lord, Thy grace, Foun-tain of all pow - er!
Thou'rt in storms my shelt-'ring place, My sal - va - tion's tow - er;
What if men as - sail me? What if men as - sail me?
God, my Lord, Breaks their sword. He will nev - er fail me!

2. Ever when I sighed in night,
When the world repelled me,
God led me again to light,
And His hand upheld me.
|: Darkness oft set round me,— :|
He was nigh,
From on high,
And His mercy found me.

3. With my army God did side:—
We, the few and humble,
Checked the Syrian's furious tide,
Made the mighty stumble.
|: Heroes young and hoary :|
Spilt their blood
For their God,
Giving Him the glory.

The Sun Goes Down

Traditional Hebrew Melody



us soar up, soar up to heav - en; That love may shed its

peace - ful rays, New hope un - to our souls be

giv - en. O may the part - ing hour be bright: In the eve let

there be light, In the eve let there be light.

D.S.

Jerusalem, Materna

1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When
2. Thy gar-dens and thy good-ly walks Are al-ways fresh and green, There
3. Thy trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit And ev - er - more do spring; There

shall my sor-rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see? O
grow such sweet and pleas-ant flow'rs As no-where else are seen. Thro'
ev - er - more thine an - gels are, Thy glo - ry bright to sing. Je -

hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil! In
all thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow; Up -
ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still yearns for thee! Would

thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
on the banks on ev - 'ry side The trees of life do grow.
all my woes were at an end, That I thy joys might see.

Jerusalem The Golden

Bernard of Cluny

Alexander Ewing

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,

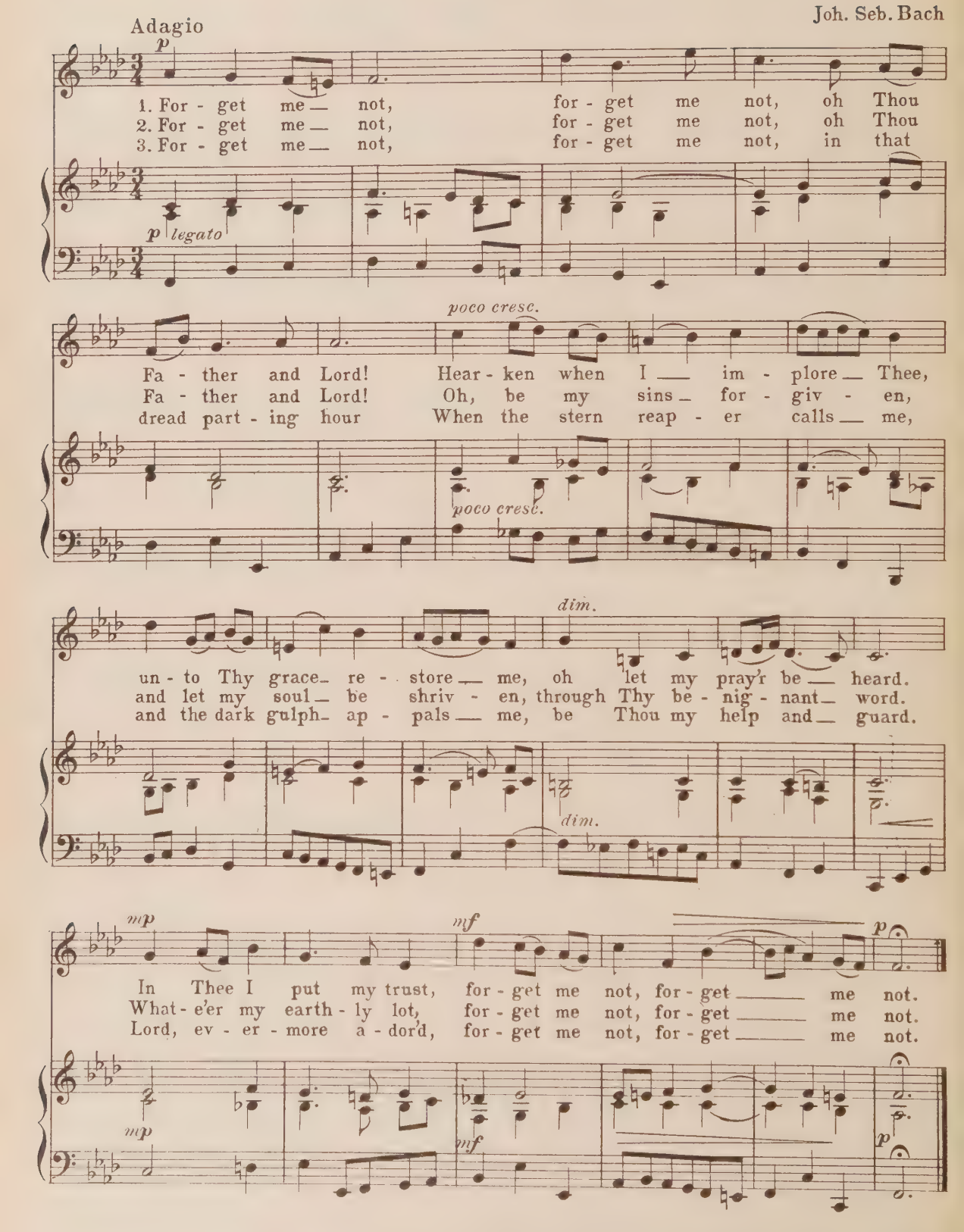
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white. A - men.

Forget me not

Joh. Seb. Bach



"Love's Old Sweet Song"

C. F. Brigham

J. L. Molloy
arranged

1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the twi-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.

2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for ev-er-more; Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day. So to the end, when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

rit.

Love's Old Sweet Song (continued)

CHORUS

SOP. I.

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring

SOP. II.

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring

ALTO

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring

BASS *(optional)*

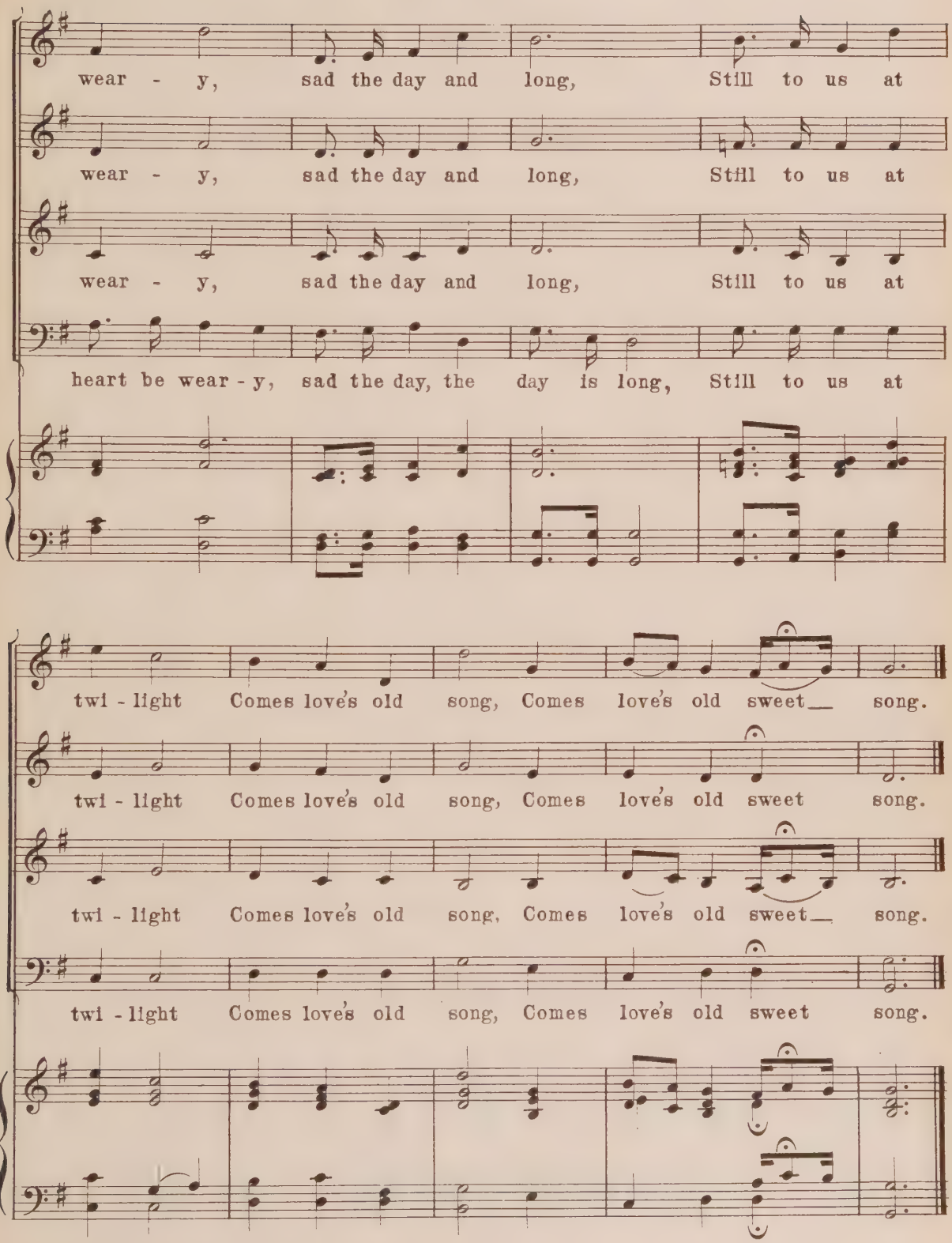
Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, the lights are low, And

shad - ows soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be

shad - ows soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be

shad - ows soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be

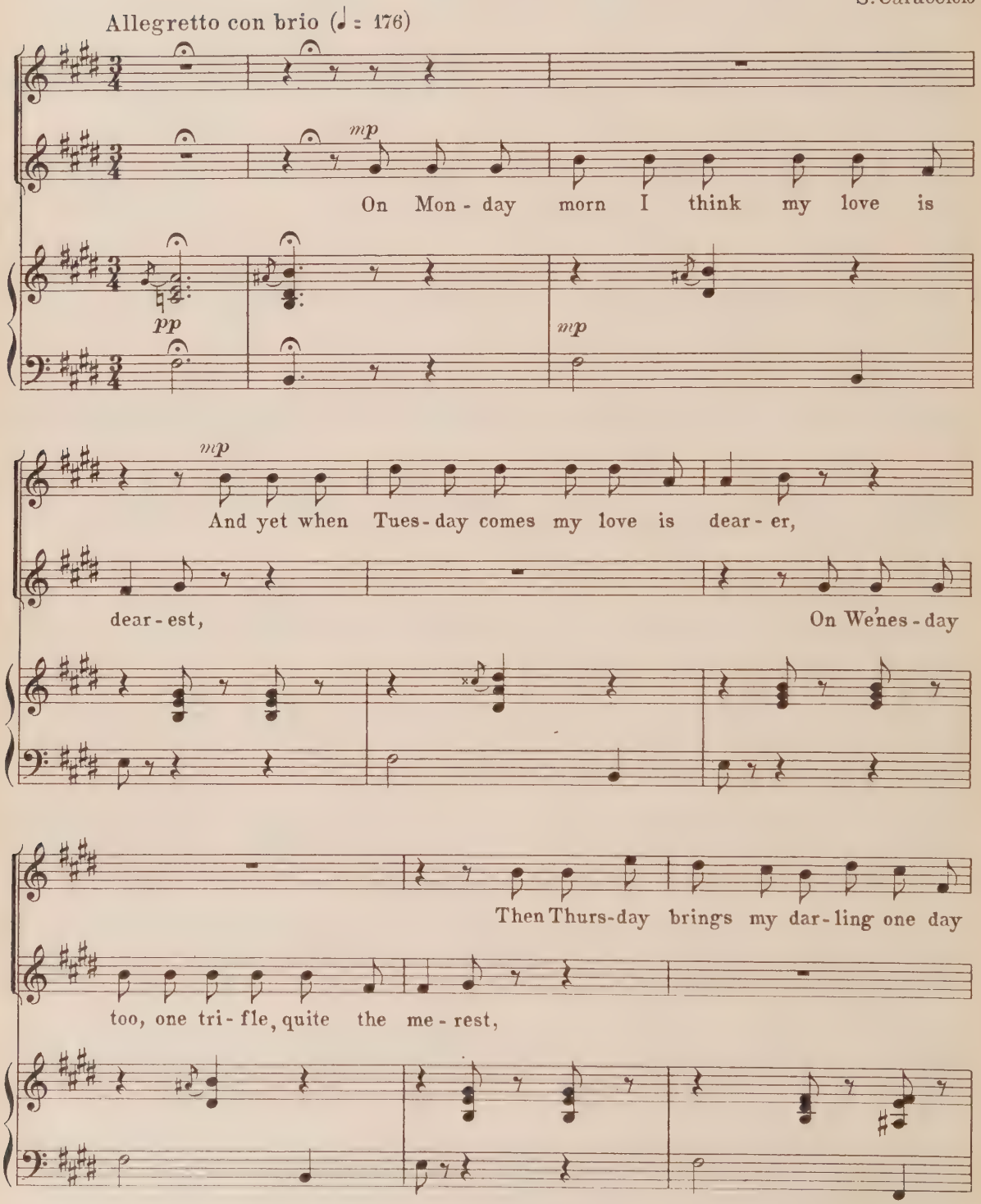
flick'-ring, flick'-ring shadows soft - ly come, and soft - ly come and go, Tho' the

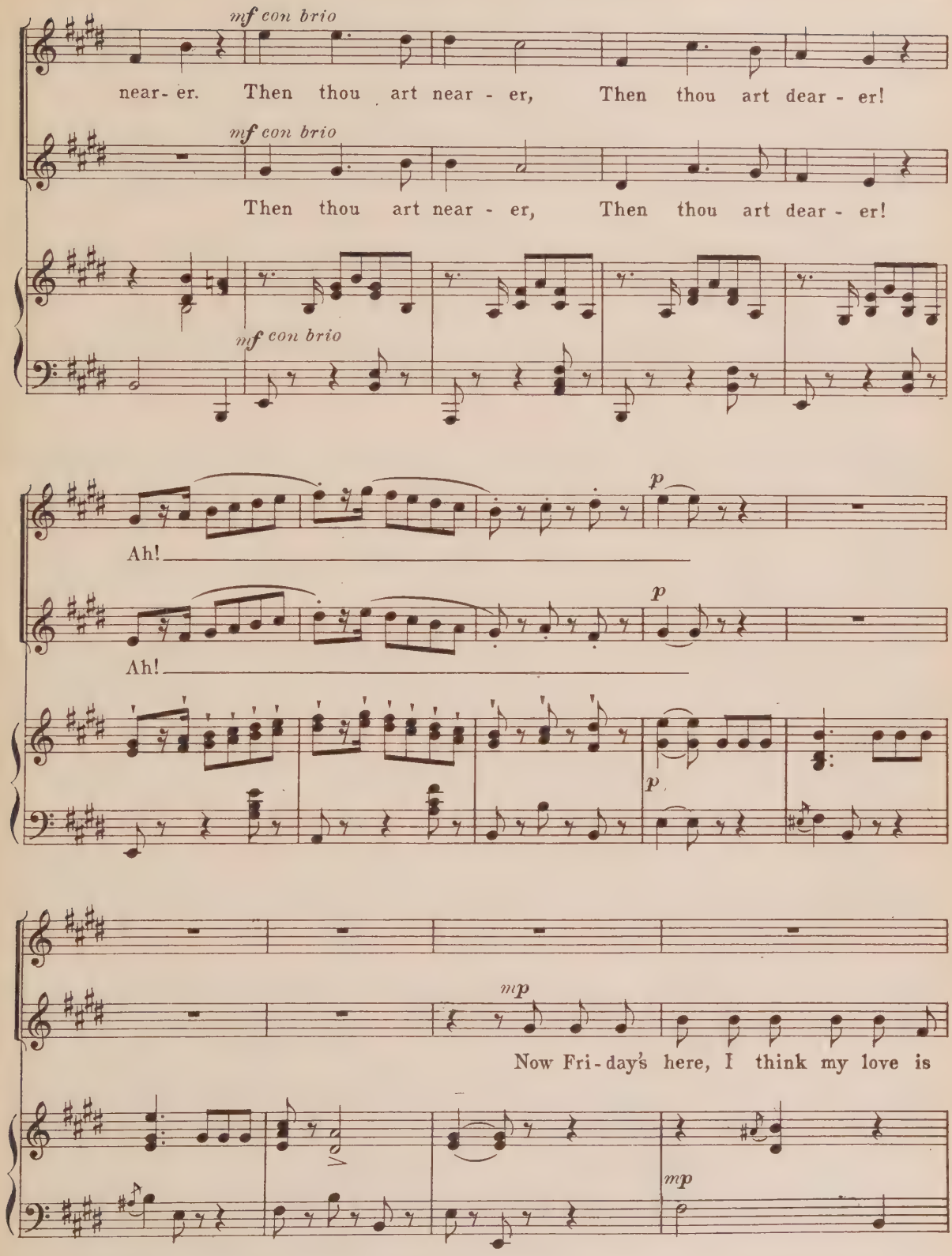

wear - y, sad the day and long, Still to us at
wear - y, sad the day and long, Still to us at
wear - y, sad the day and long, Still to us at
heart be wear - y, sad the day, the day is long, Still to us at
twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.
twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.
twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.
twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

Nearest And Dearest

Tuscan Folk Song

S. Caracciolo




mf con brio
near- er. Then thou art near - er, Then thou art dear - er!
mf con brio
Then thou art near - er, Then thou art dear - er!
mf con brio
p
Ah!
p
Ah!
p
mp
Now Fri- day's here, I think my love is
mp

mp

Yet Sa - tur - day we've vow'd shall be the one day,

sweet - est, When Sun - day

Ah! yes my love is near - er, dear - er

comes we walk in all our neat - est,

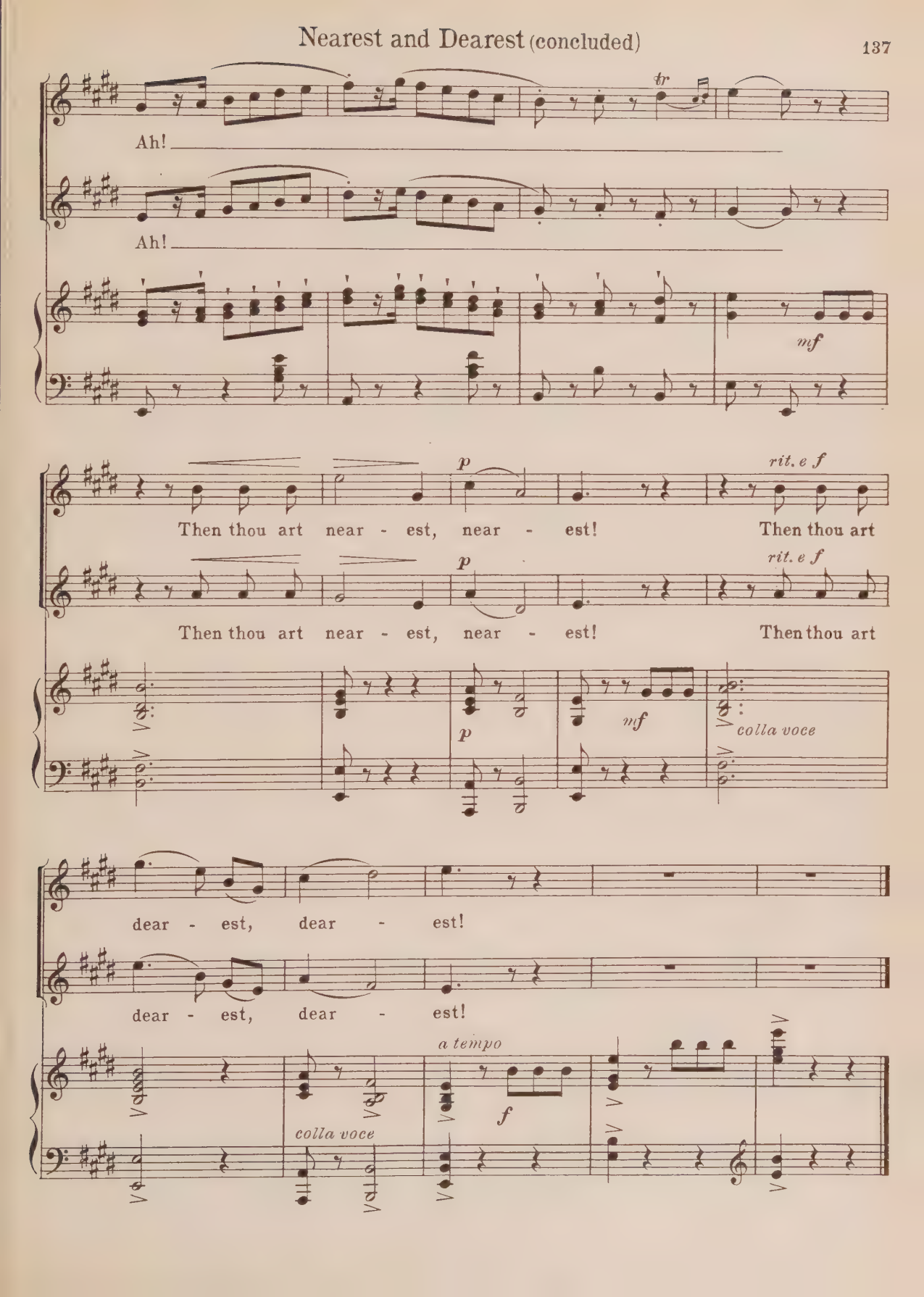
mf con calore

Sun - day! Then thou art near - est, Then thou art dear - est!

mf con caloe

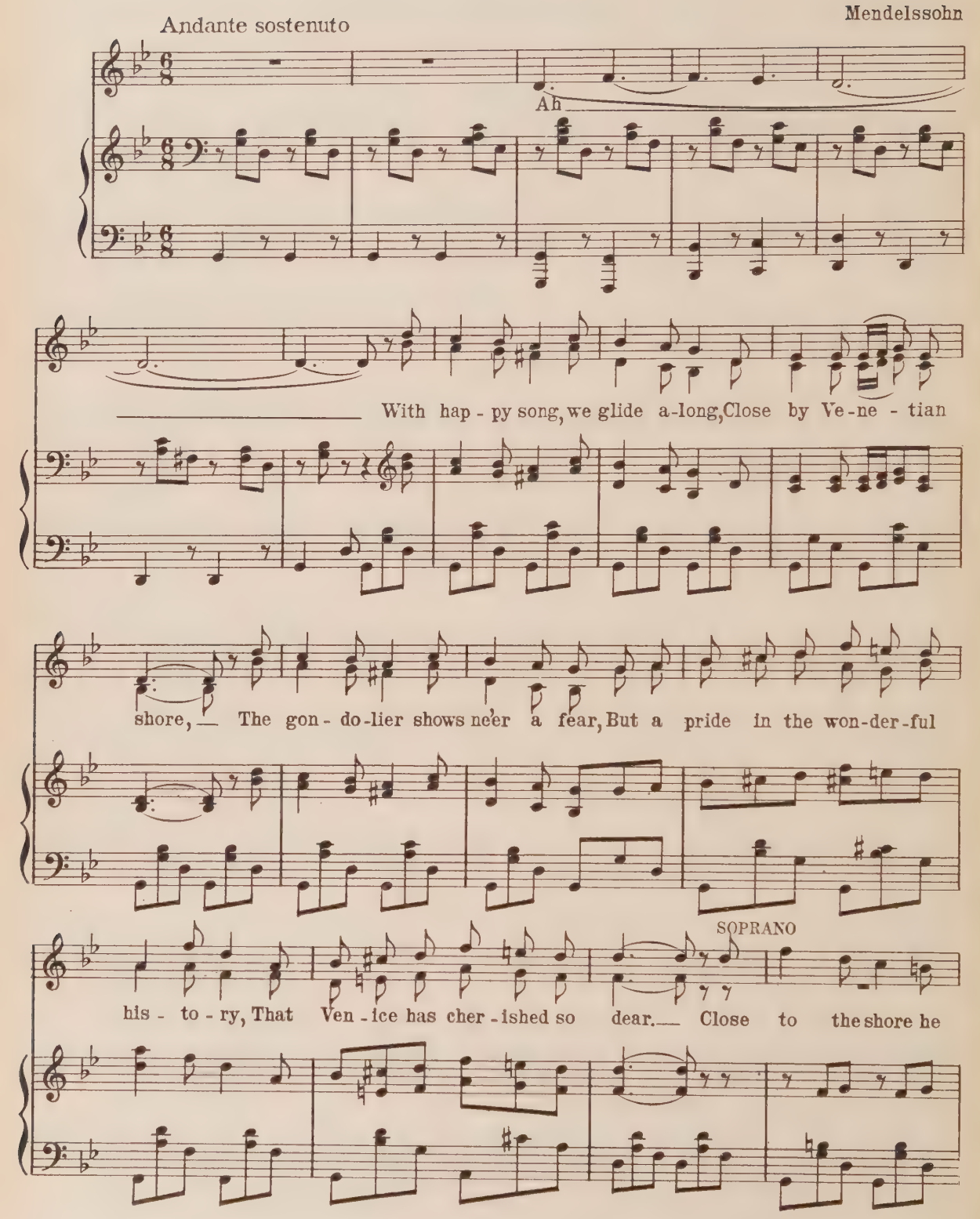
Then thou art near - est, Then thou art dear - est!

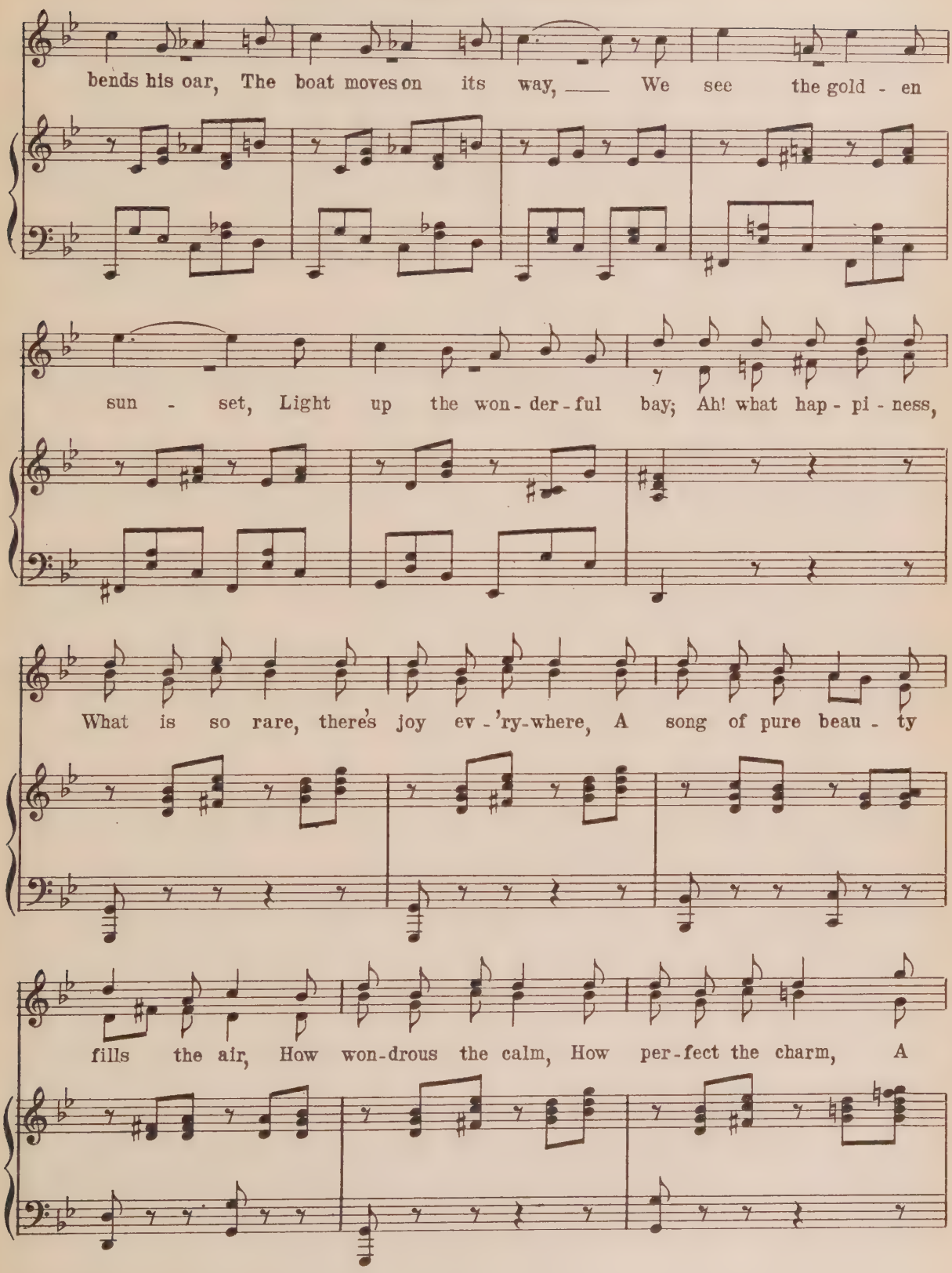
mf con calore


Ah!
Ah!
tr
mf
p
rit. e f
Then thou art near - est, near - est! Then thou art
Then thou art near - est, near - est! Then thou art
p
mf
colla voce
dear - est, dear - est!
dear - est, dear - est!
a tempo
f
colla voce

Venetian Gondolier Song

Mendelssohn




bends his oar, The boat moves on its way, — We see the gold - en
sun - set, Light up the won - der - ful bay; Ah! what hap - pi - ness,
What is so rare, there's joy ev - 'ry-where, A song of pure beau - ty
fills the air, How won-drous the calm, How per-fect the charm, A

day of rare beau - ty has come to its close all to soon. With

a - long

hap - py song, we glide, With hap - py song we

a - long

glide, we glide a - long. Fare - well sweet

pp Echo

day, Fare - well sweet day, Fare - well sweet day.

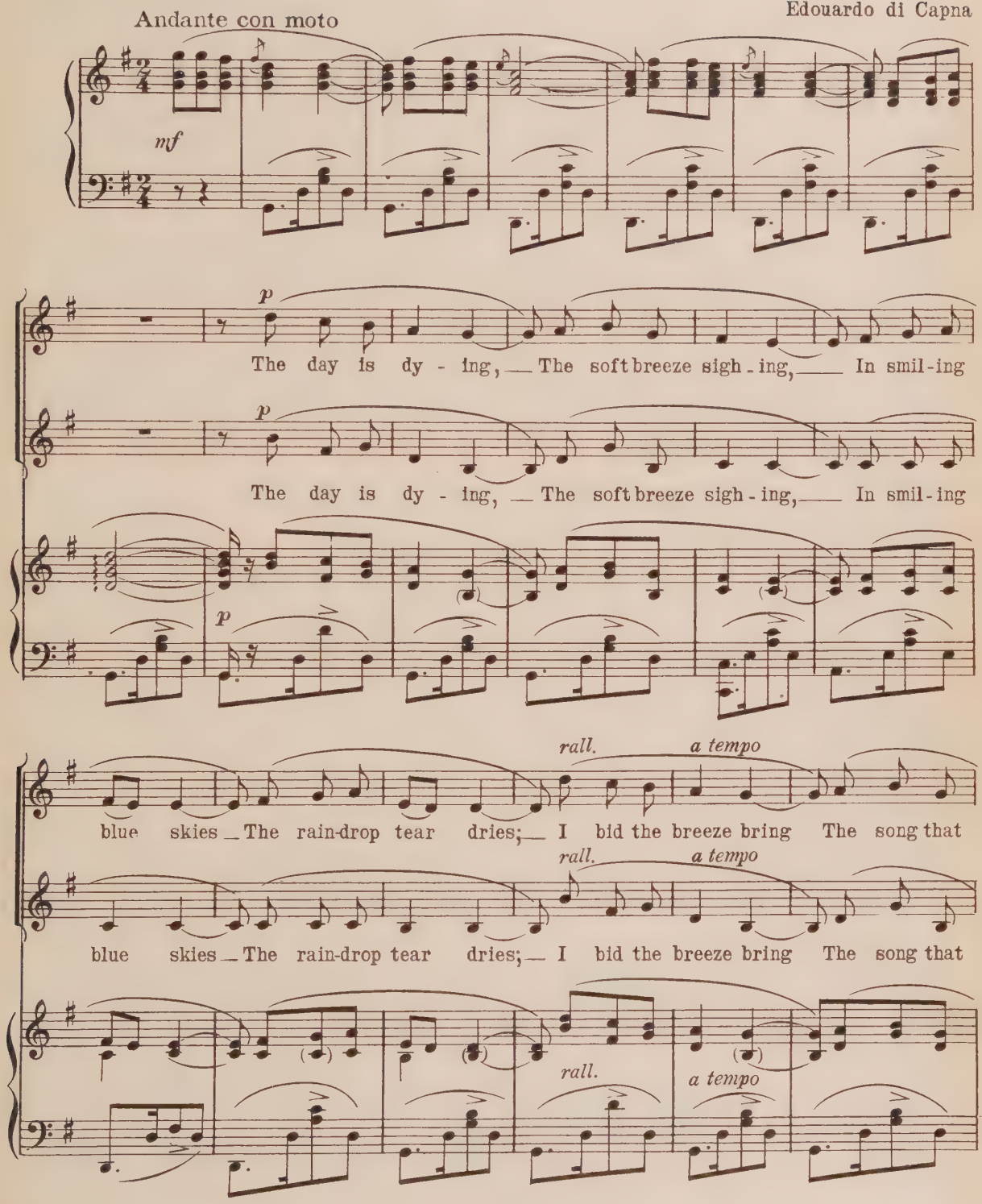
* Special Chorus

O Solo Mio

Neapolitan Serenade

Frederick H. Martens

Edouardo di Capna



O Solo Mio (continued)

cresc.

I sing to you who wait my se - re - nade to hear.

cresc.

I sing to you who wait my se - re - nade to hear.

cresc.

1st & 2nd SOPRANO

mf

The spark - ling star - light that gems the skies Is not so rad - iant

ALTO

mf

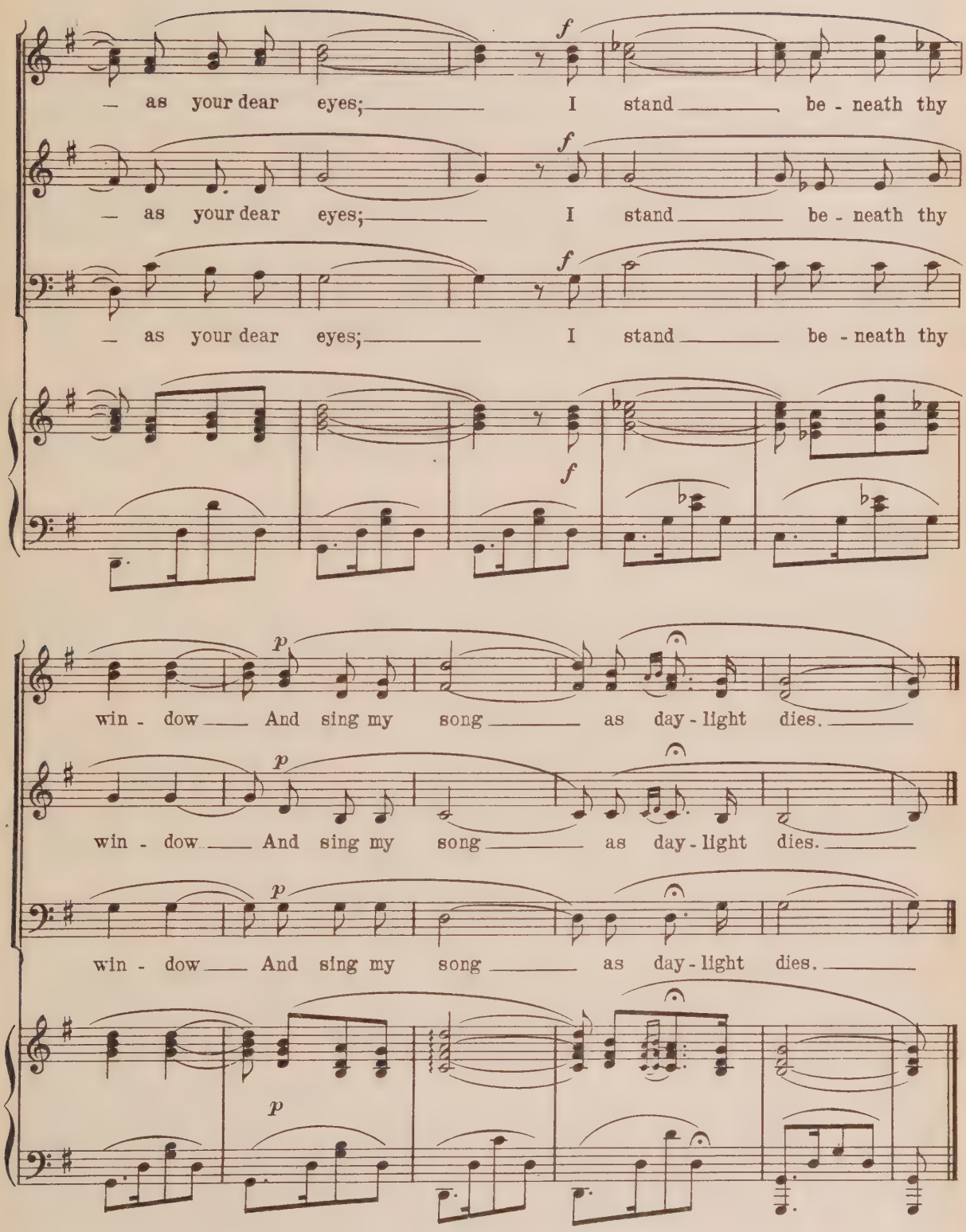
The spark - ling star - light that gems the skies Is not so rad - iant

BASS (optional)

mf

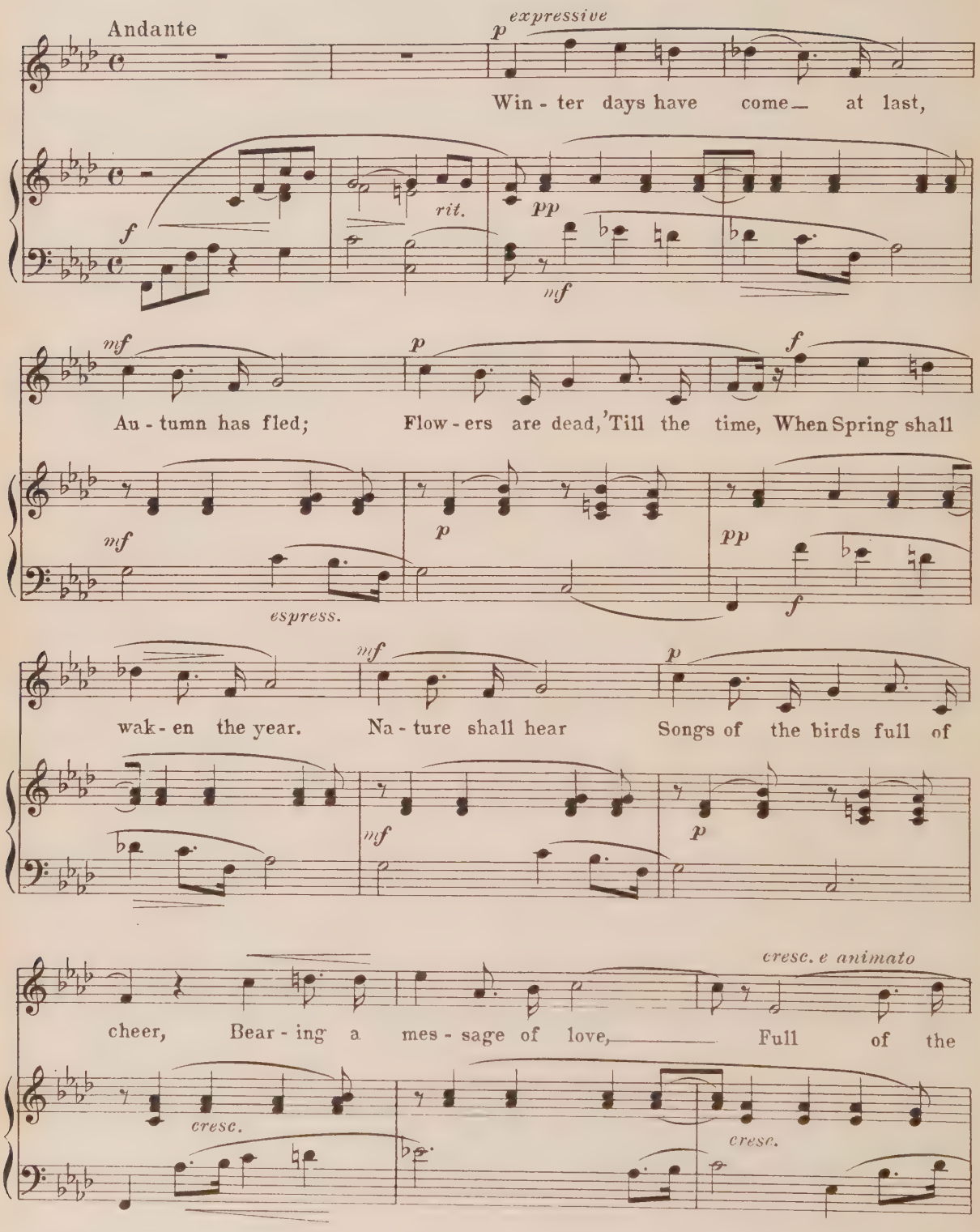
The spark - ling star - light that gems the skies Is not so rad - iant

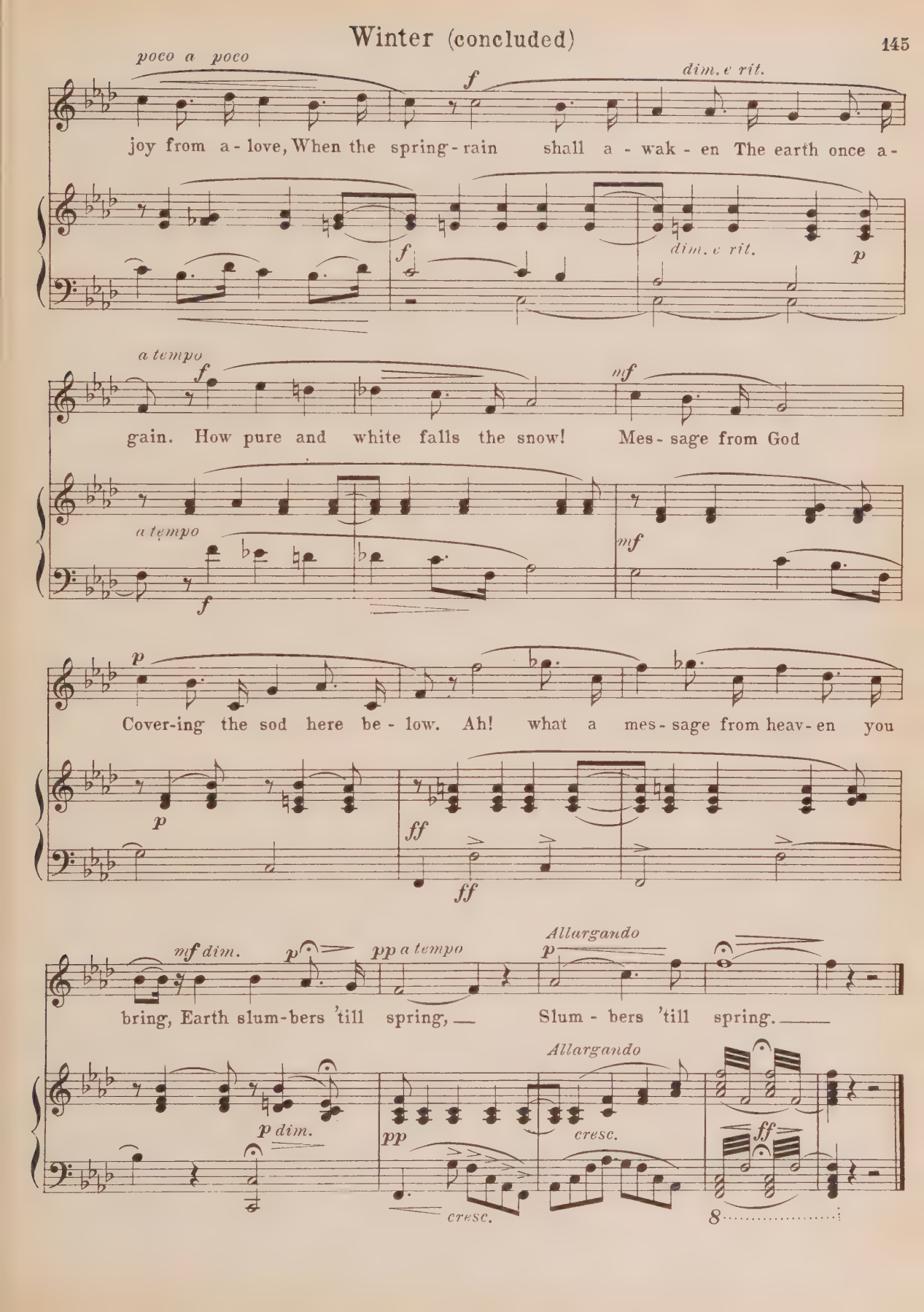
mf


f
— as your dear eyes; I stand be - neath thy
f
— as your dear eyes; I stand be - neath thy
f
— as your dear eyes; I stand be - neath thy
f
p
win - dow And sing my song as day - light dies.
p
win - dow And sing my song as day - light dies.
p
win - dow And sing my song as day - light dies.
p

Winter

Jules Massenet




poco a poco
f
dim. e rit.
joy from a - love, When the spring - rain shall a - wak - en The earth once a -
f
dim. e rit.
p
a tempo
f
mf
gain. How pure and white falls the snow! Mes - sage from God
a tempo
f
mf
p
Cover-ing the sod here be - low. Ah! what a mes - sage from heav - en you
p
ff
ff
mf dim.
p
pp a tempo
Allargando
p
bring, Earth slum-bers 'till spring, Slum - bers 'till spring.
Allargando
p dim.
pp
cresc.
ff
cresc.
8

"O Mistress Mine"

William Shakespere
Twelpth Night

Augustus Barratt
(arranged)

f Lightly and quickly, but without haste

SOP.

f

Oh, mis-tress mine, where are you roam- - ing?
What ___ is love? 'tis not here - af- - ter;

ALTO

f *f*

Oh, mis-tress mine, where are you roam - ing?
What ___ is love? 'tis not here - af - ter;

BASS *f*

Oh, mis-tress mine, where are you roam- - ing? ___
What ___ is love? 'tis not here - af- - ter; ___

p

p

Oh, stay and hear; your true love's com - - ing, Oh, stay and
Pres - ent mirth hath pre-sent laugh- - ter, Pres - ent_

f

Oh, stay and hear, and hear; your true love's com - ing, Oh, stay and
Pres - ent mirth ___ hath pres-ent laugh-ter, Pres - ent_

Oh, stay and hear; your true love's com - - ing, Oh, stay and
Pres - ent mirth hath pre-sent laugh- - ter, Pres - ent_

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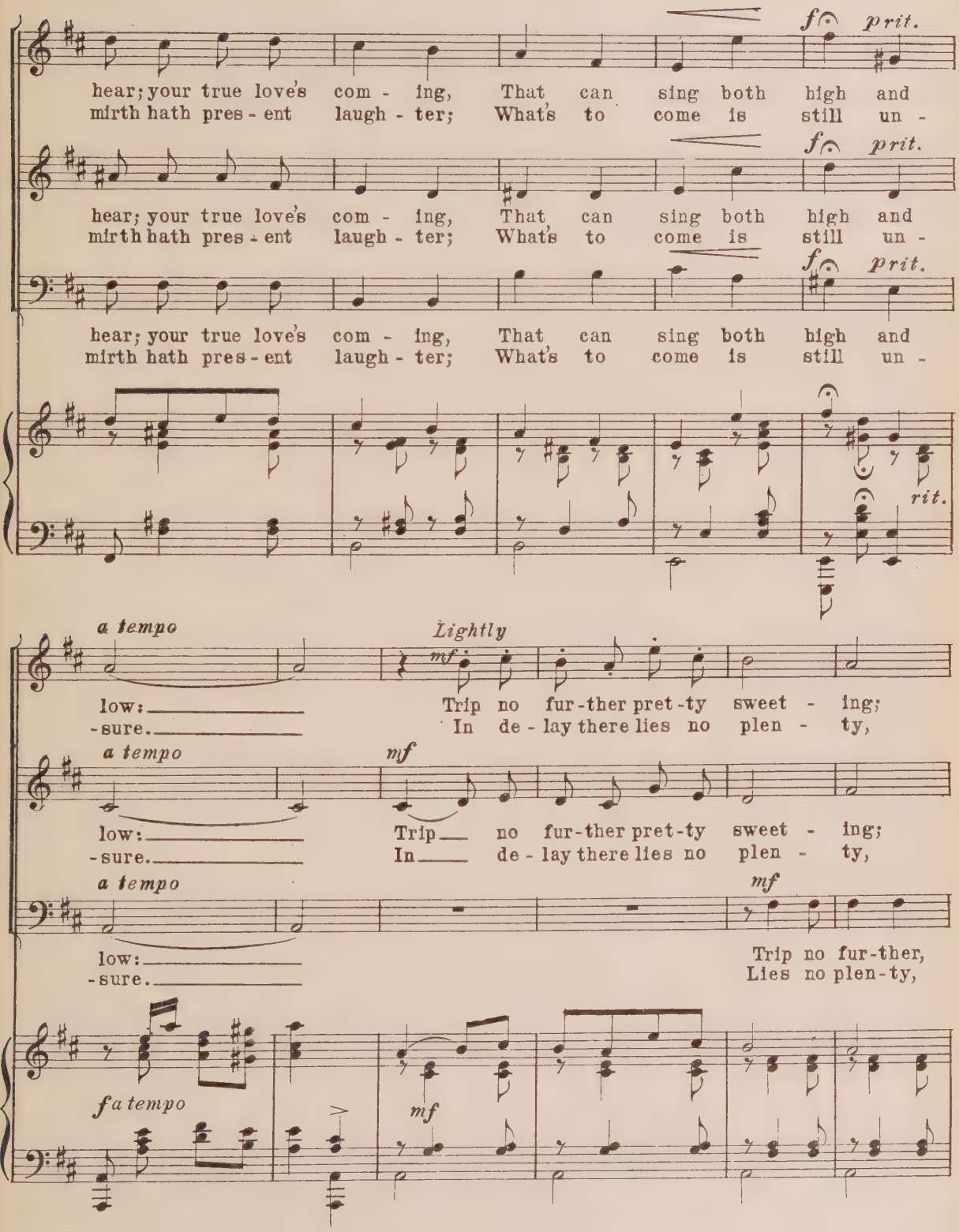
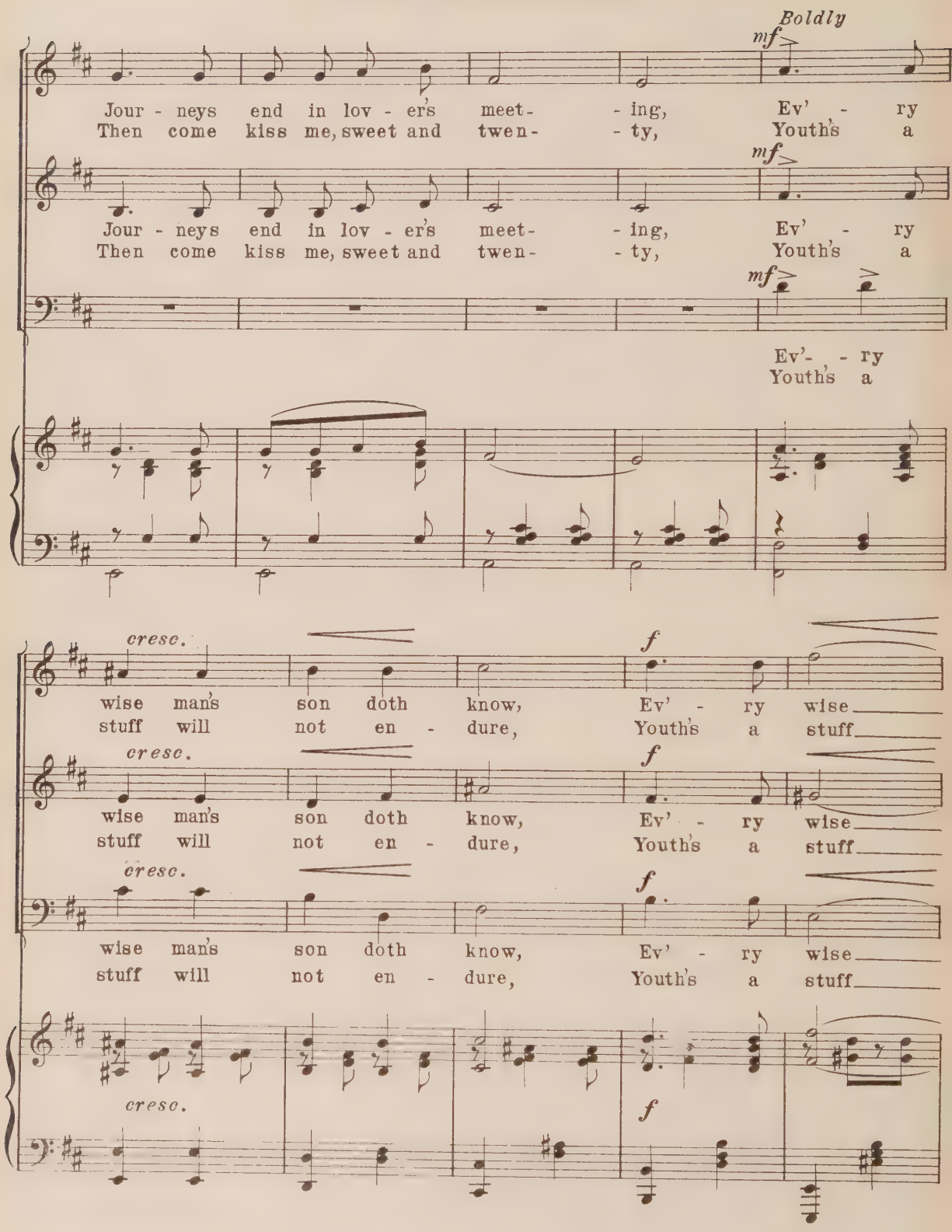
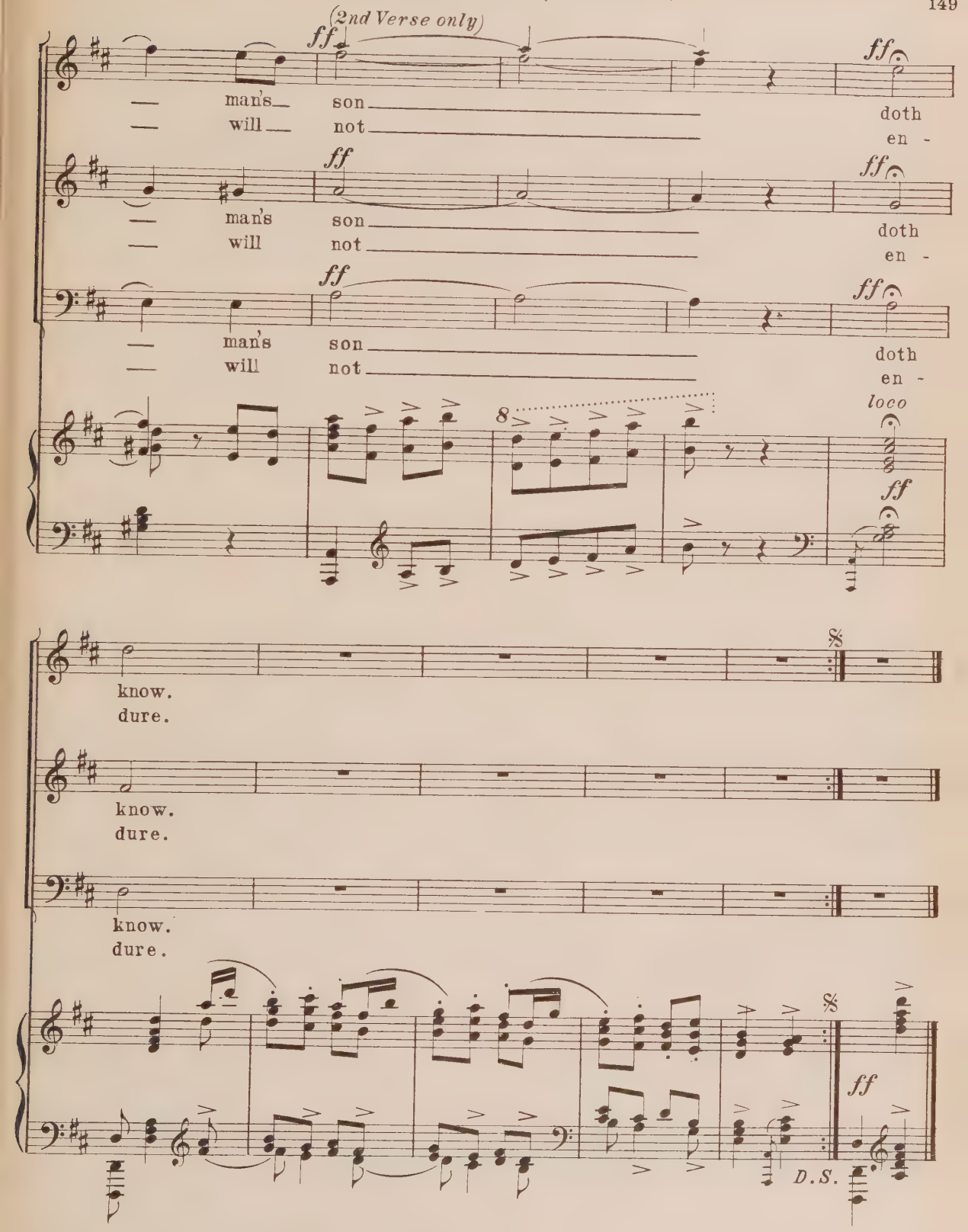

f prit.
hear; your true love's com - ing, That can sing both high and
mirth hath pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un -
f prit.
hear; your true love's com - ing, That can sing both high and
mirth hath pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un -
f prit.
hear; your true love's com - ing, That can sing both high and
mirth hath pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un -
rit.
a tempo
Lightly
mf
low: Trip no fur-ther pret-ty sweet - ing;
-sure. In de - lay there lies no plen - ty,
a tempo
mf
low: Trip no fur-ther pret-ty sweet - ing;
-sure. In de - lay there lies no plen - ty,
a tempo
mf
low: Trip no fur-ther,
-sure. Lies no plen-ty,
f a tempo
mf

O Mistress Mine (continued)



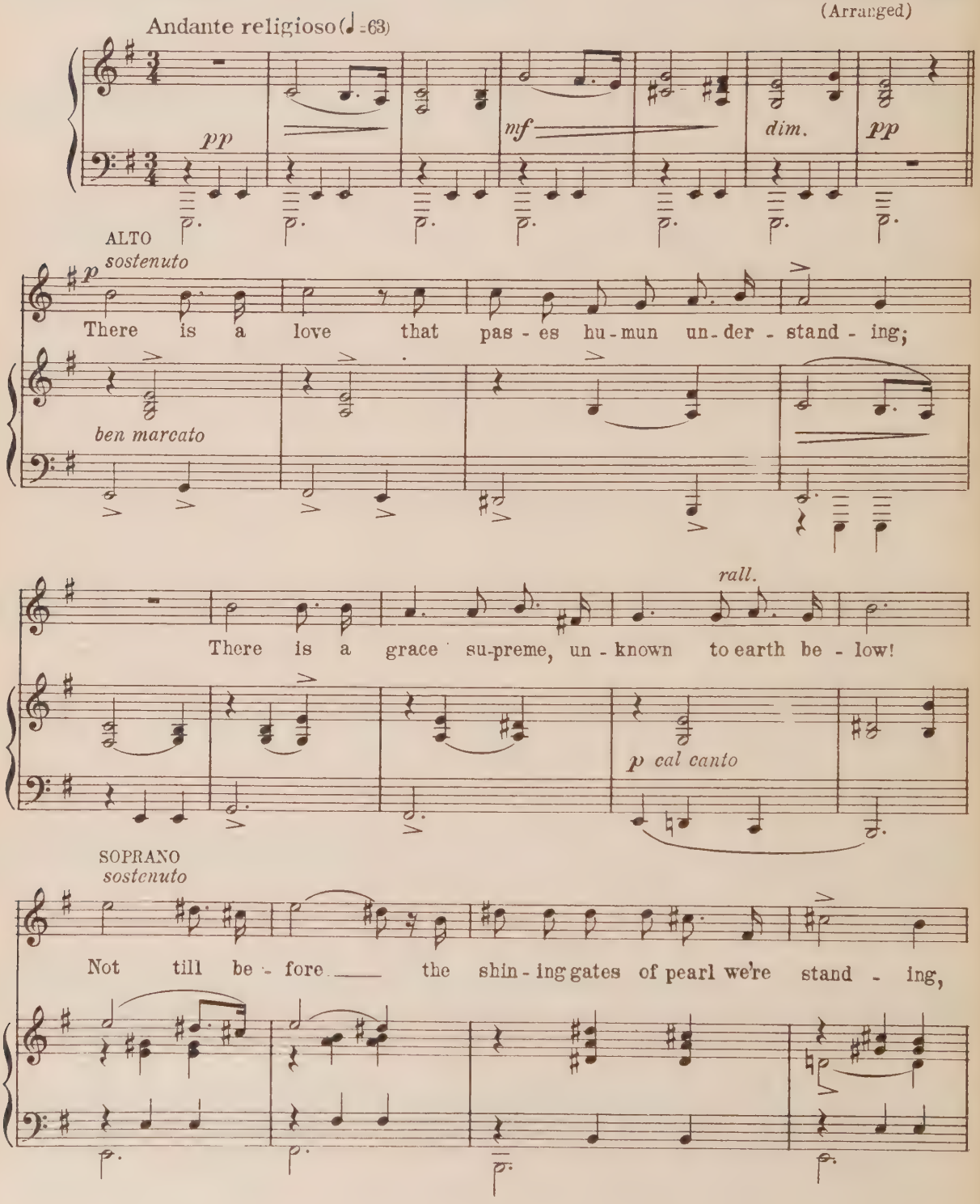

(2nd Verse only)
ff
man's son
will not
doth
en -
man's son
will not
doth
en -
man's son
will not
doth
en -
loco
ff
know.
dure.
know.
dure.
know.
dure.
D.S.

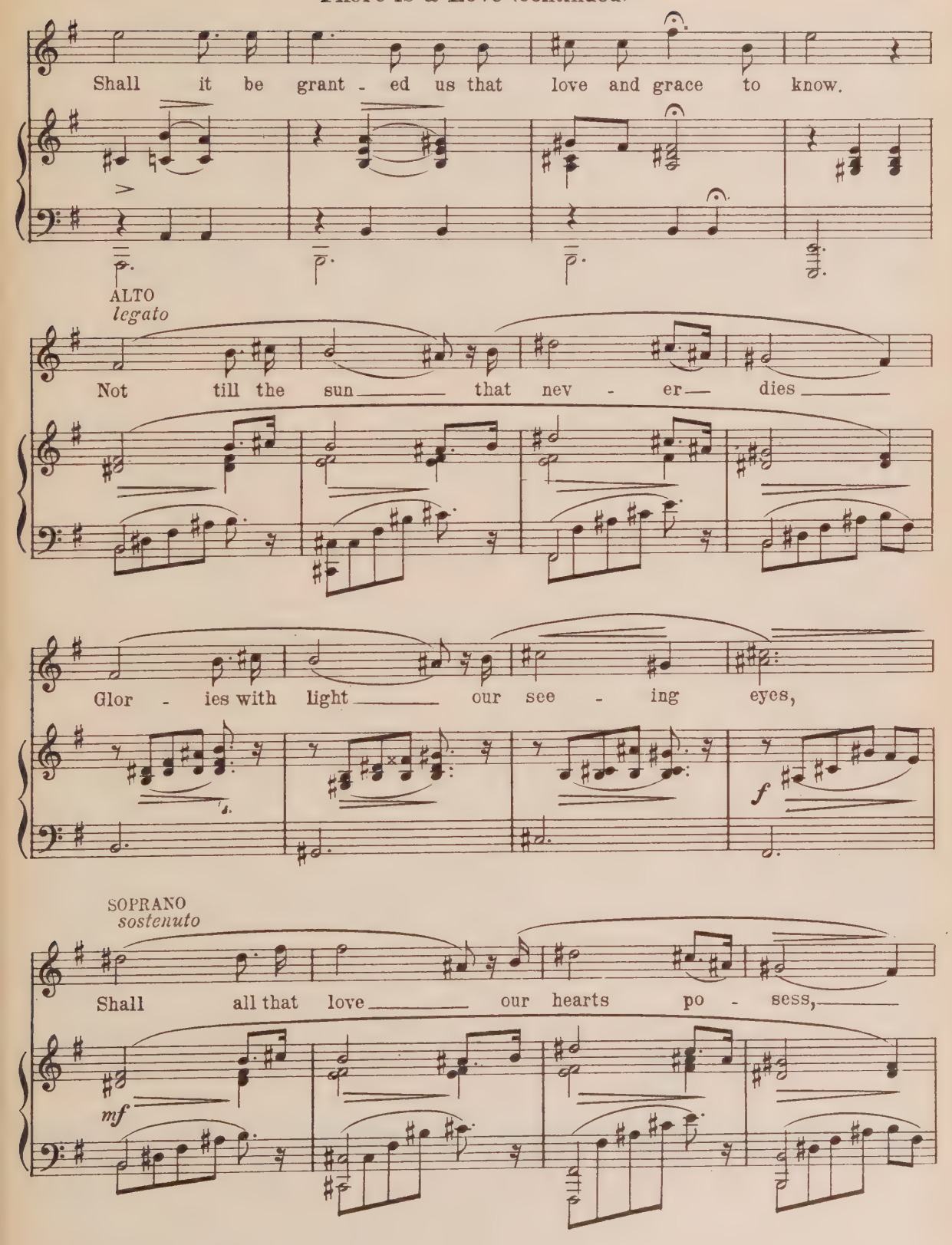
There is a Love

(Duet for Soprano and Alto)

Frederick H. Martens

Jean Baptiste Faure
(Arranged)




Shall it be grant - ed us that love and grace to know.
ALTO
legato
Not till the sun that nev - er dies
Glor - ies with light our see - ing eyes,
f
SOPRANO
sostenuto
Shall all that love our hearts po - sess,
mf

Shall all that grace our souls ca - ress!

mf *col canto* *cresc.*

ALTO

Yet, here on earth that love to come, we may be earn - -

cresc.

marcato

a tempo *sost.*

Our earth - ly lives for

dim. e rall. ad lib. *a tempo*

ing, we may be earn - ing.

a tempo

rall. colla voce *mf*

cres - - cen - -

fu - ture hap - pi - ness pre - par - ing; "Good un - to oth - ers" be the

cres - - cen - -

us here pre - par - ing; "Good un - to oth - ers" be the

cres - - cen - -

do f ff

watch - word of our yearn - ing, Till life e - ter - nal be

do f ff

watch - word of our yearn - ing, Till life e - ter - nal be

do f ff

won!

won!

mf p rall. dim. pp

f p

Who is Sylvia?

Shakespeare
"Two Gentlemen of Verona"

Franz Schubert
1797-1828

Moderato

pp

1. Who is Syl - via, What is she, That
2. Is she kind, As she is fair? For
3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That

pp

all our swains com - mend her? Ho - ly,
beau - ty lives with kind - ness: To her
Syl - via is ex - cell - ing; She ex -

fair and wise is she; The
eyes love doth re - pair, To
cels each mor - - tal thing Up -

heav'ns such grace did lend — her,
help him of his blind - ness;
on this dull earth dwell - ing;

And,

pp

That a - dor - ed she might —
be - - ing help'd — in - hab - its —
To her gar - lands let us —

be, — That a - dor - ed she might
there, And, be - ing help'd in - hab - its —
bring, To her gar - lands let us —

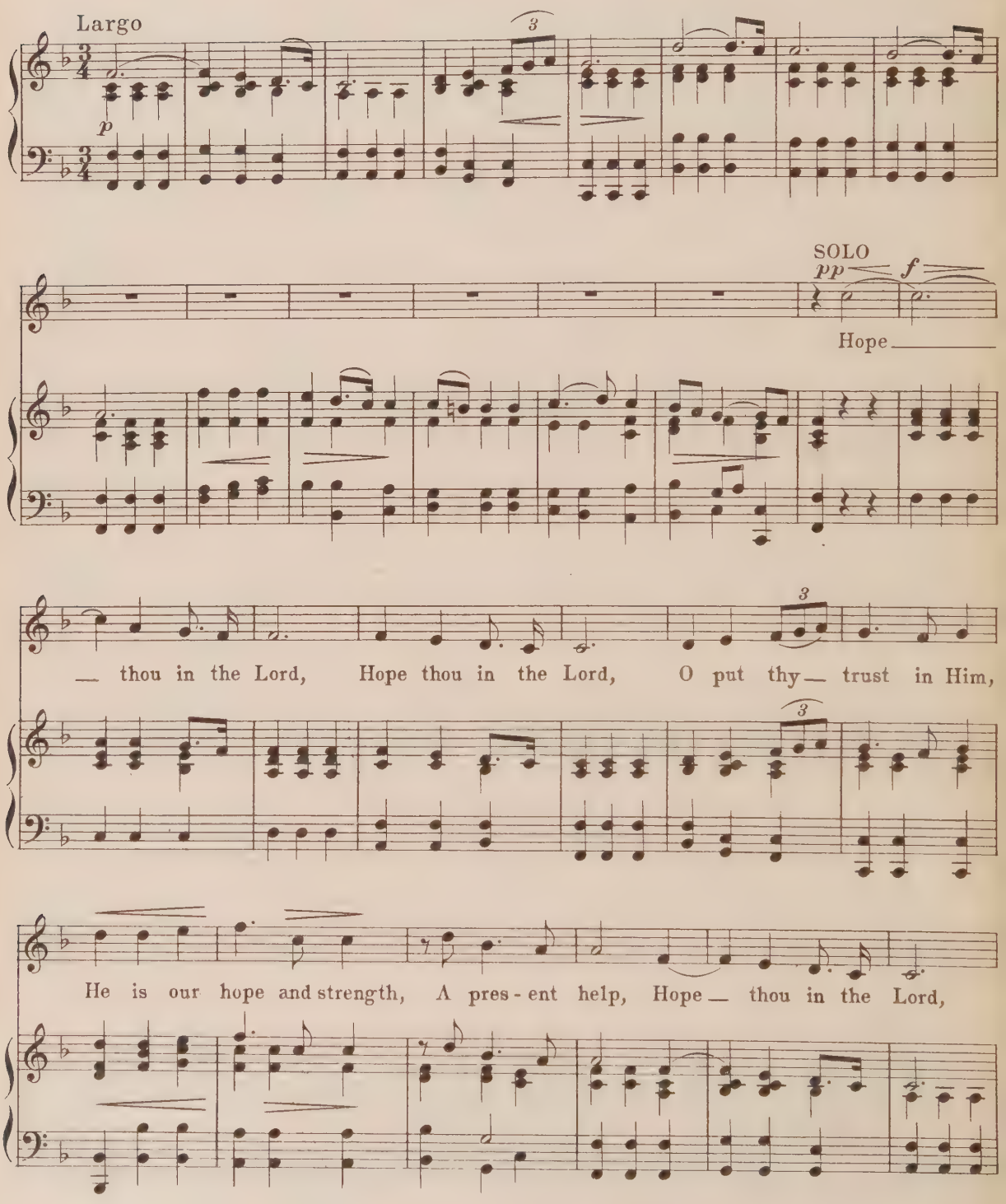
Last ending

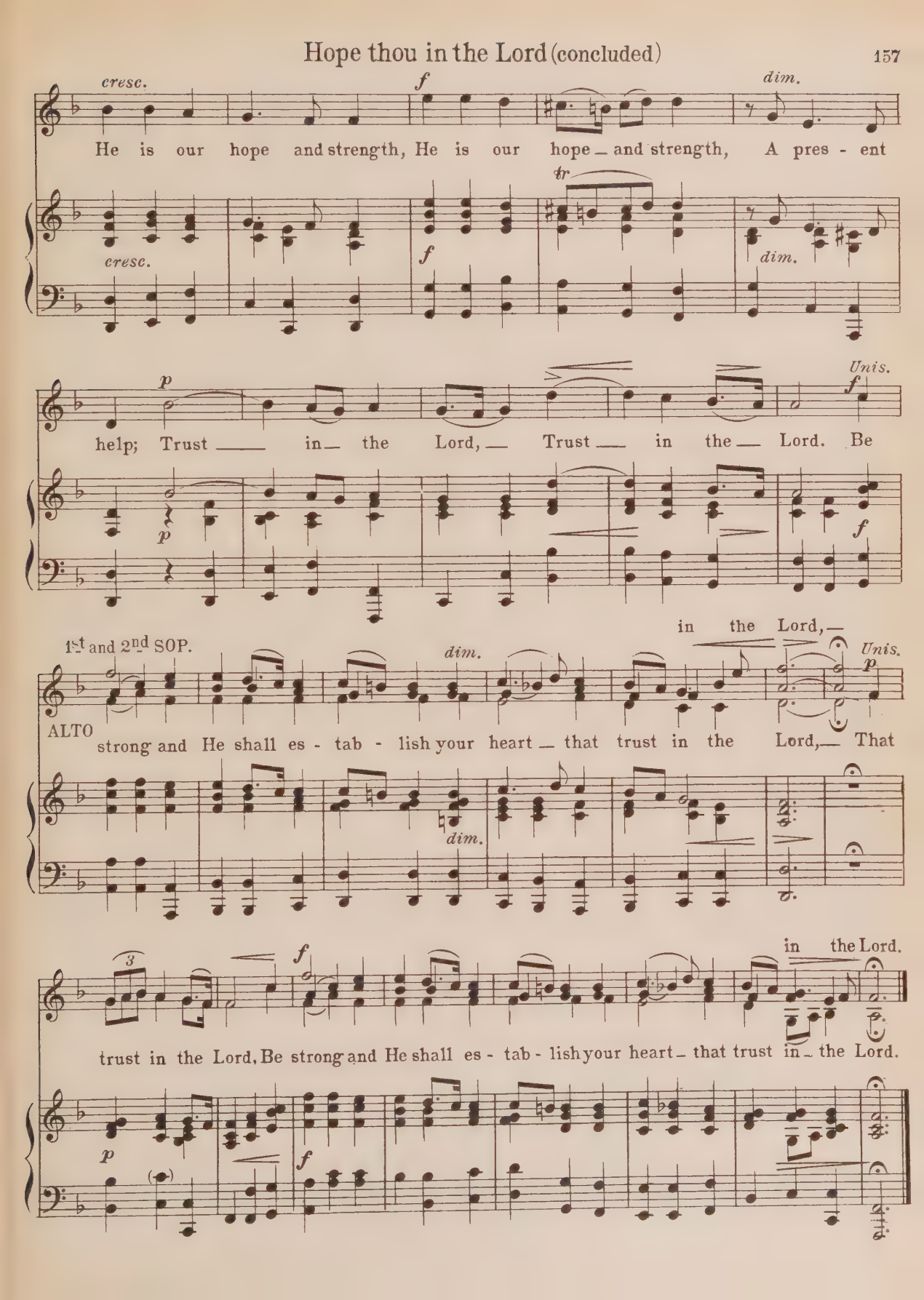
be.
there.
bring.

Hope thou in The Lord

(Largo)

Händel

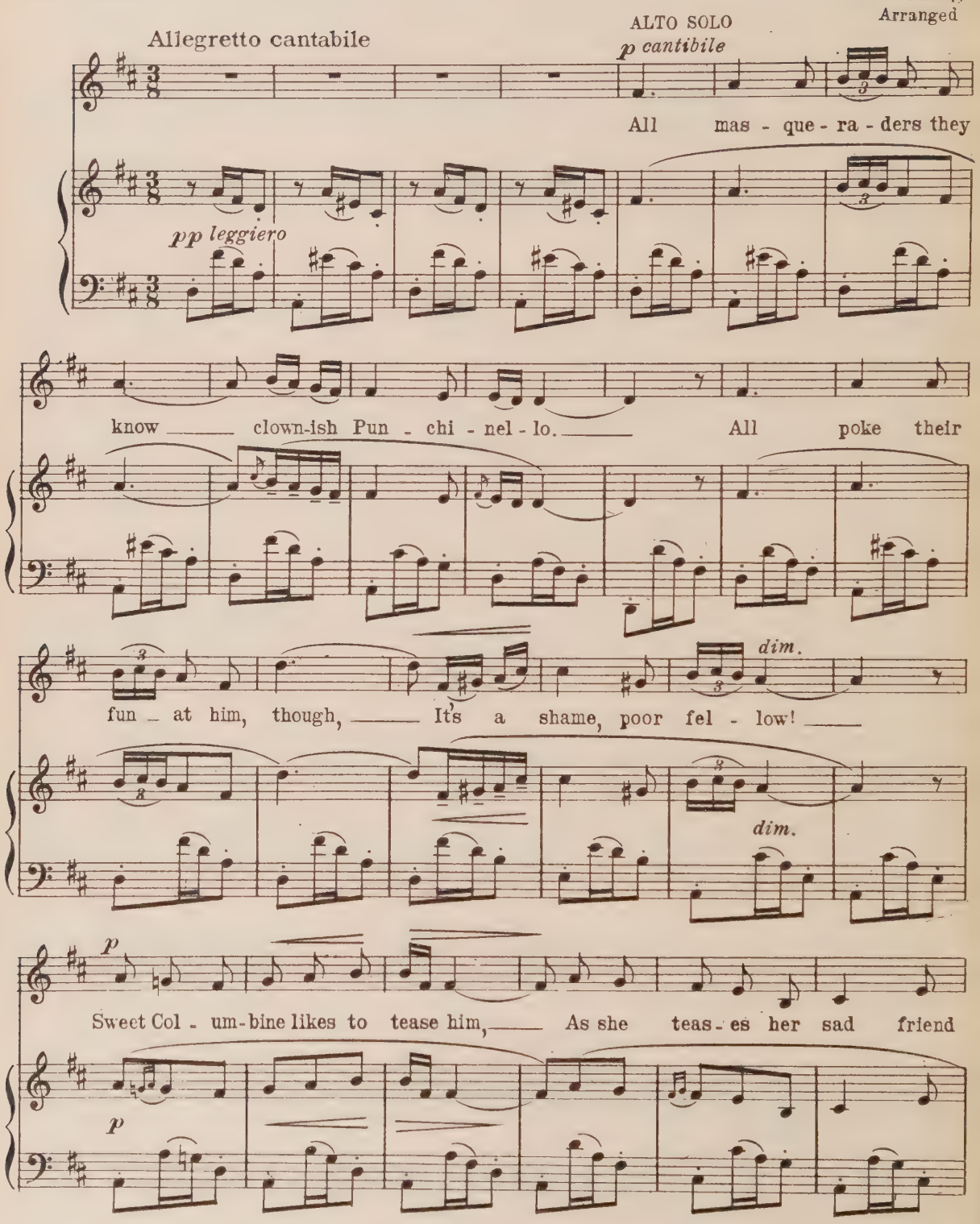


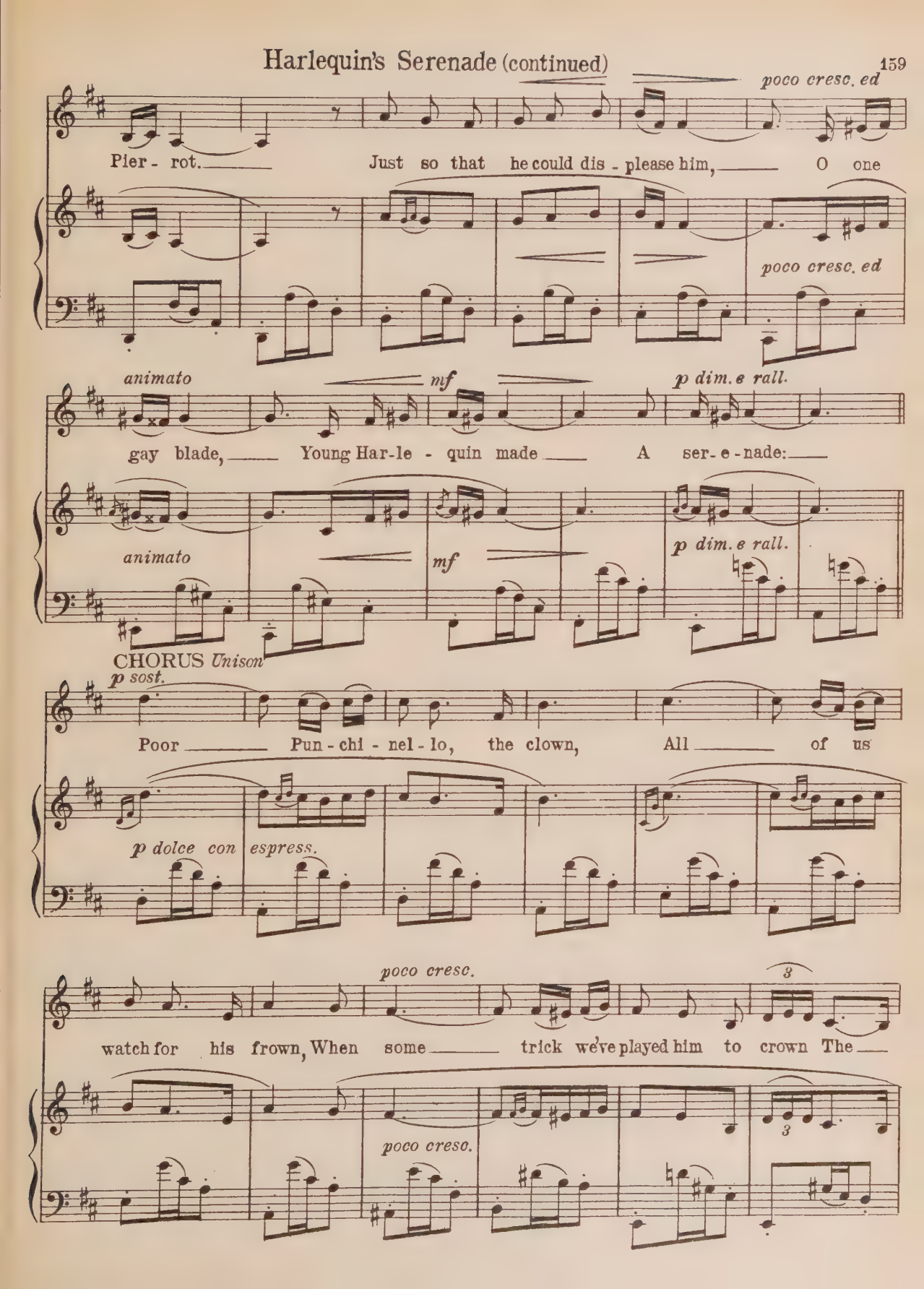

cresc.
f
dim.
He is our hope and strength, He is our hope and strength, A pres - ent
tr
cresc.
f
dim.
p
Unis.
f
help; Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord. Be
p
f
in the Lord,
1st and 2nd SOP.
dim.
Unis.
p
ALTO
strong and He shall es - tab - lish your heart that trust in the Lord, That
dim.
3
f
in the Lord.
trust in the Lord, Be strong and He shall es - tab - lish your heart that trust in the Lord.
p
f

Harlequin's Serenade

Perce Blair

R. Drigo
Arranged




poco cresc. ed
Pier - rot. Just so that he could dis - please him, O one
poco cresc. ed
animato
mf
p dim. e rall.
gay blade, Young Har-le - quin made A ser- e - nade:
animato
mf
p dim. e rall.
CHORUS Unison
p sost.
Poor Pun - chi - nel - lo, the clown, All of us
p dolce con espress.
poco cresc.
3
watch for his frown, When some trick we've played him to crown The
poco cresc.
3

Harlequin's Serenade (continued)

dim. *rall.* *a tempo*

joke he can see at last.

dim. *rall.* *a tempo*

Ped. *

SOP. *pp*

Poor Pun - chi - nel - lo, the

ALTO *pp*

Pun - chi nel - lo, the clown, We

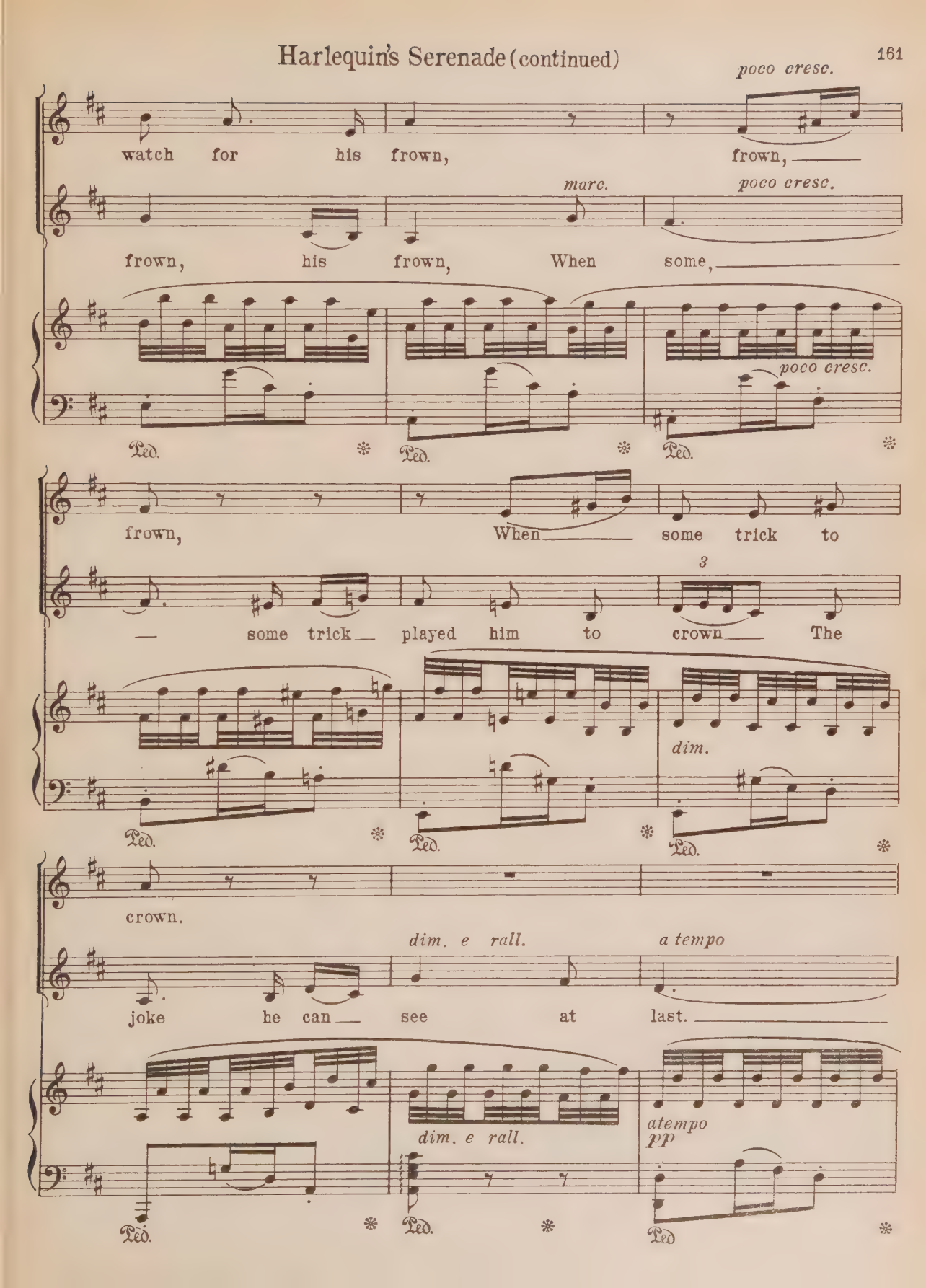
pp

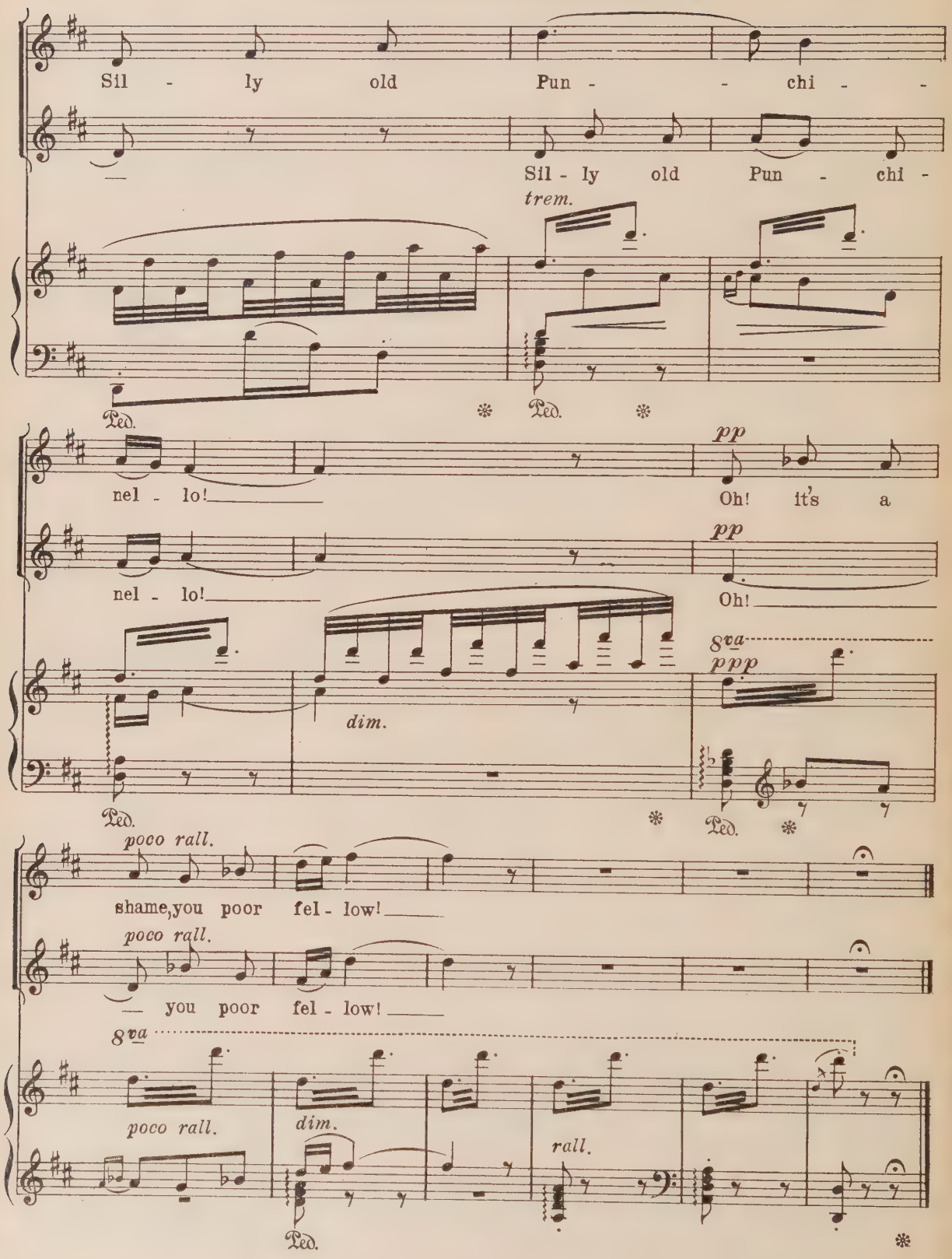
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

clown, All of us

all of us watch for his frown, for his

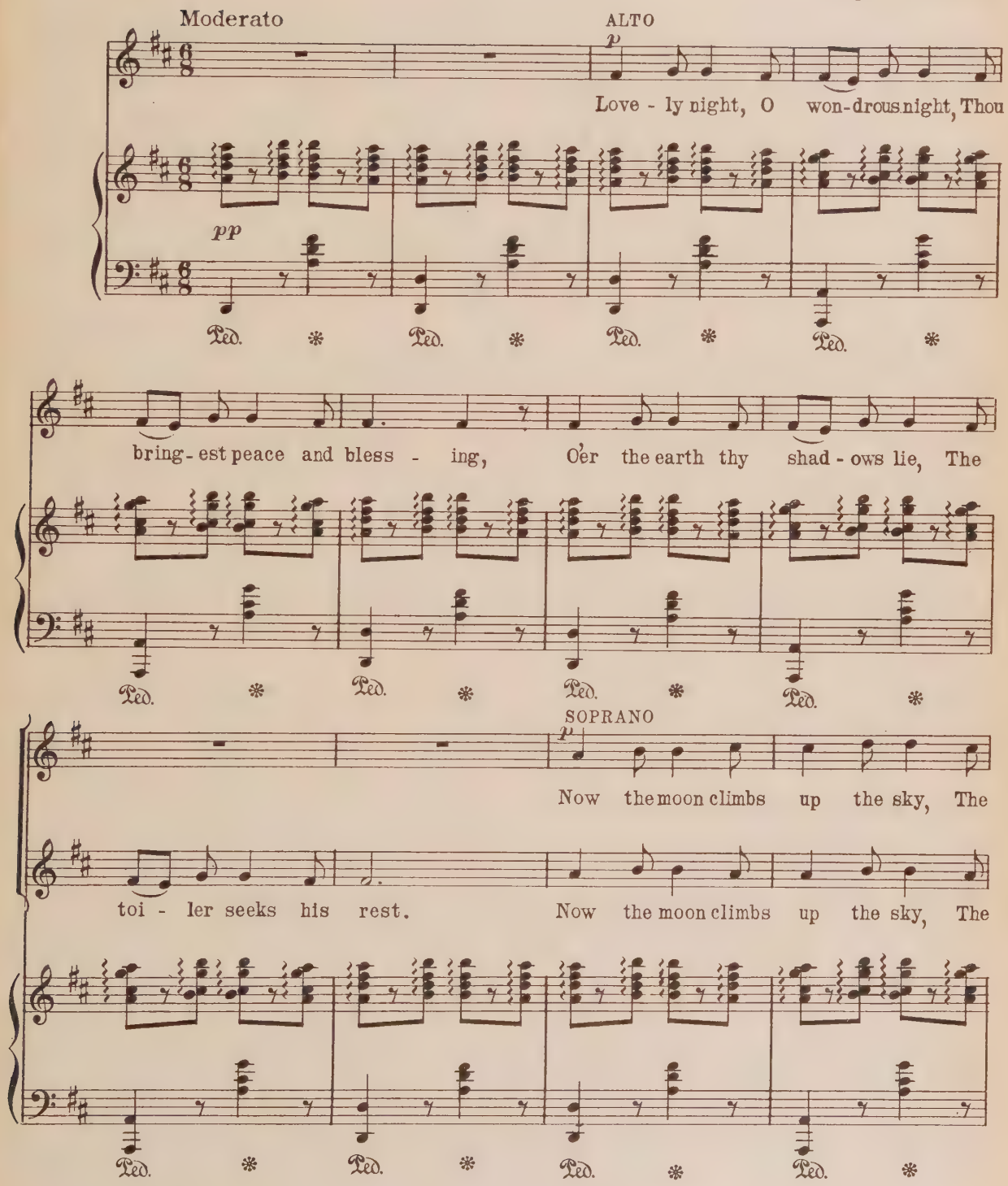
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

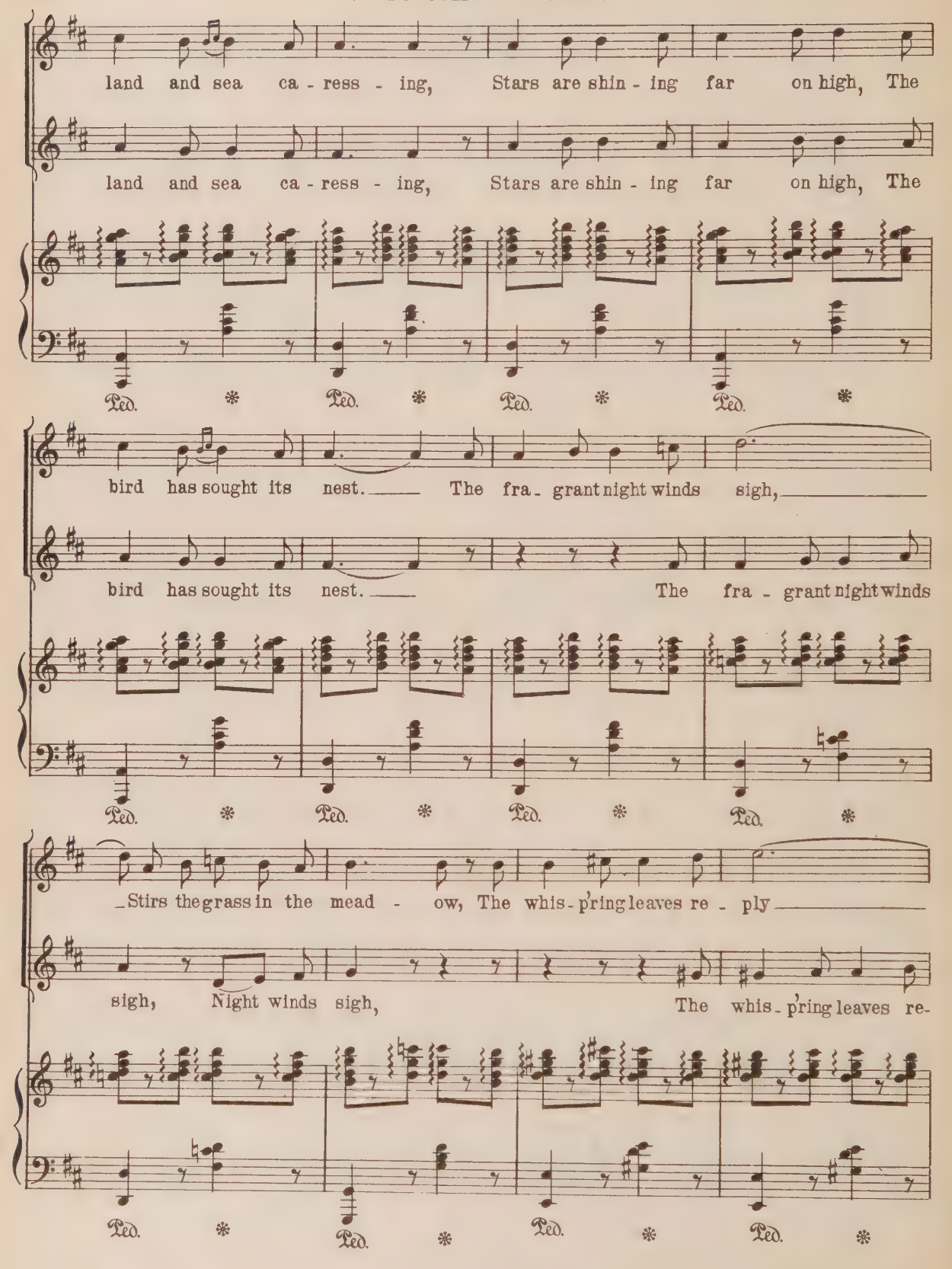

poco cresc.
watch for his frown, frown,
marc.
poco cresc.
frown, his frown, When some,
poco cresc.
Ped.
frown, When some trick to
3
some trick played him to crown The
dim.
crown.
dim. e rall.
a tempo
joke he can see at last.
dim. e rall.
atempo
pp


Sil - ly old Pun - - chi - -
Sil - ly old Pun - chi -
trem.
Ped.
nel - lo!
pp
Oh! it's a
nel - lo!
pp
Oh!
8va
ppp
dim.
Ped.
poco rall.
shame, you poor fel - low!
poco rall.
you poor fel - low!
8va
poco rall.
dim.
rall.
Ped.

Barcarolle
from
The Tales of Hoffman

Jacques Offenbach




land and sea ca - ress - ing, Stars are shin - ing far on high, The
land and sea ca - ress - ing, Stars are shin - ing far on high, The
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
bird has sought its nest. The fra - grant night winds sigh,
bird has sought its nest. The fra - grant night winds
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Stirs the grass in the mead - ow, The whis - p'ring leaves re - ply
sigh, Night winds sigh, The whis - p'ring leaves re-
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

— to the flow - ers be - low. Love - - ly

ply to flow - ers be - low. Love - ly night!

night! Won - drous night! Ah!

— Won - drous night! Ah!

SOP. I & II

pp

mp

legato la melodia

Love - ly night, O won - drous night, Thou bring - est peace and bless - ing

ALTO

pp

Love - ly night, O won - drous night, Thou bring - est peace and bless - ing,

BASS (optional)

pp

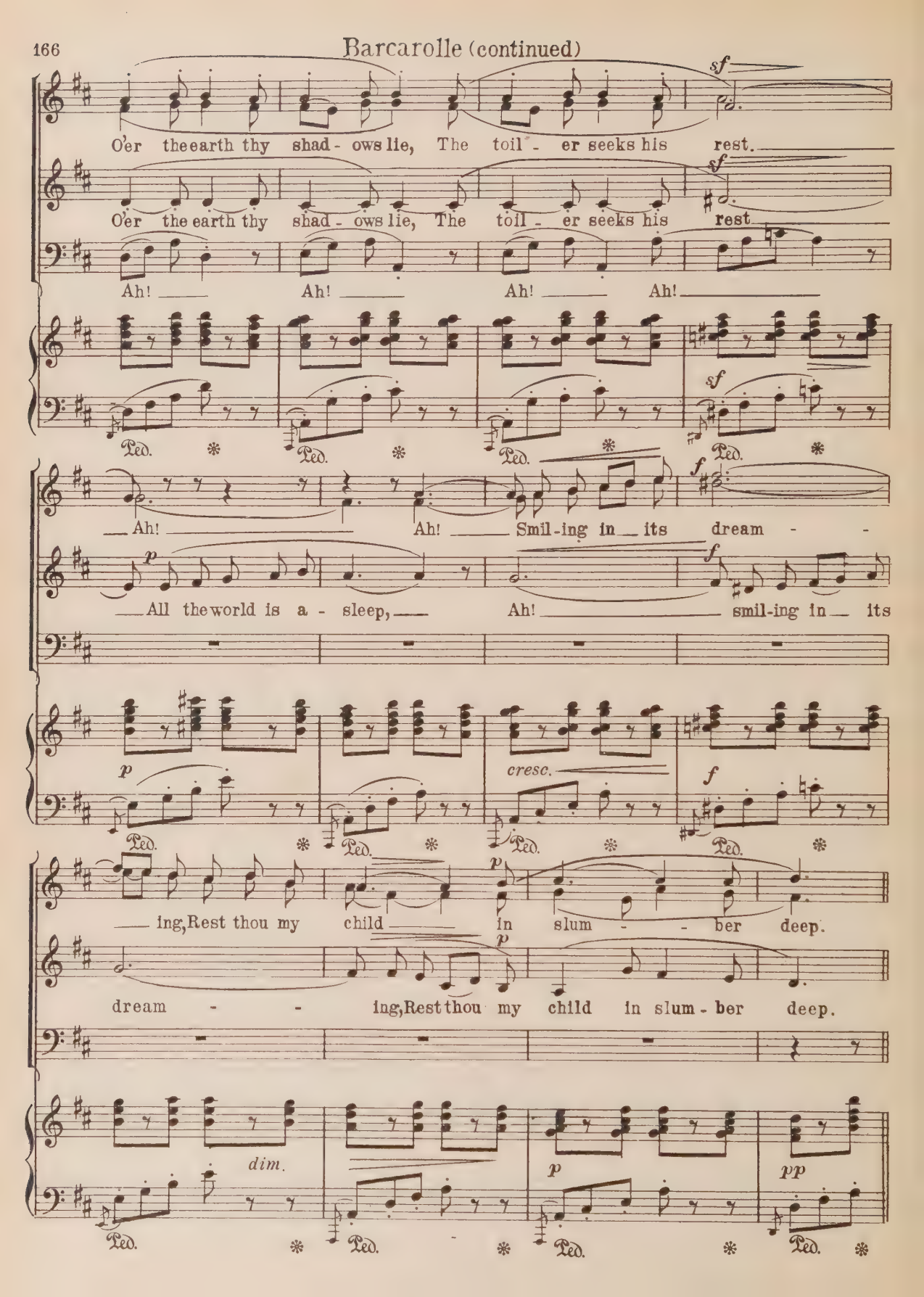
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

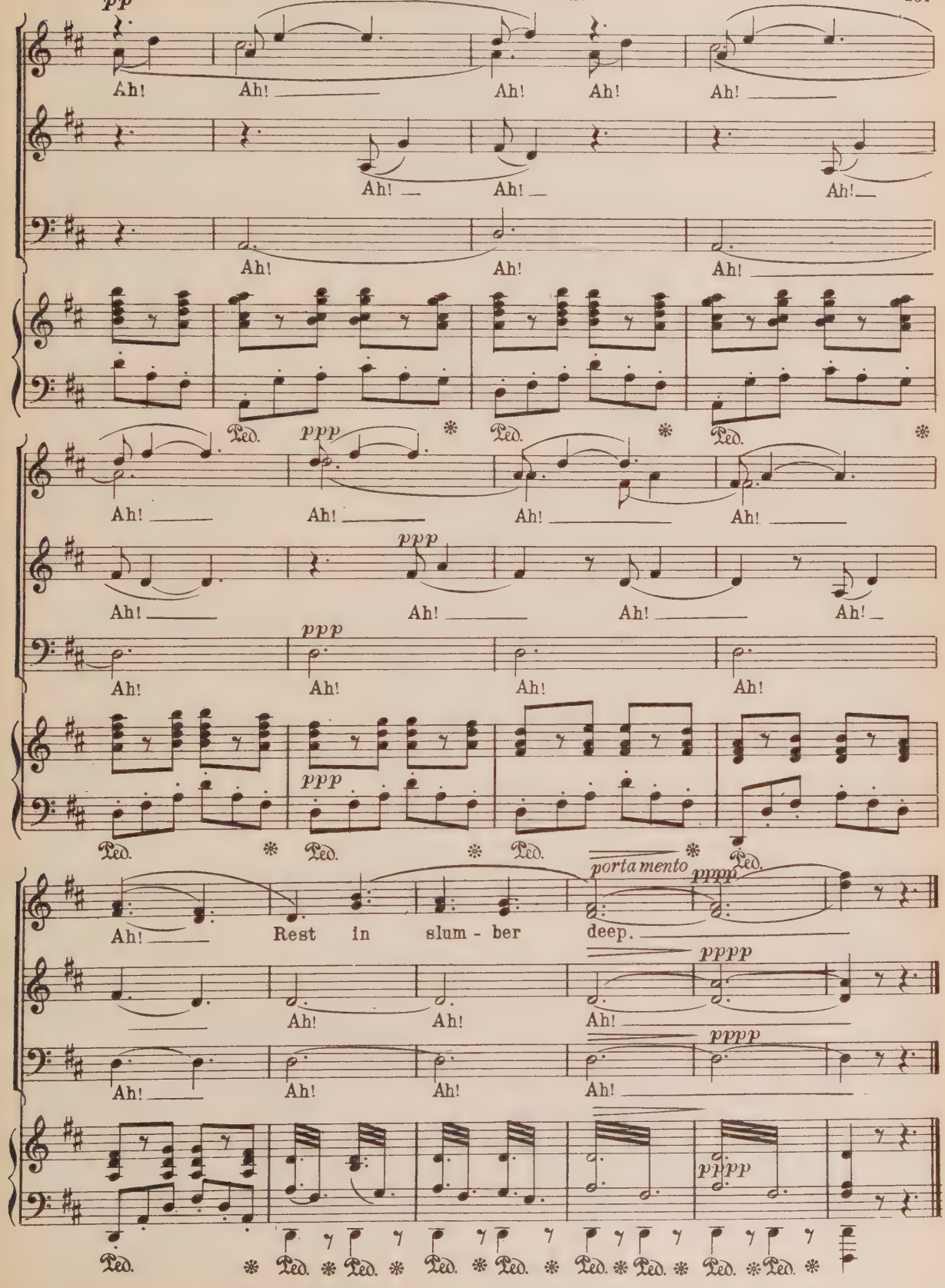
simile

pp

simile

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


sf
O'er the earth thy shad - ows lie, The toil - er seeks his rest.
sf
O'er the earth thy shad - ows lie, The toil - er seeks his rest.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
sf
Ped.
Ah! Ah! Smil-ing in its dream - -
f
p
All the world is a - sleep, Ah! smil-ing in its
p
cresc.
f
ing, Rest thou my child in slum - - ber deep.
p
dream - - ing, Rest thou my child in slum - ber deep.
dim.
p
pp


pp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ped. ppp Ped. Ped.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
ppp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
ppp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
ppp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
porta mento pppp
Ah! Rest in slum - ber deep.
pppp
Ah! Ah! Ah!
pppp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
pppp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

John Peel

Allegro moderato

SOPRANO I & II

Old English

mf

D'ye_ ken John Peel with his coat so gay? D'ye
Yes I ken John Peel and_ Ru - by too, And
D'ye_ ken John Peel with his coat so gay, He

ALTO

mf

mf *p* *mf*

cres - cen - do

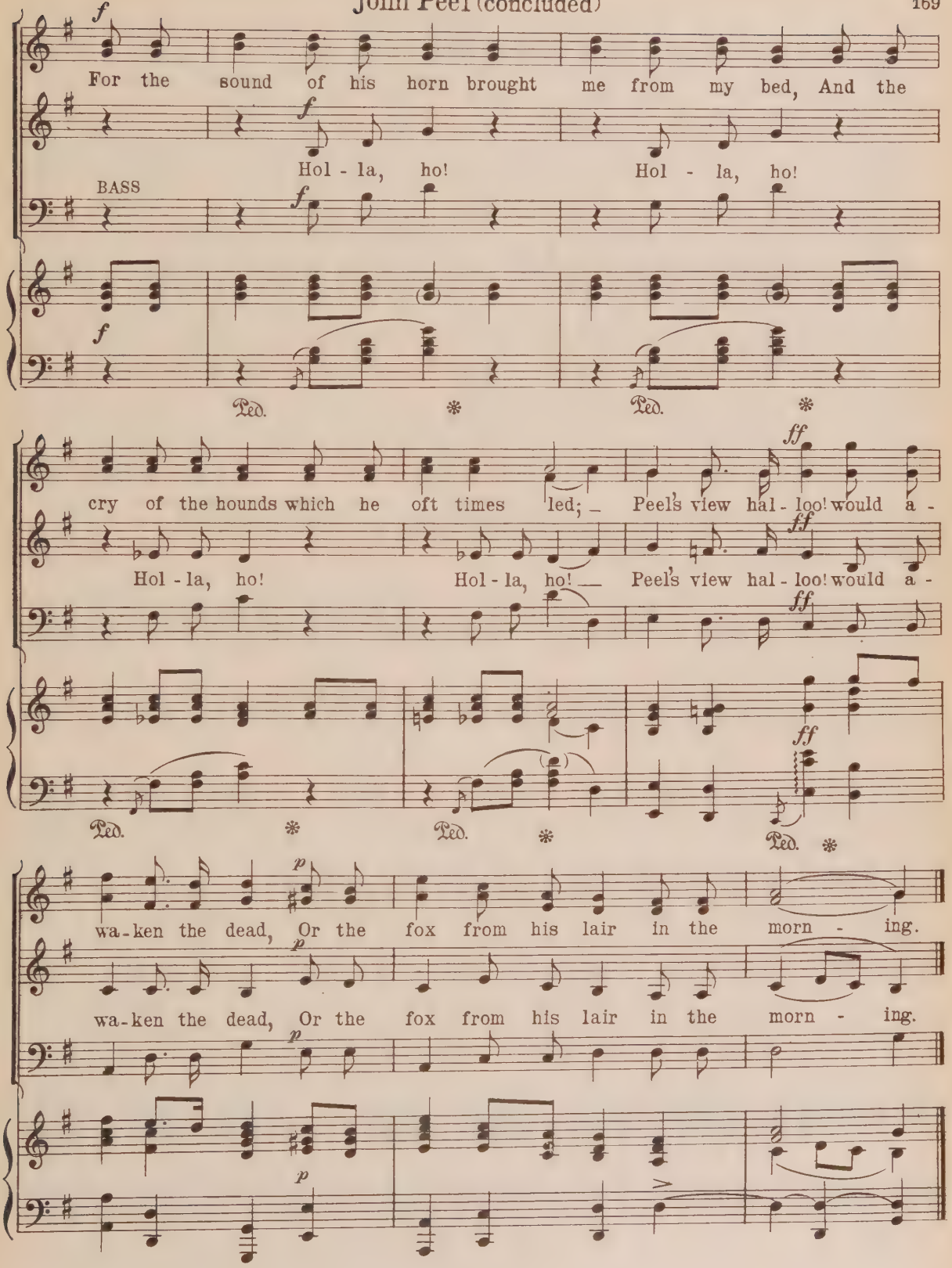
ken John_ Peel at the break o' the day, D'ye_ ken John_ Peel when he's
Ran-ger and Ring-wood_ Bell-man-and True; From a find to a check, from a
lived at_ Trout-beck_ once on a day; But_ now he has gone far a-

cres - cen - do

dim.

far, far a-way With his hound and his horn in the morn - ing?
check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
way, far a-way, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.

dim.

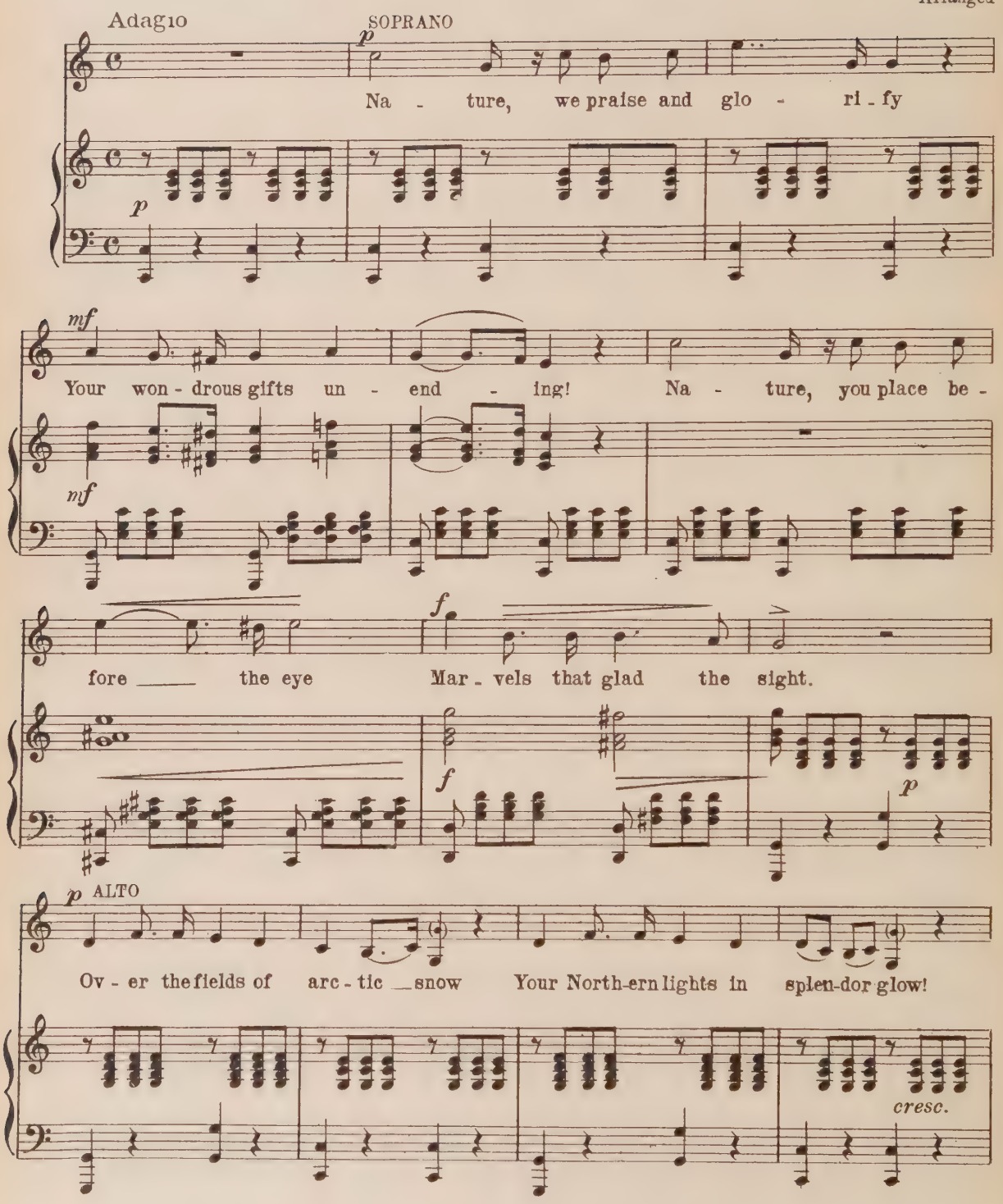

f
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the
f
Hol - la, ho! Hol - la, ho!
BASS
f
f
Ped. * Ped. *
cry of the hounds which he oft times led; Peel's view hal - loo! would a -
ff
Hol - la, ho! Hol - la, ho! Peel's view hal - loo! would a -
ff
ff
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
p
wa - ken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.
p
wa - ken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.
p
p

Praise of Nature

Trio from Attila

Frederick H. Martens

Verdi
Arranged



SOPRANO

cresc. *f*

Na - ture, we praise and glor - i - fy your charms that us de-

cresc. *f*

SOPRANO

light.

ALTO

BASS

mf

Palms in the des - sert grow - ing, Rip-pling brook-lets

mf

mf

Flow - ing, the rip - pling brooks, grow - ing the

flow - ing;

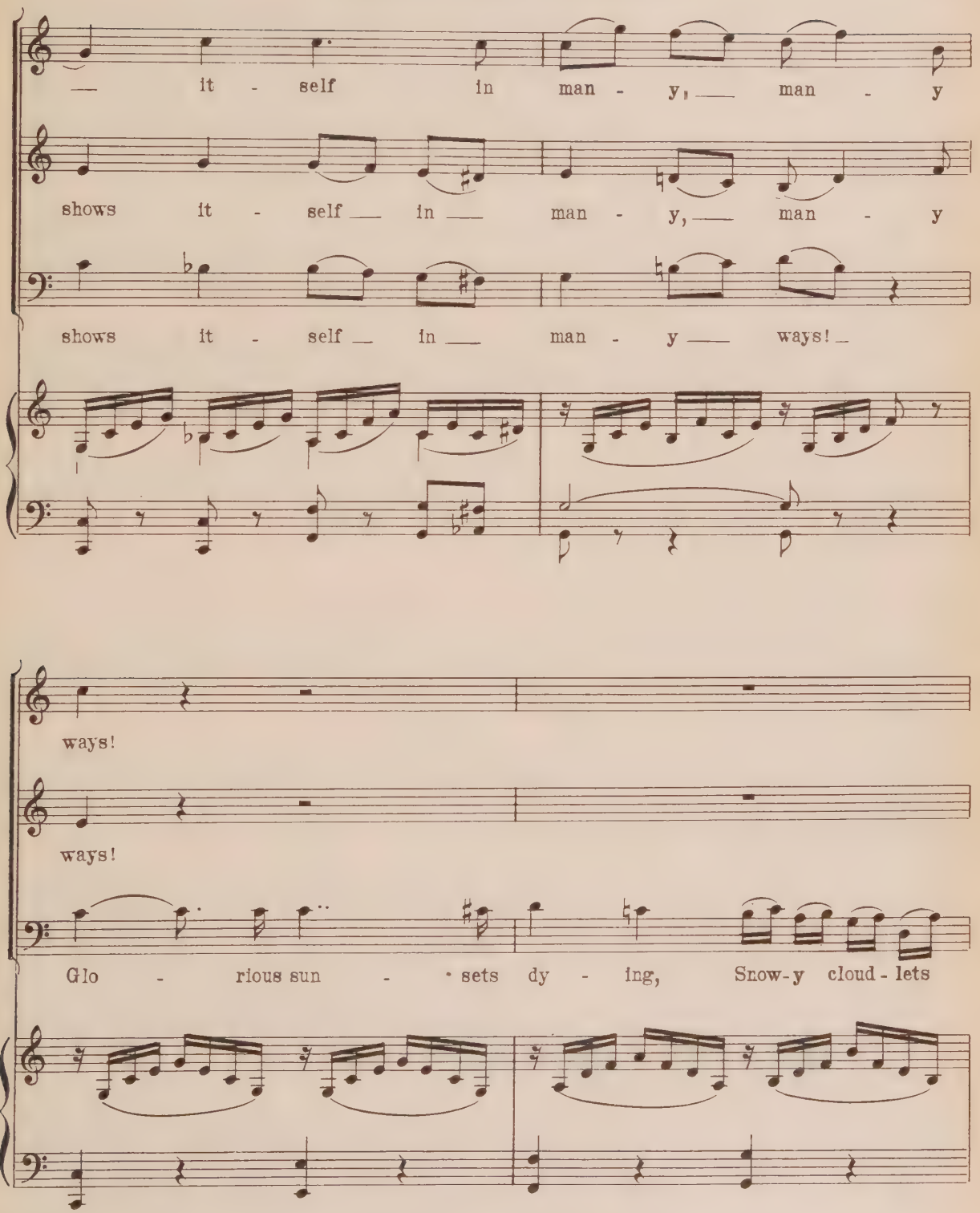
palms.

Or - chards in blos - som stand - ing, And snow-capp'd moun-tain

We sing your praise, Thine, whose beau - ty shows

We sing your praise, we sing your praise, Whose beau - ty

range; We sing your praise, Whose beau - ty


it - self in man - y, man - y
shows it - self in man - y, man - y
shows it - self in man - y ways!
ways!
ways!
Glo - rious sun - sets dy - ing, Snow-y cloud - lets

Praise of Nature (continued)

Dy - ing, the sun - set gold, Fly - ing the

Dy - ing, the sun - set gold, Fly - ing the

fly - ing,

clouds.

clouds.

Moun - tain - ous o - cean rol - ling, No pic - ture is the

We sing your praise, we sing your praise and glo - ri -

We sing your praise, sing your praise and glo - -

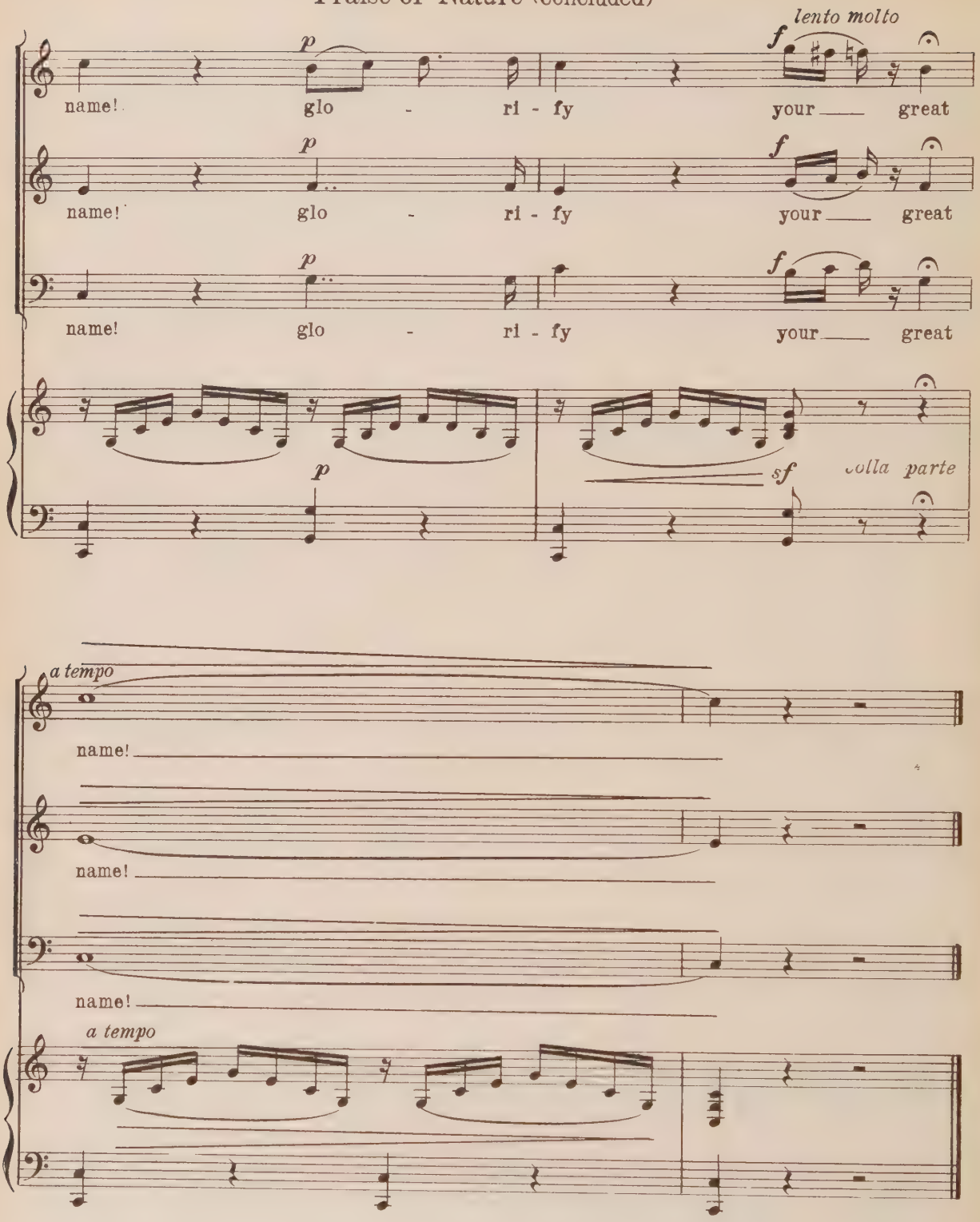
same. We sing your praise, we sing your

fy, O Na - ture, glo - ri - fy your

- ri - fy, and glo - ri - fy your

praise, O Na - ture and glo - ri - fy your

Praise of Nature (concluded)



A Dream of Paradise

Andante maestoso

SOPRANO SOLO

Hamilton Gray
Arranged

p tranquillo

Once in the ev'-ning twi-light, I dream't a hap-py

ff *p* *colla voce*

dream, Me thought I was in heav'n a-bove, And saw its crys-tal gleam. And

cresc. *dim.*

cresc.

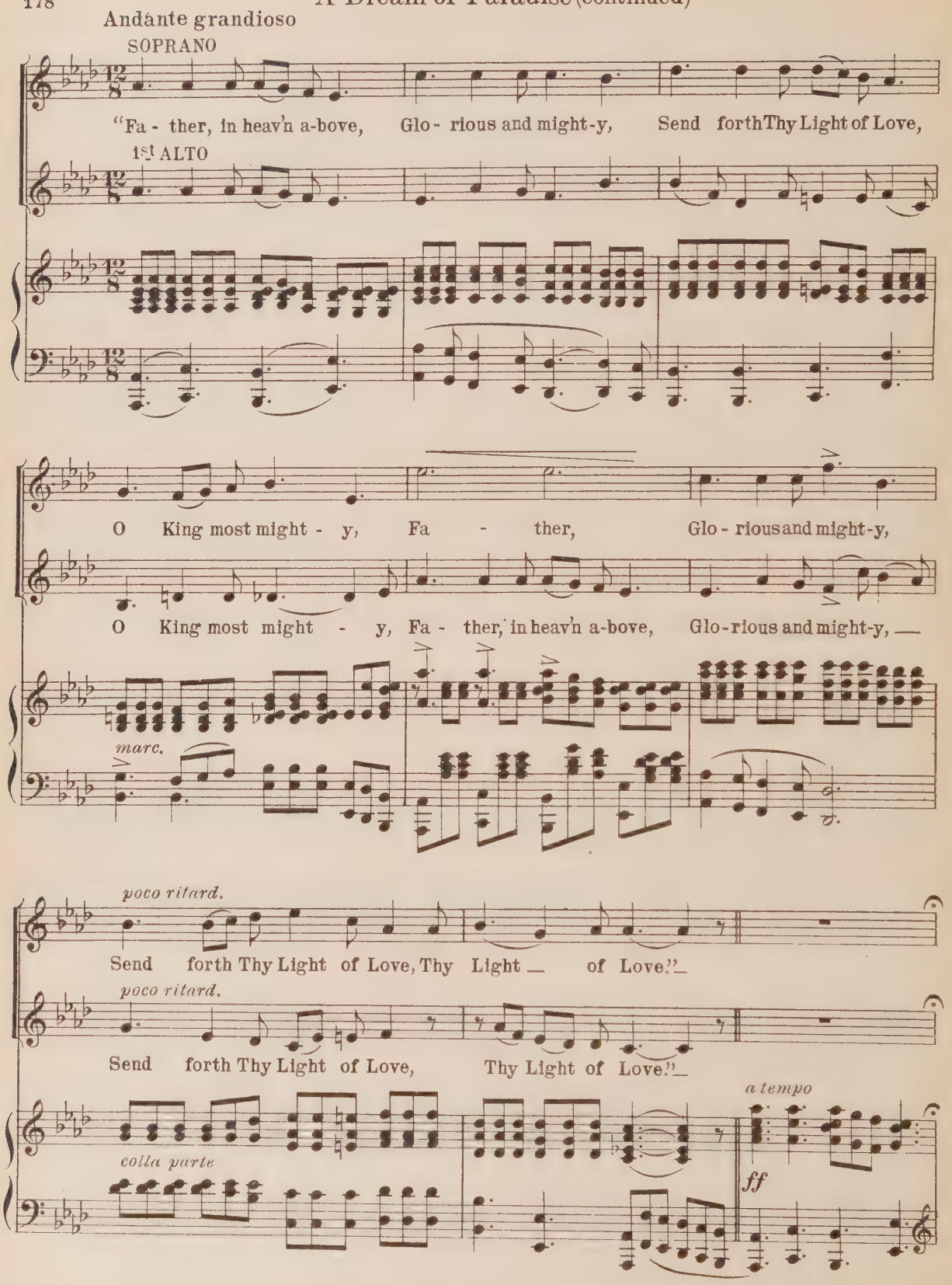
calm a-mid the glo - ry, There stood a sing - er fair, Who

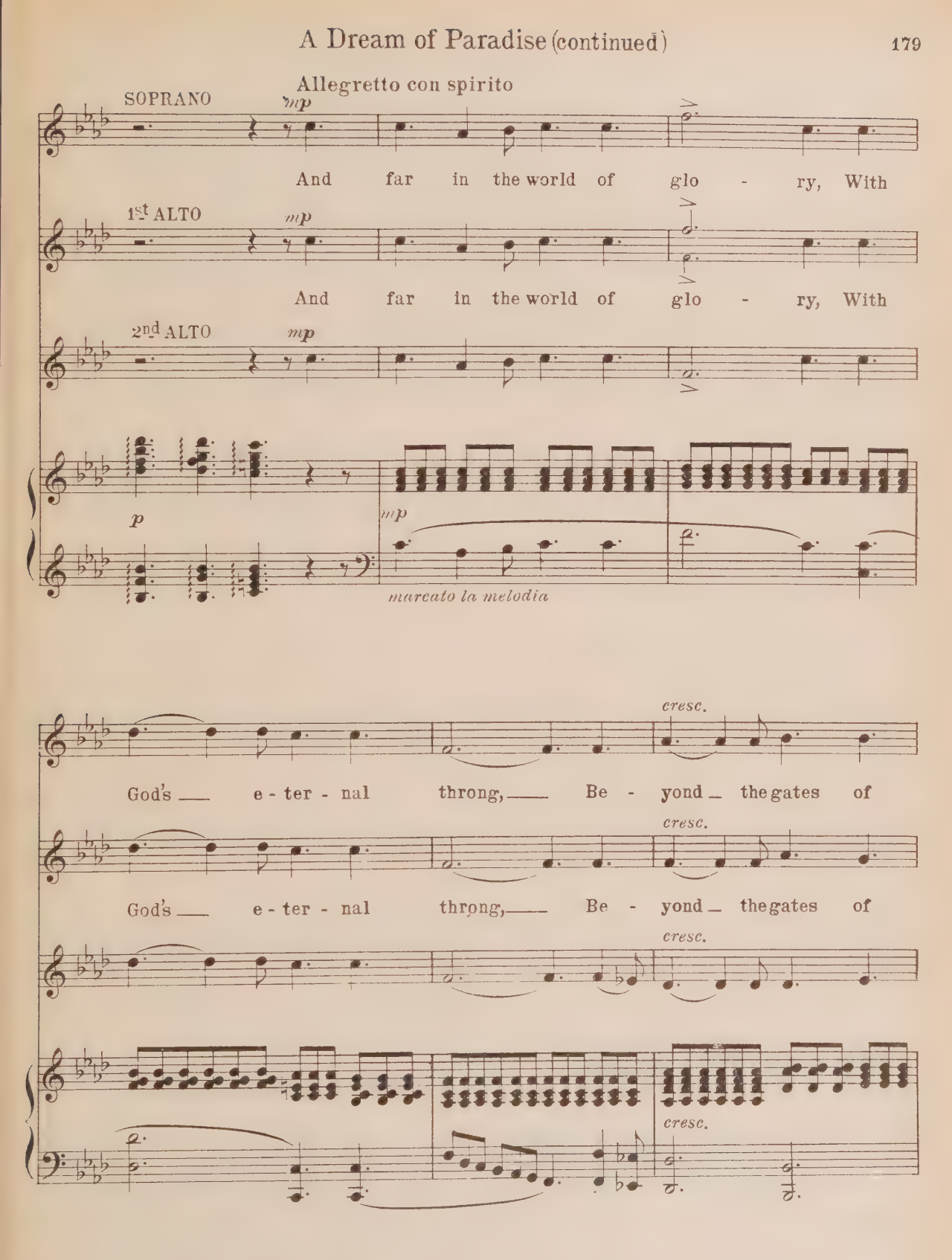
cresc.

poco rall.

through the still-ness of the night, Sent forth this song of pray'r:—

poco rall.


Andante grandioso
SOPRANO
"Fa - ther, in heav'n a-bove, Glo - rious and might-y, Send forth Thy Light of Love,
1st ALTO
O King most might - y, Fa - ther, Glo - rious and might-y,
O King most might - y, Fa - ther, in heav'n a-bove, Glo - rious and might-y, —
marc.
poco ritard.
Send forth Thy Light of Love, Thy Light — of Love."
poco ritard.
Send forth Thy Light of Love, Thy Light of Love."
colla parte
a tempo
ff


Allegretto con spirito
SOPRANO
mp
And far in the world of glo - ry, With
1st ALTO
mp
And far in the world of glo - ry, With
2nd ALTO
mp
p
mp
marcato la melodia
cresc.
God's e - ter - nal throng, Be - yond the gates of
cresc.
God's e - ter - nal throng, Be - yond the gates of
cresc.
cresc.

A Dream of Paradise (continued)

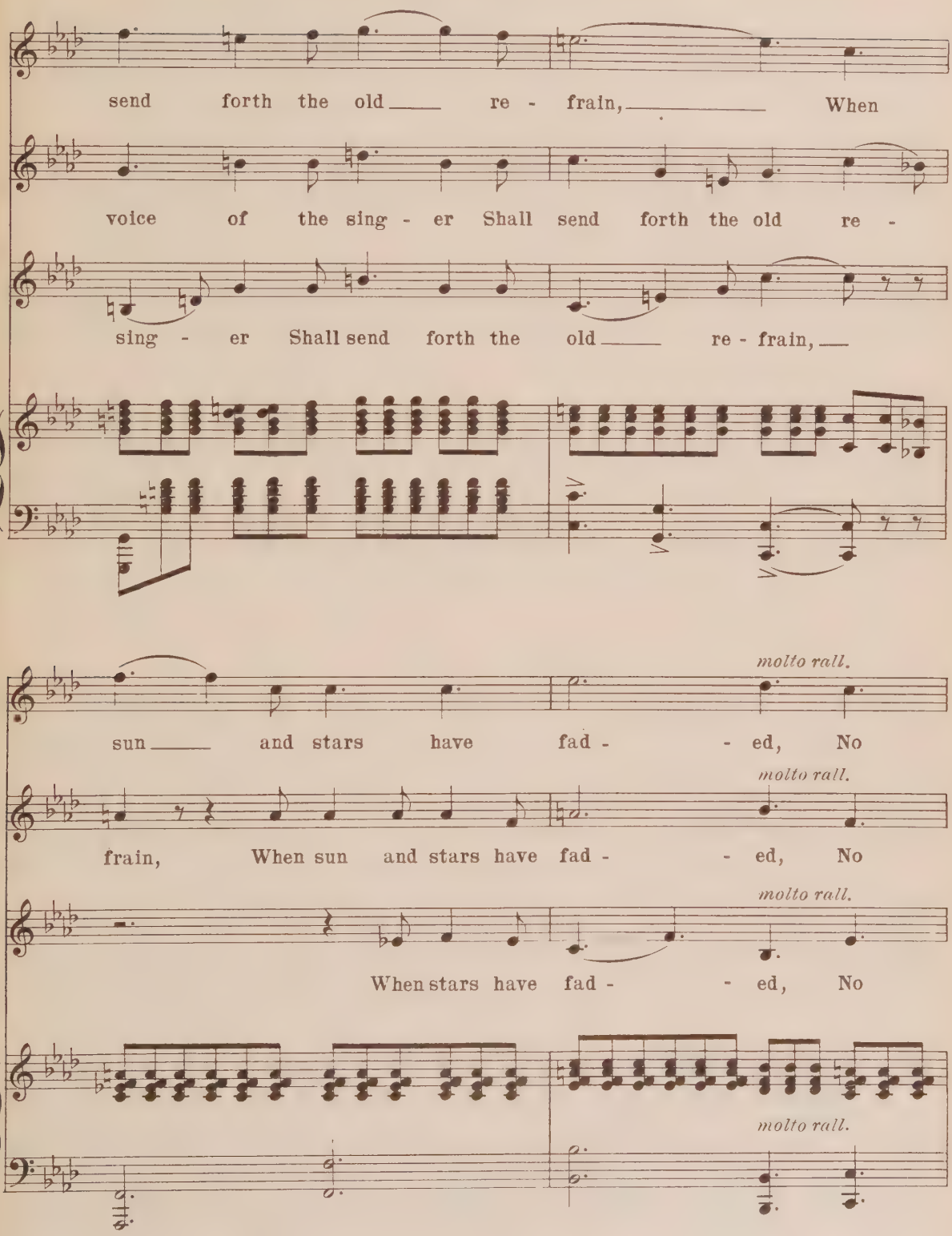
Par - a-dise, Where all is one dream of song, The

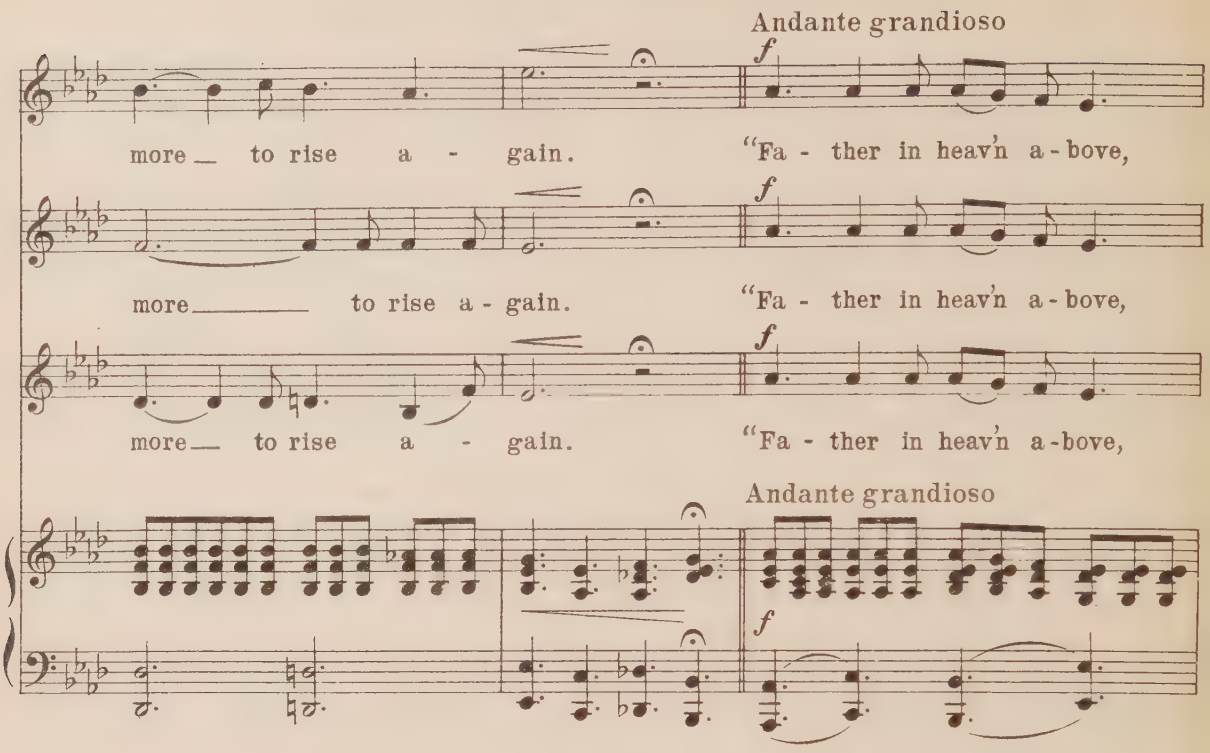
Par - a-dise, Where all is one dream of song,

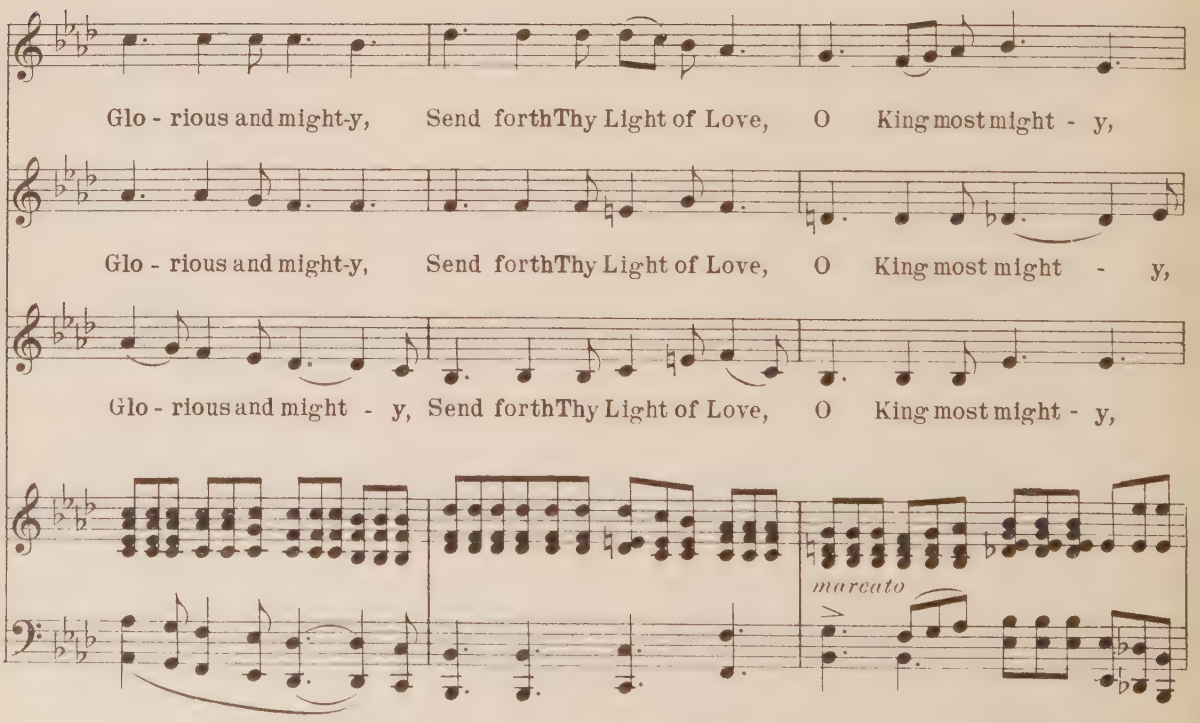
voice of the heav'n - ly sing - er Shall

The

The voice of the heav'n - ly


send forth the old re - frain, When
voice of the sing - er Shall send forth the old re -
sing - er Shall send forth the old re - frain,
molto rall.
sun and stars have fad - - ed, No
molto rall.
frain, When sun and stars have fad - - ed, No
molto rall.
When stars have fad - - ed, No
molto rall.


Andante grandioso
f
more — to rise a - gain. "Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove,
more — to rise a - gain. "Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove,
more — to rise a - gain. "Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove,
Andante grandioso
f


Glo - rious and might-y, Send forth Thy Light of Love, O King most might - y,
Glo - rious and might-y, Send forth Thy Light of Love, O King most might - y,
Glo - rious and might - y, Send forth Thy Light of Love, O King most might - y,
marcato

Fa - - ther, Glo - rious and might - y,

Fa - - - ther, Glo - rious and might - y,

marcato

Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove, Glo - rious and might - y,

molto rall. *a tempo*

Send forth thy Light of Love, Thy Light, Thy Light of Love."

molto rall. *a tempo*

Send forth thy Light of Love, Thy Light of Love."

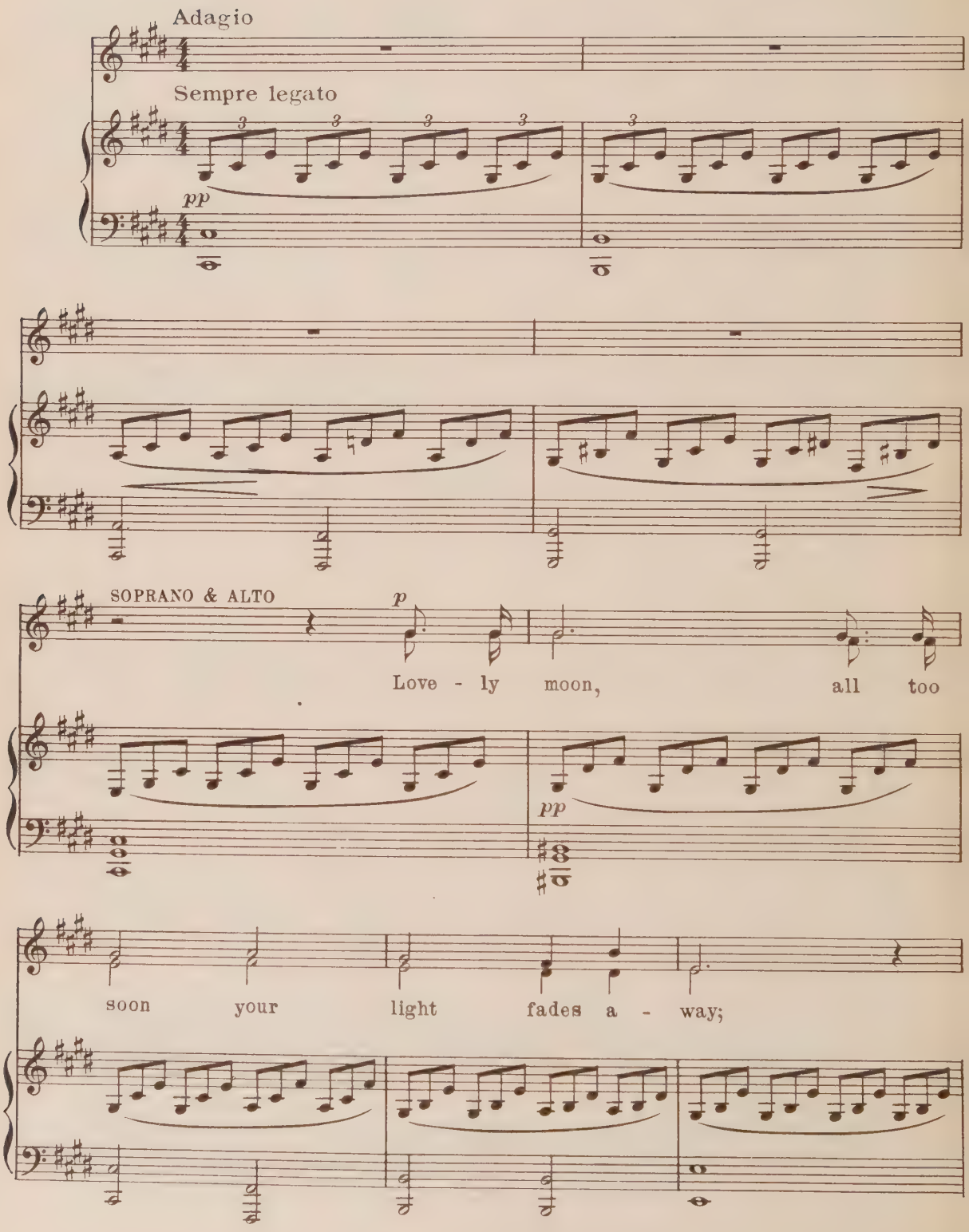
molto rall. *a tempo*

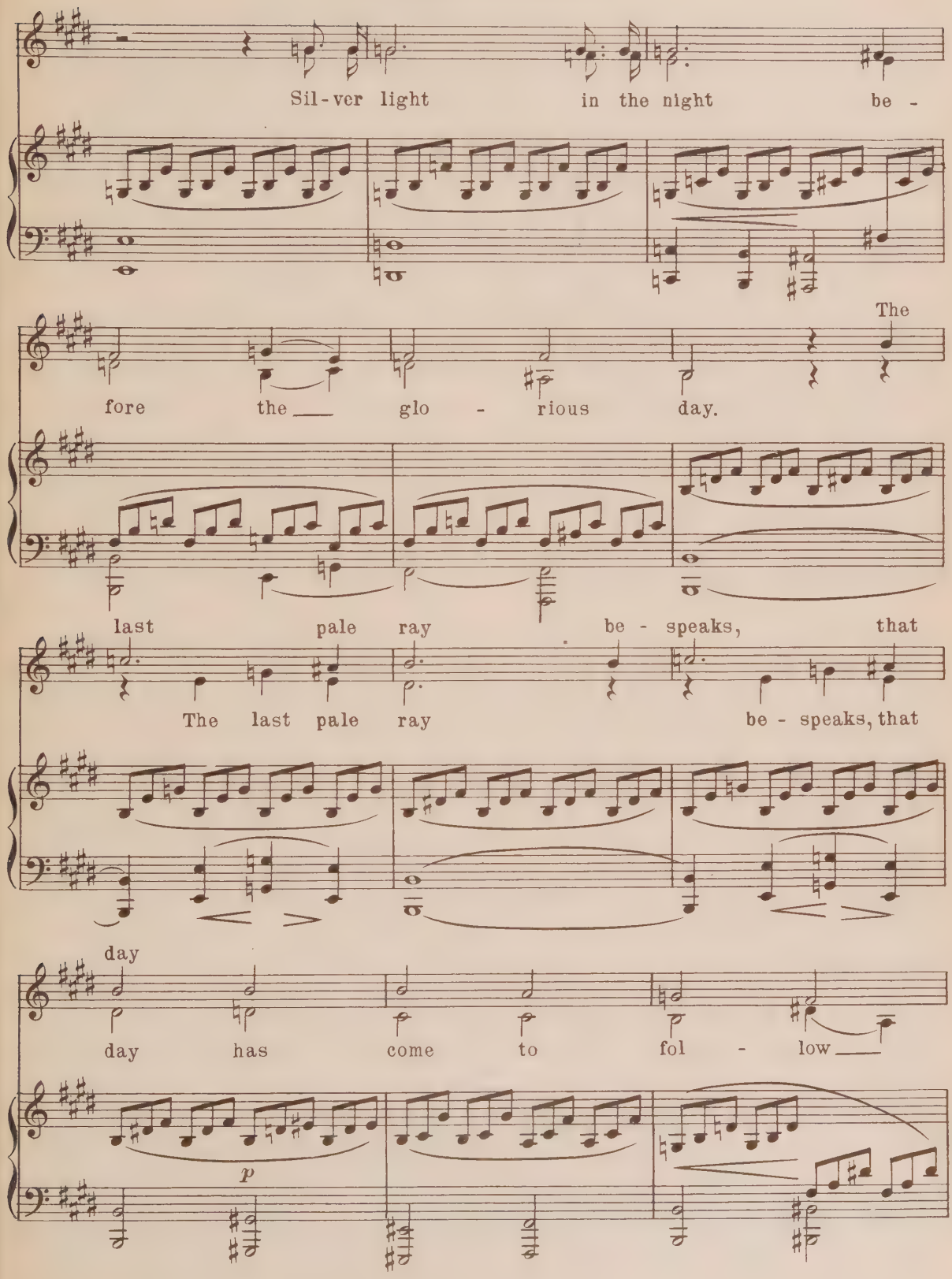
Send forth thy Light of Love, Thy Light of Love."

molto rall. *ff* *a tempo*

Moonlight

Beethoven




Sil-ver light in the night be -
fore the glo - rious day.
The
last pale ray be - speaks, that
The last pale ray be - speaks, that
day
day has come to fol - low
p

Moonlight (continued)

Through the woods, o'er the

moon - light so pure. Through the woods,

dim. *p*

lake, like a path of

o'er the lake, like a path of sil - ver

p

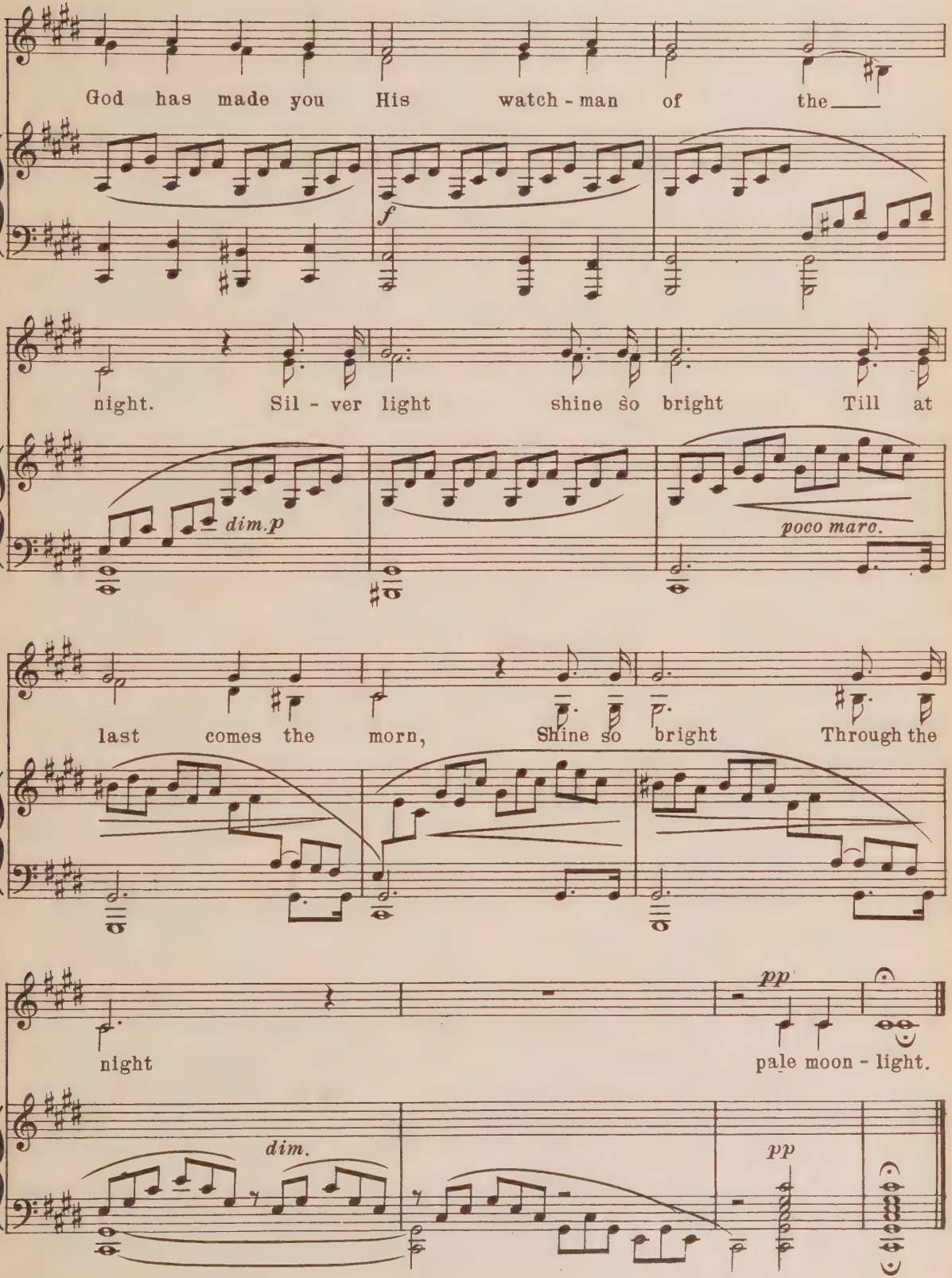
You gleam your way Till

bright, You gleam your way

break of day

Till break of day To tell that

cresc.


God has made you His watch - man of the
f
night. Sil - ver light shine so bright Till at
dim.p
poco marc.
last comes the morn, Shine so bright Through the
night
pp
pale moon - light.
dim.
pp

Graduation Song

Frederick H. Martens

Anton Rubinstein

Andante con moto

p

The pleas-ant stud-y years for

p

us will soon be end-ed, By stud-ent joys and fears, Our

rinf.

days no more at-tend-ed. As loy-al com-rades sing, A

mf

mf

song of praise and greet-ing, These hal-lowed walls shall ring, At

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

this our fin - al meet - ing.

p

mp

When all is said and done, We each and ev - 'ry one

mp

rinf.

Re-gret to say "Fare-well!" to all we leave. Yet grad-u - a - tion day

rinf. *sf* *mf* *rinf.*

cresc. *rall.*

"Fare-well" we all must say, And tho' we're glad, we can-not help but grieve.

rinf. *rinf.* *rall.*

35

a tempo
dolento

Long hap-py years we spent with-in these halls of learn-ing,

a tempo

p

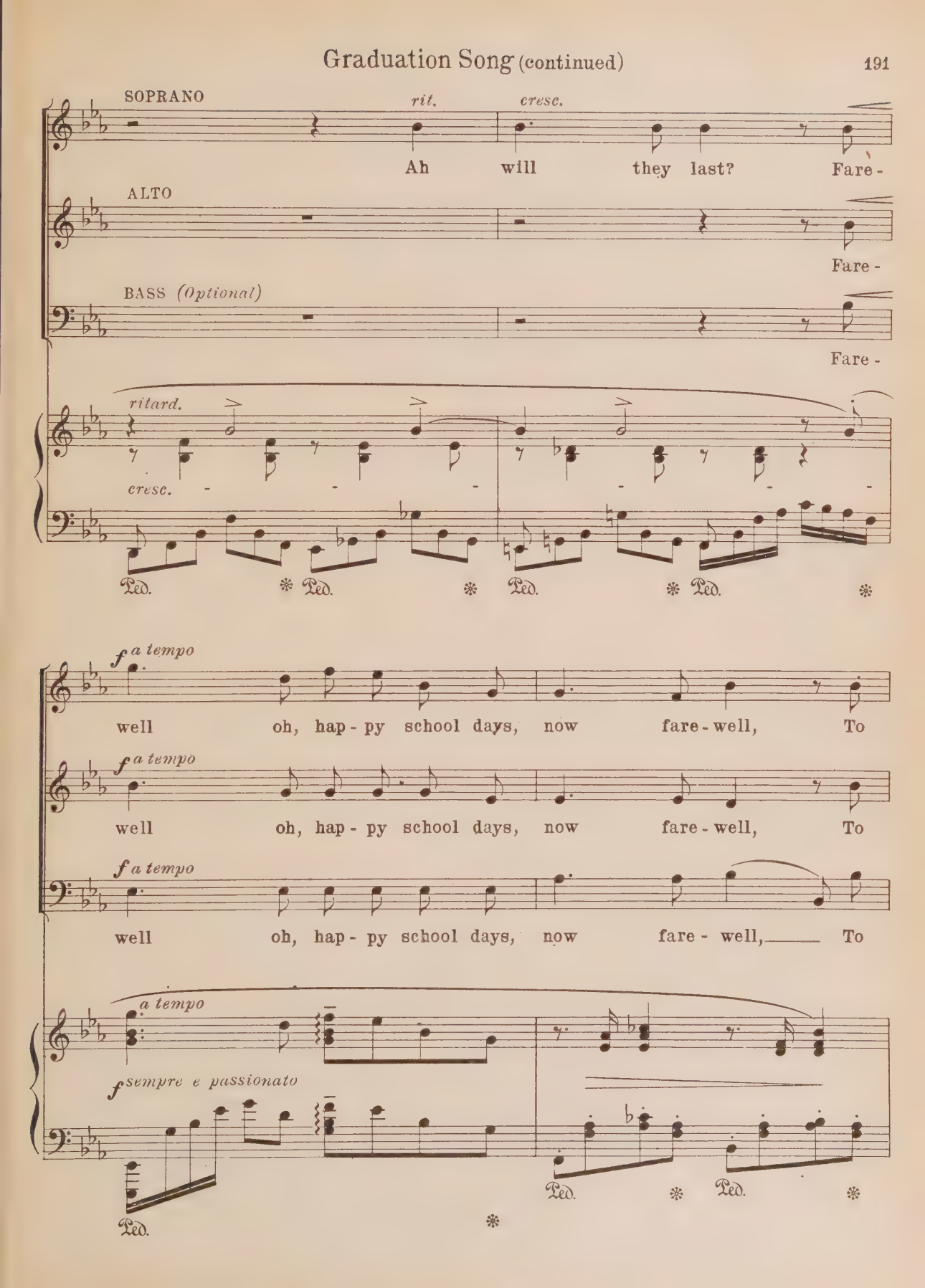
But to those joy-ous days there'll be no more re-turn-ing,

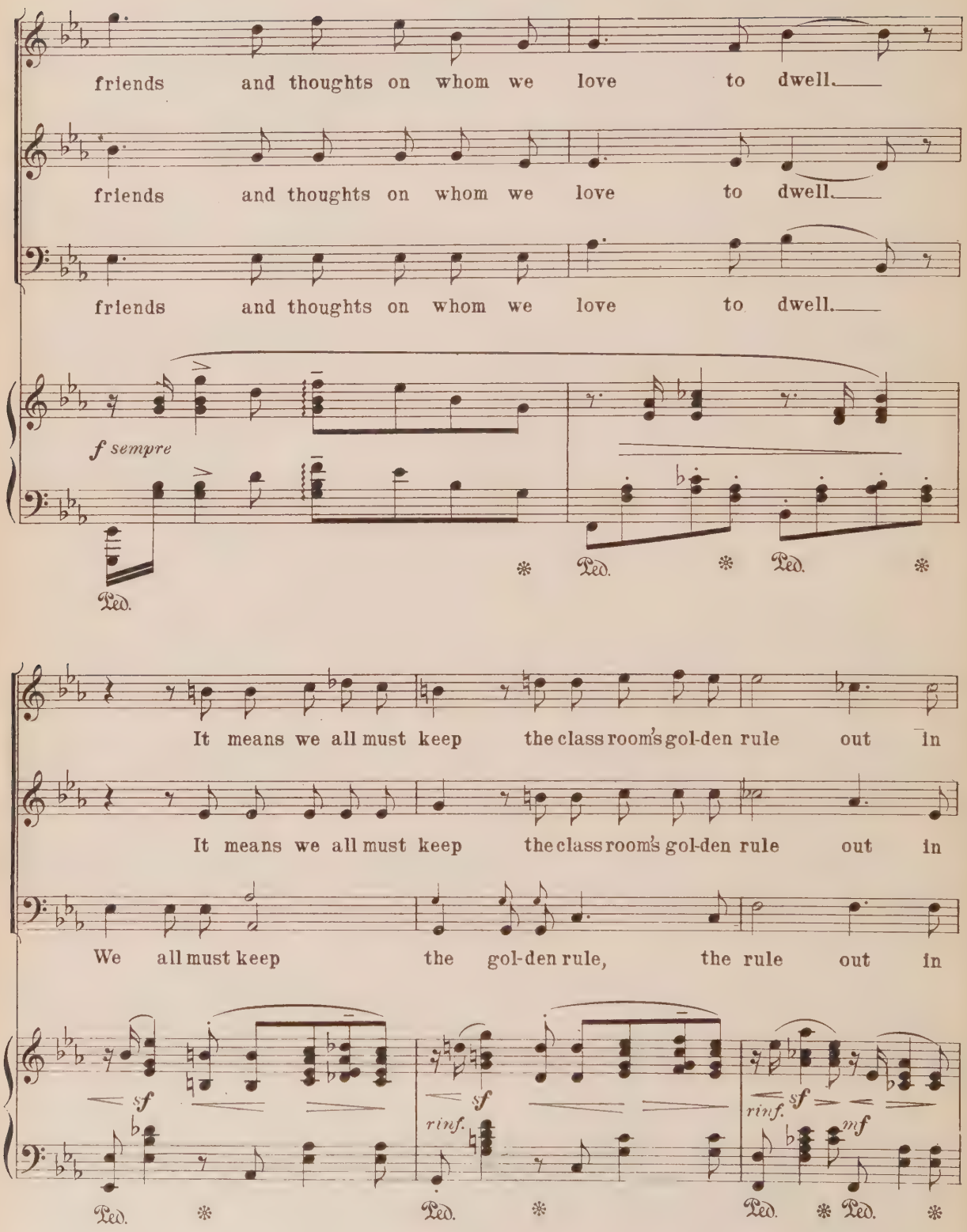
SOP. *cresc.*
LTO

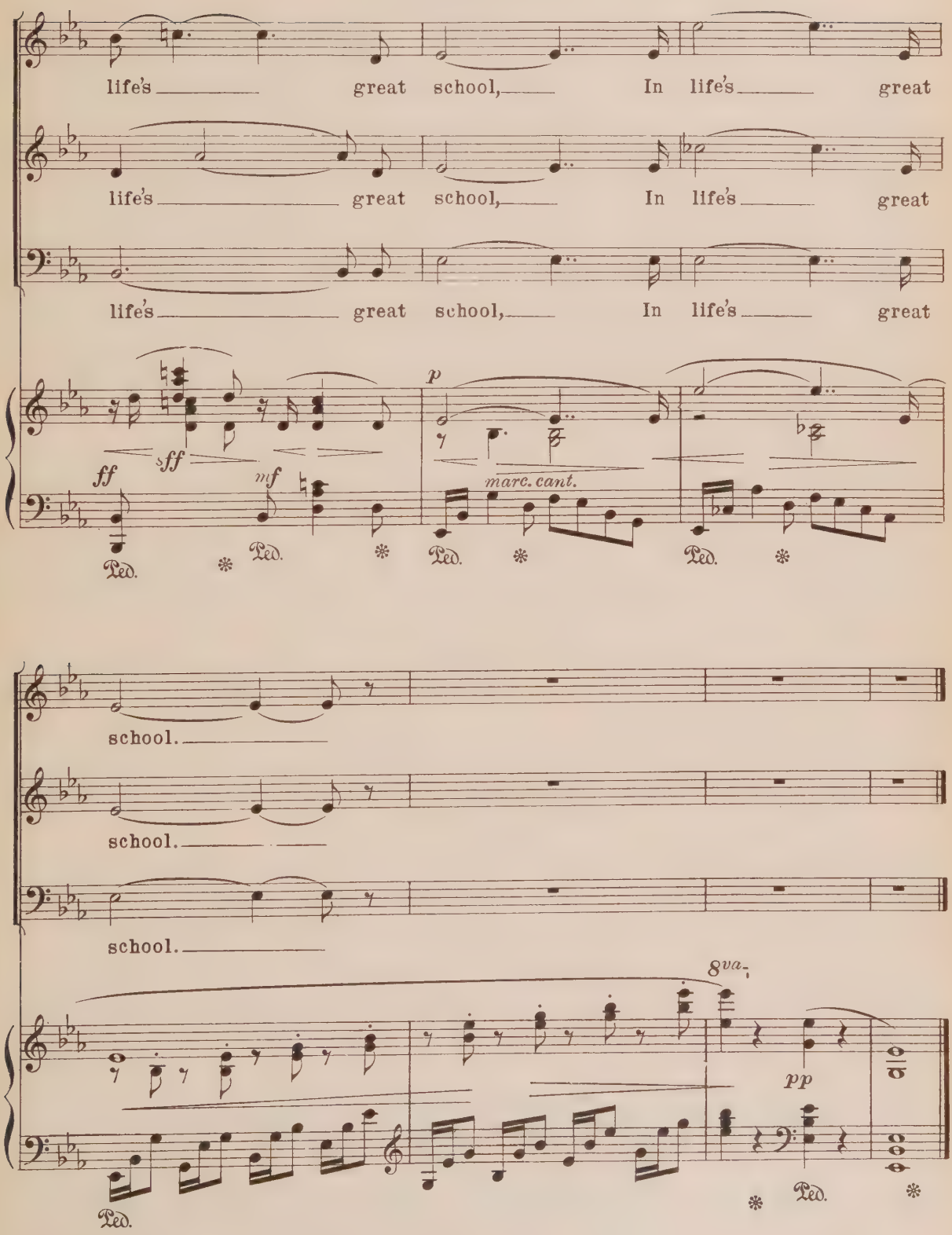
And now the hap-py past Is fleet-ing oh! so fast.

mf *rinf.*

Will these dear friend-ships last As in the hap-py past?


SOPRANO
rit.
cresc.
Ah will they last? Fare-
ALTO
Fare-
BASS (Optional)
Fare-
ritard.
cresc.
Ped.
f a tempo
well oh, hap-py school days, now fare-well, To
f a tempo
well oh, hap-py school days, now fare-well, To
f a tempo
well oh, hap-py school days, now fare-well, To
a tempo
f sempre e passionato
Ped.

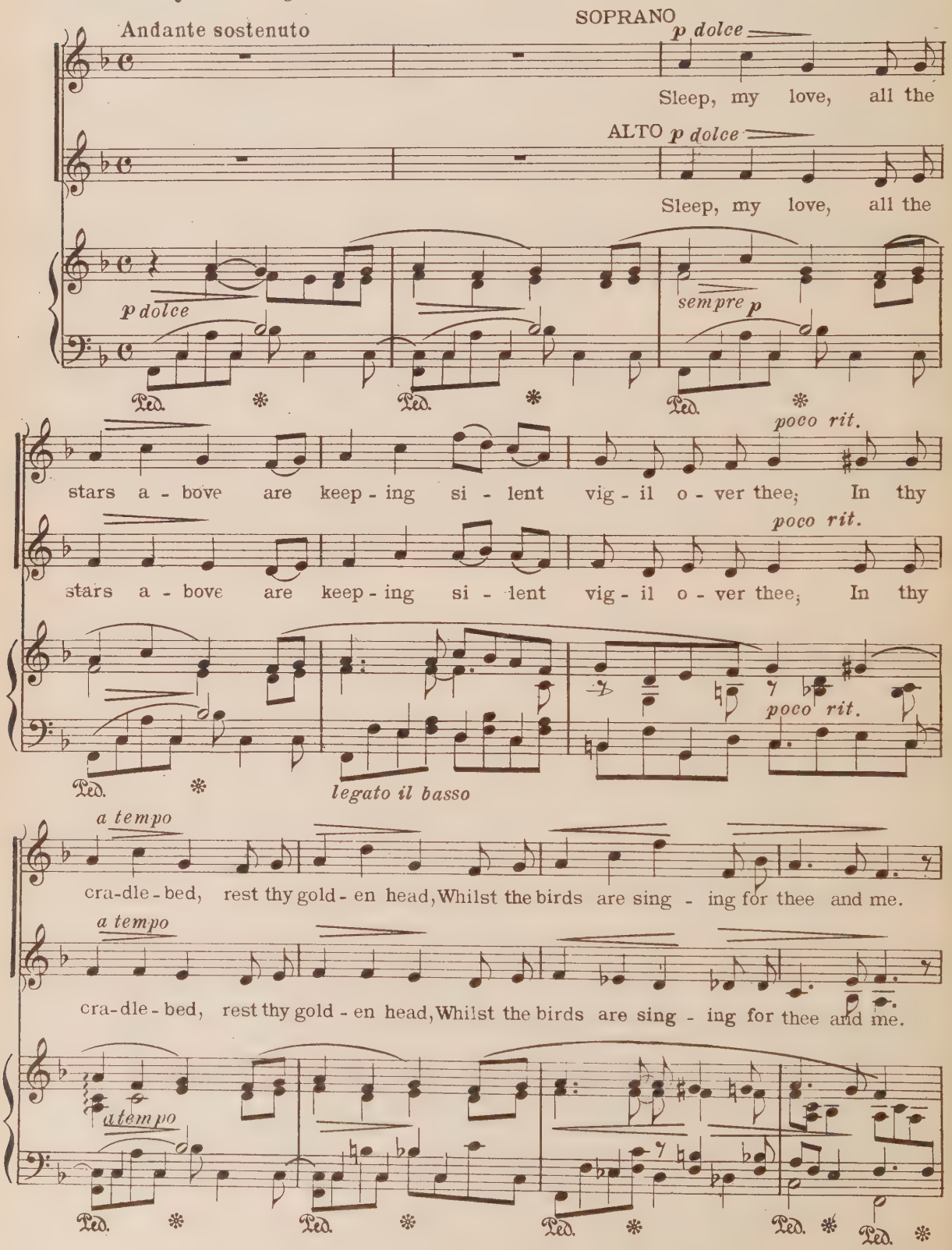

friends and thoughts on whom we love to dwell.
friends and thoughts on whom we love to dwell.
friends and thoughts on whom we love to dwell.
f sempre
Ped.
It means we all must keep the class room's gol-den rule out in
It means we all must keep the class room's gol-den rule out in
We all must keep the gol-den rule, the rule out in
sf
sf
rinf.
sf
rinf.
mf
Ped.

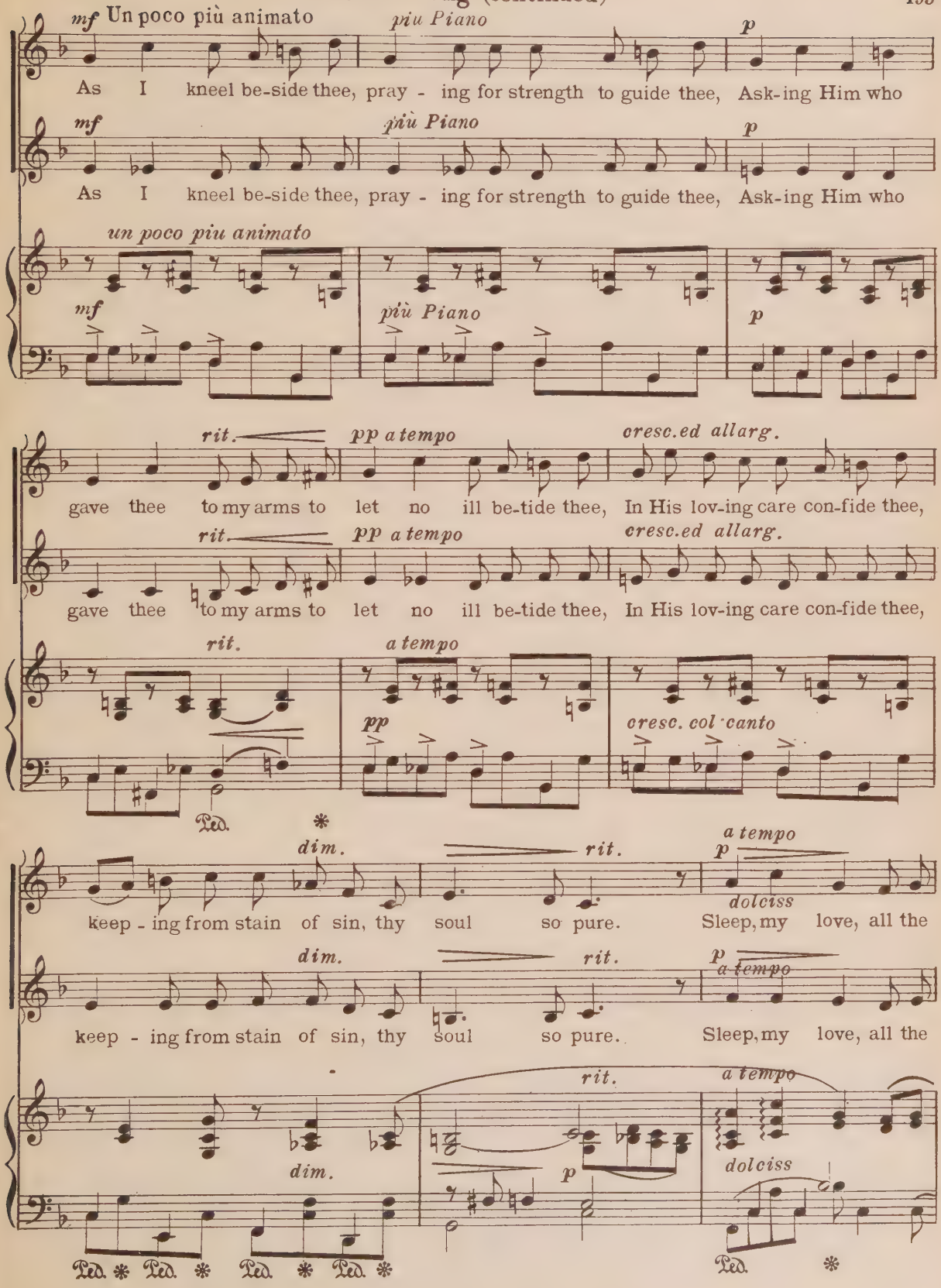

life's great school, In life's great
life's great school, In life's great
life's great school, In life's great
ff
sff
mf
p
marc. cant.
Ped.
school.
school.
school.
8va
pp

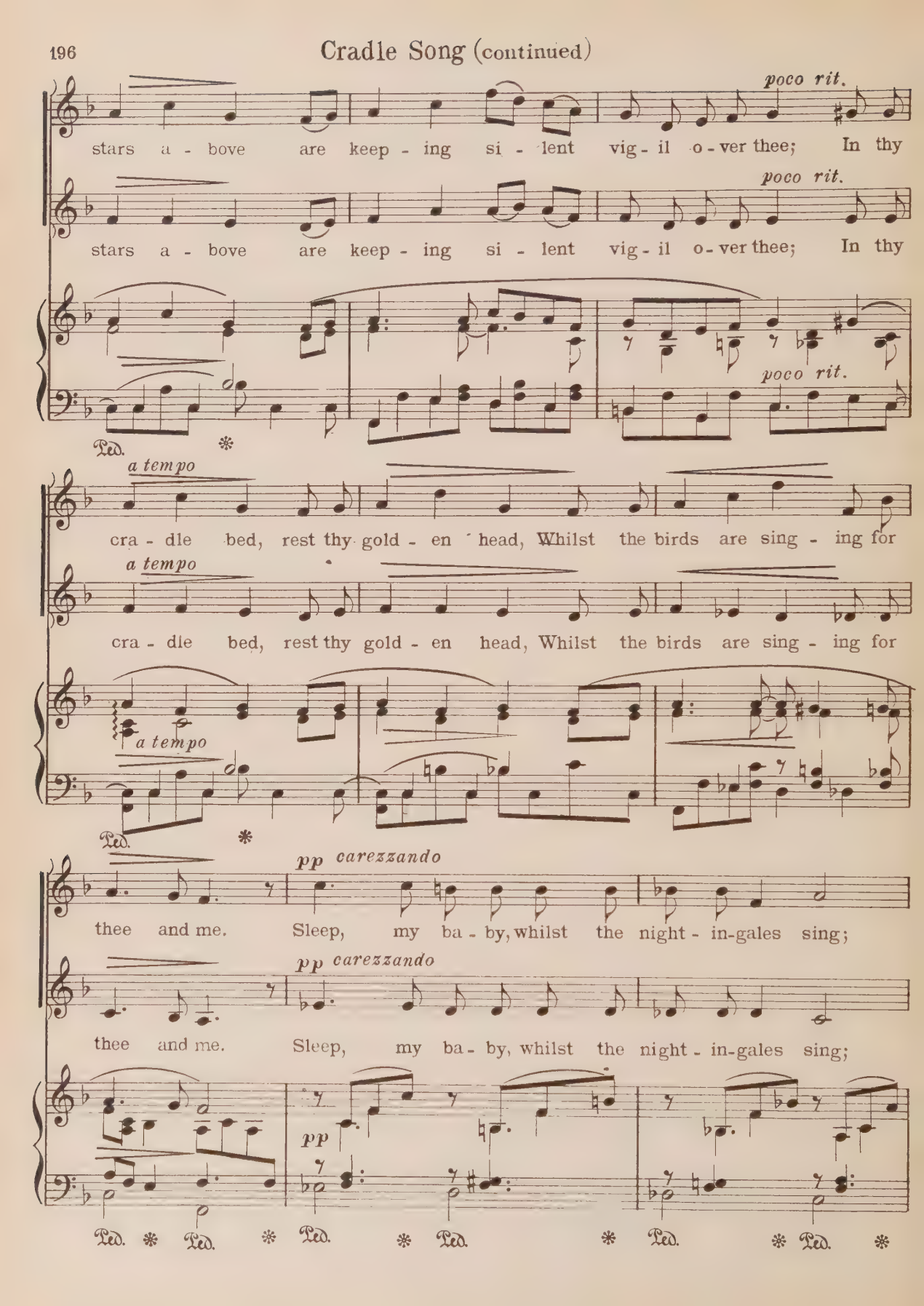
Cradle Song

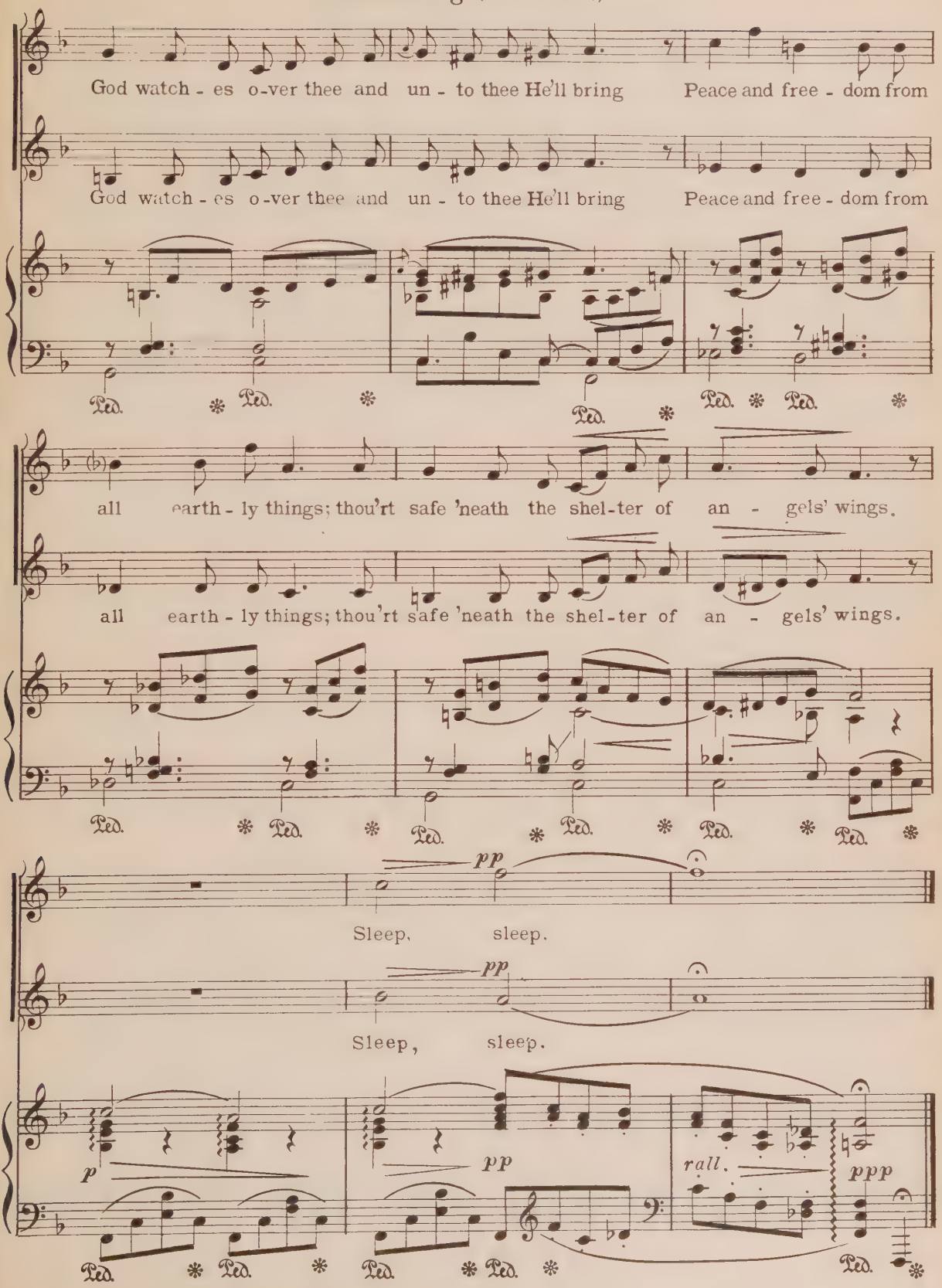
Katharine Dyer Bowling

Arr. from C. Delbrück



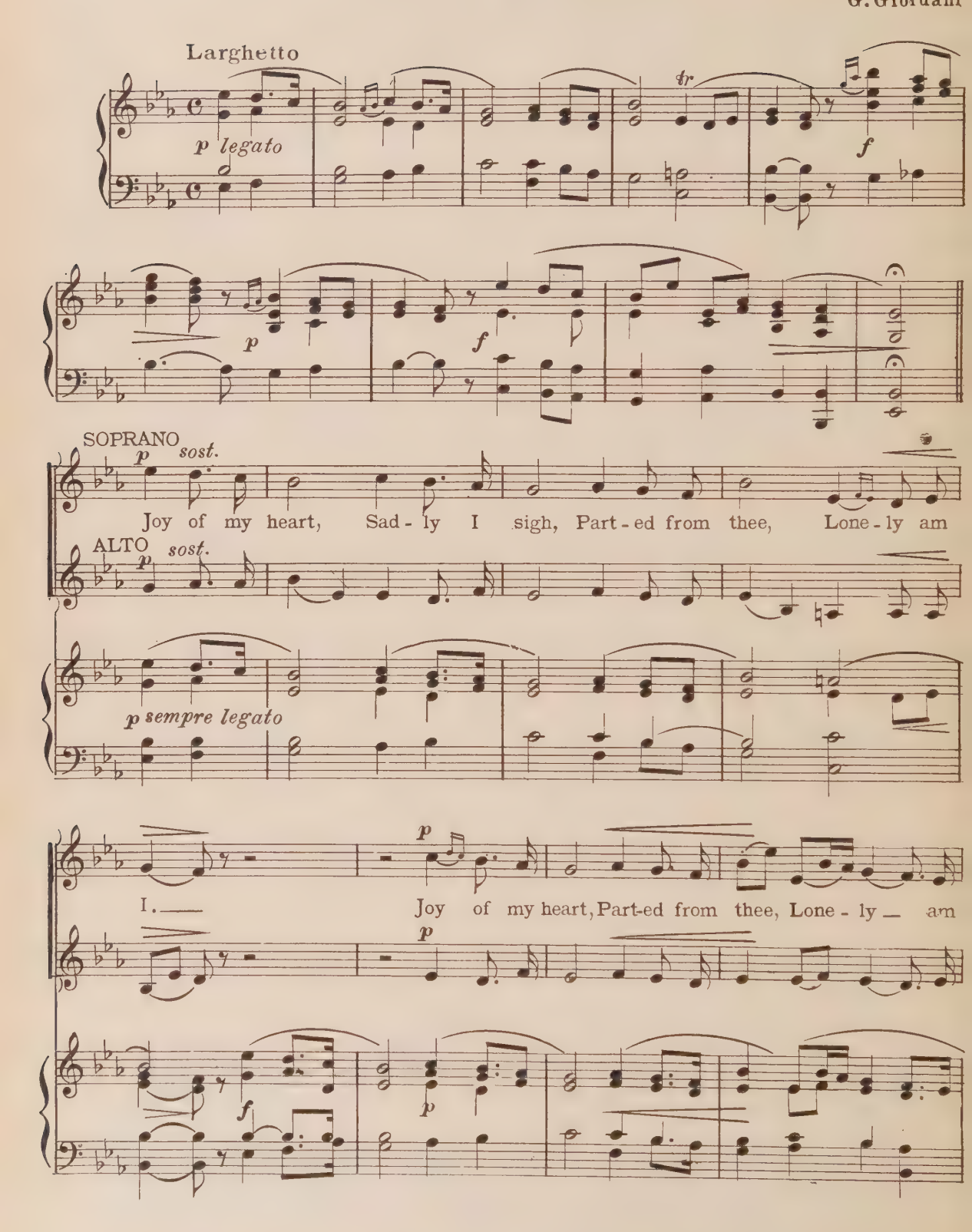

mf Un poco più animato
più Piano
p
As I kneel be-side thee, pray - ing for strength to guide thee, Ask-ing Him who
mf
più Piano
p
As I kneel be-side thee, pray - ing for strength to guide thee, Ask-ing Him who
un poco piu animato
mf
più Piano
p
rit.
pp a tempo
cresc.ed allarg.
gave thee to my arms to let no ill be-tide thee, In His lov-ing care con-fide thee,
rit.
pp a tempo
cresc.ed allarg.
gave thee to my arms to let no ill be-tide thee, In His lov-ing care con-fide thee,
rit.
a tempo
pp
cresc. col canto
Ped.
dim.
rit.
a tempo
p
dolciss
keep - ing from stain of sin, thy soul so pure. Sleep, my love, all the
dim.
rit.
p
a tempo
keep - ing from stain of sin, thy soul so pure. Sleep, my love, all the
rit.
a tempo
dim.
p
dolciss
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Ped.

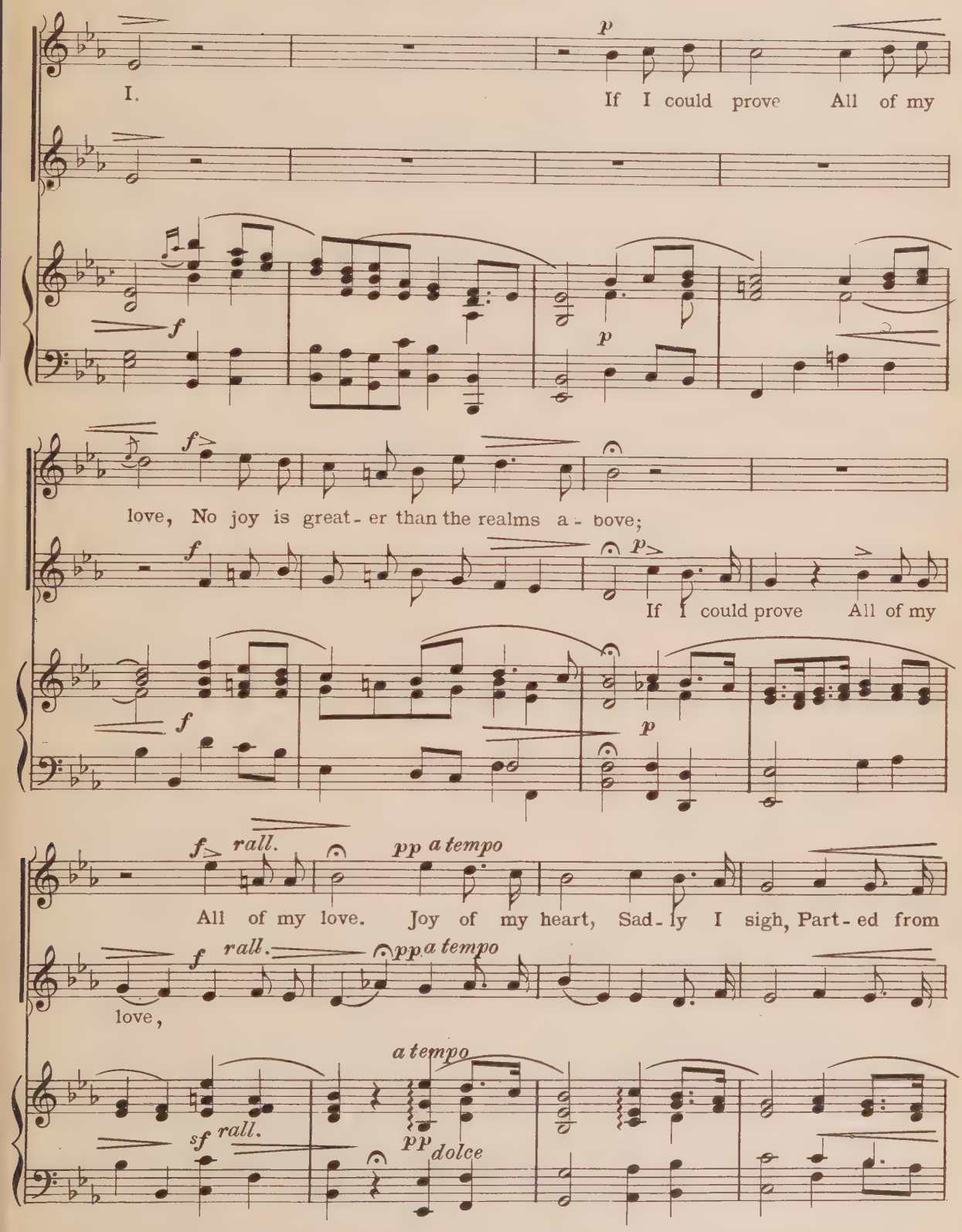

poco rit.
stars a - bove are keep - ing si - lent vig - il o - ver thee; In thy
poco rit.
stars a - bove are keep - ing si - lent vig - il o - ver thee; In thy
poco rit.
Ped.
a tempo
cra - dle bed, rest thy gold - en head, Whilst the birds are sing - ing for
a tempo
cra - dle bed, rest thy gold - en head, Whilst the birds are sing - ing for
a tempo
Ped.
pp carezzando
thee and me. Sleep, my ba - by, whilst the night - in-gales sing;
pp carezzando
thee and me. Sleep, my ba - by, whilst the night - in-gales sing;
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

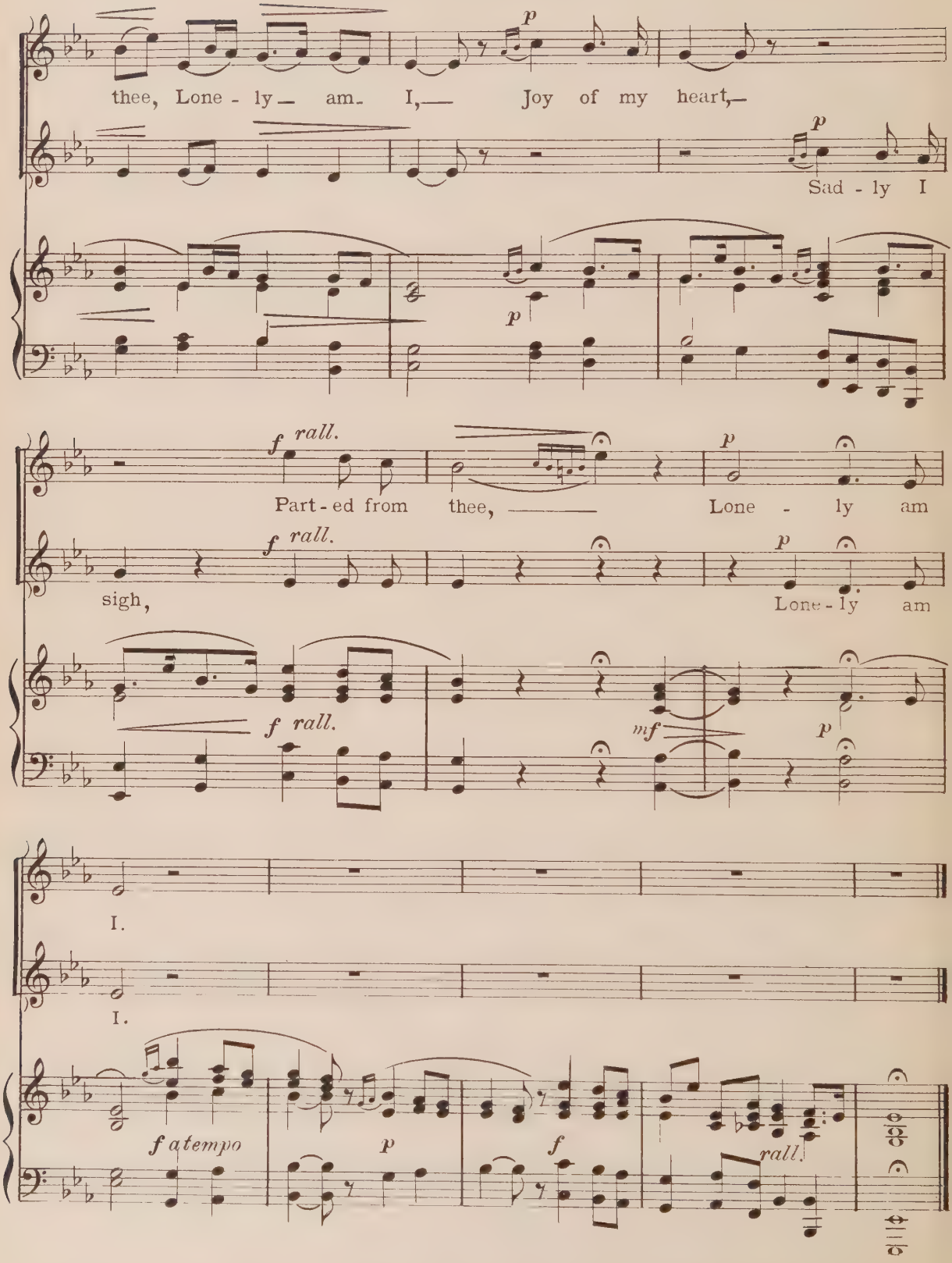

God watch - es o-ver thee and un - to thee He'll bring Peace and free - dom from
God watch - es o-ver thee and un - to thee He'll bring Peace and free - dom from
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
all earth - ly things; thou'rt safe 'neath the shel-ter of an - gels' wings.
all earth - ly things; thou'rt safe 'neath the shel-ter of an - gels' wings.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
Sleep, sleep.
pp
Sleep, sleep.
p
pp
rall.
ppp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Joy Of My Heart

G. Giordani

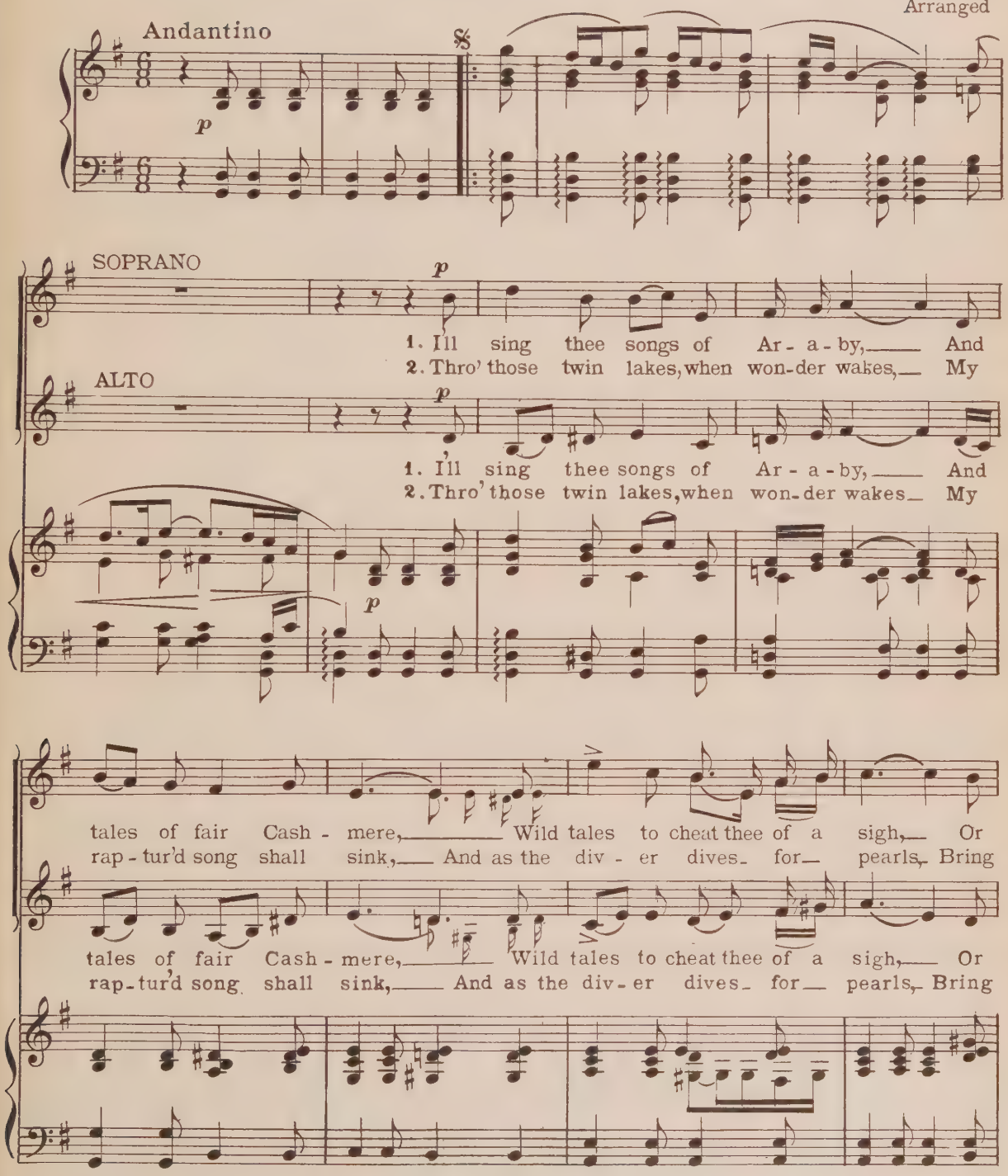


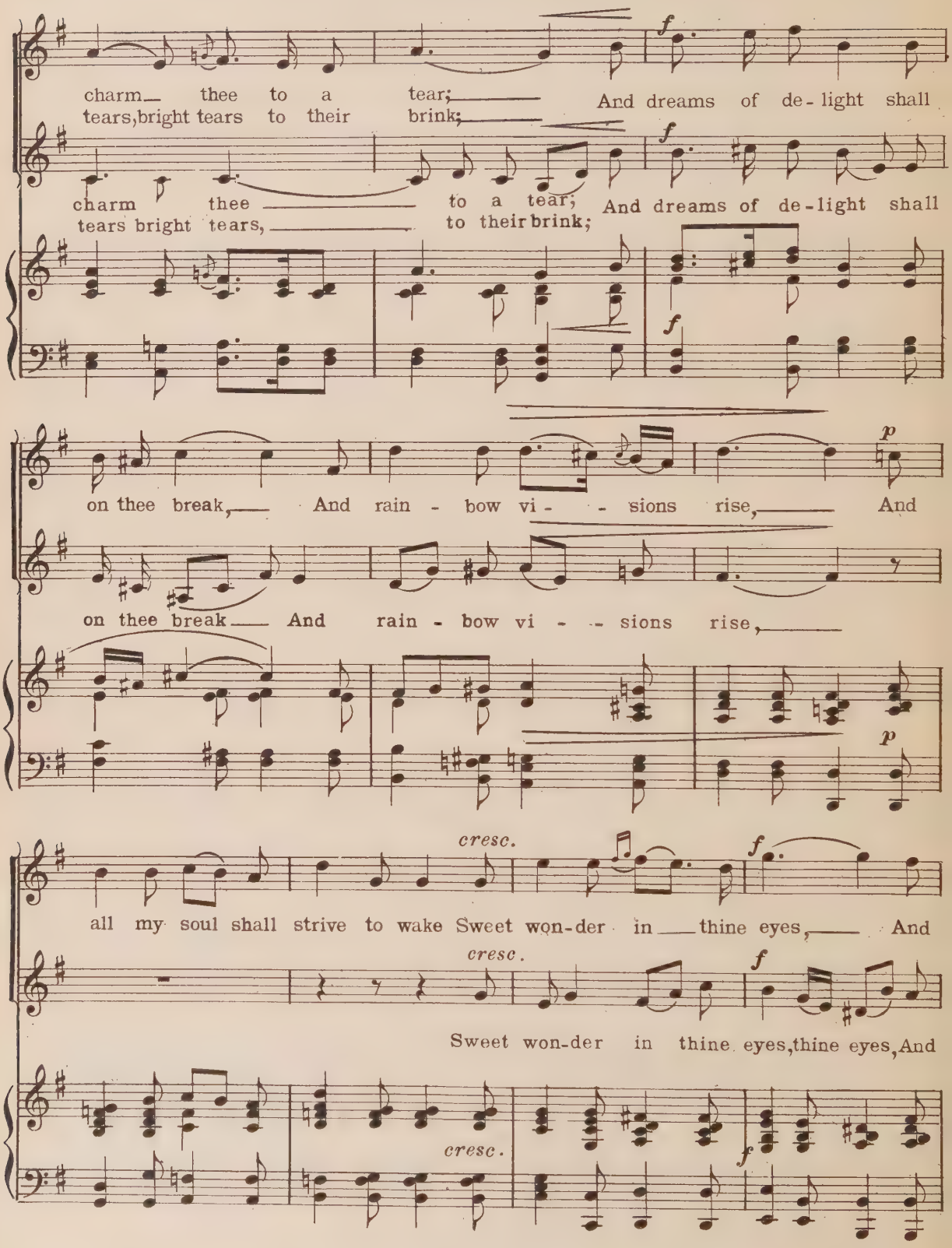

I.
If I could prove All of my
love, No joy is great - er than the realms a - bove;
If I could prove All of my
All of my love. Joy of my heart, Sad - ly I sigh, Part - ed from
love,
rall.
a tempo
dolce

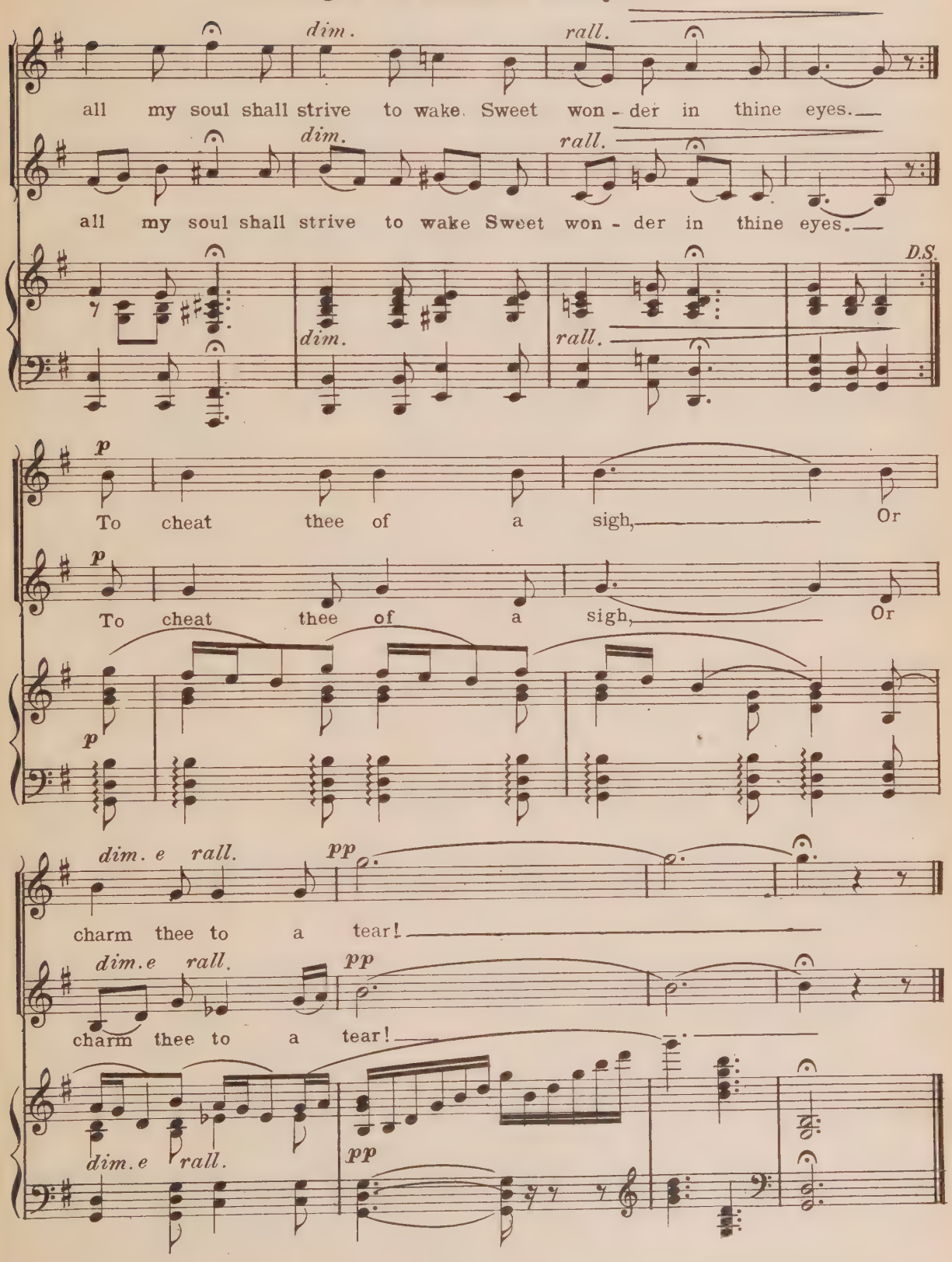

p
thee, Lone - ly am I, Joy of my heart,
p
Sad - ly I
p
f rall.
Part - ed from thee, Lone - ly am
p
f rall.
sigh, Lone - ly am
p
f rall.
mf
p
I.
I.
f a tempo
p
f
rall.

I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby

Fred. Clay
Arranged




charm thee to a tear; And dreams of de-light shall
tears, bright tears to their brink;
charm thee to a tear; And dreams of de-light shall
tears bright tears, to their brink;
on thee break, And rain - bow vi - - sions rise, And
on thee break And rain - bow vi - - sions rise,
cresc.
all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet won-der in thine eyes, And
cresc.
Sweet won-der in thine eyes, thine eyes, And
cresc.

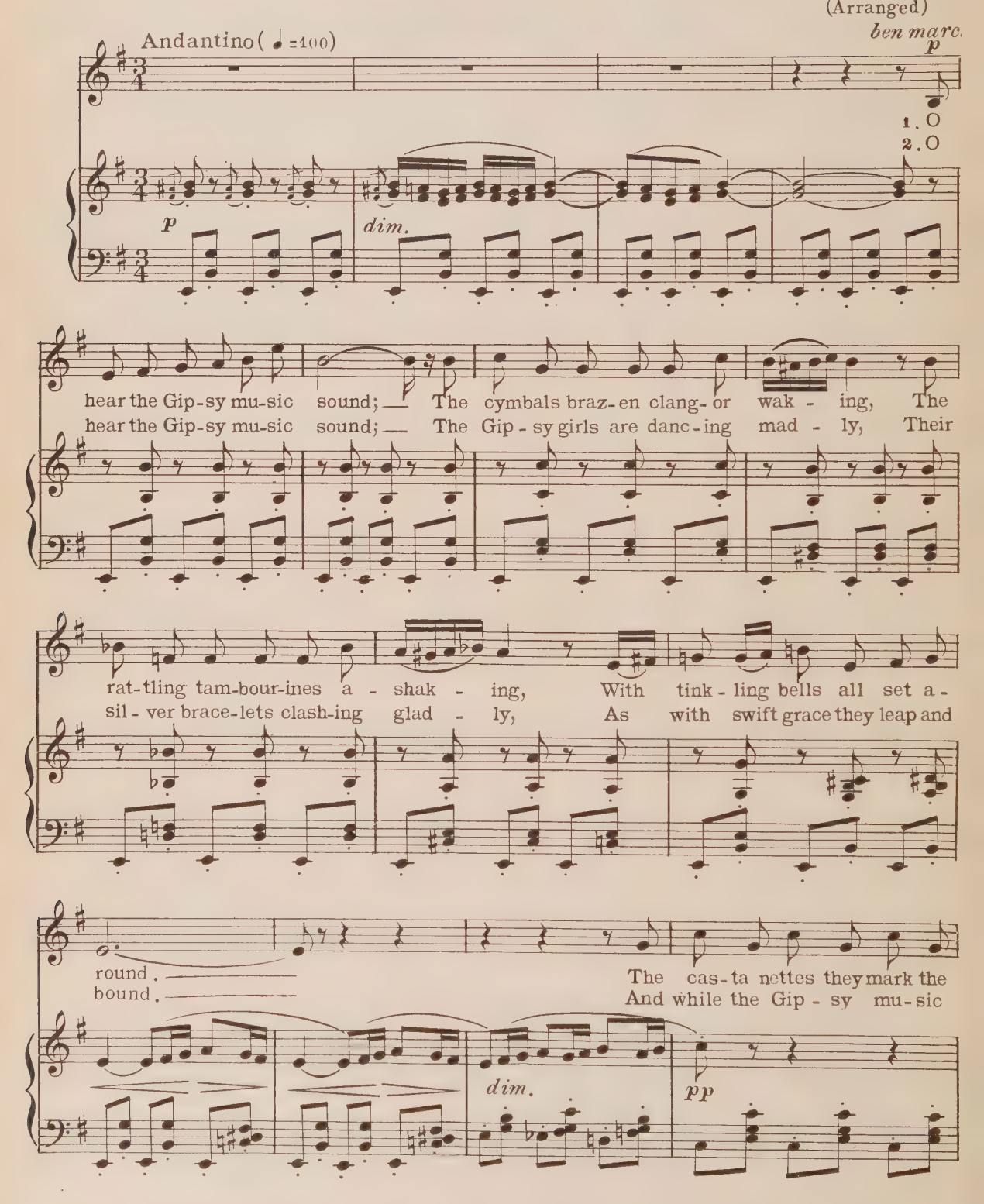

dim.
rall.
all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet won - der in thine eyes.
dim.
rall.
all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet won - der in thine eyes.
D.S.
dim.
rall.
p
To cheat thee of a sigh, Or
p
To cheat thee of a sigh, Or
p
dim. e rall.
pp
charm thee to a tear!
dim.e rall.
pp
charm thee to a tear!
dim.e rall.
pp

The Gipsy Trail

(Carmen Act II)

Wilbur Weeks

Georges Bizet
(Arranged)



time For trip-ping feet to dance the mea - sure, Gui-
plays, And dan-cing, ev-'ry dan-cer sways Gui-

tars are ech-o-ing the plea - sure Of those who sing to mu - sic's
tar and rat-tling tam-bour - ine With snap-ping cas - ta- nettes be-

rit molto *dim* *atempo*

rhyme Of those who sing to mu - sic's rhyme.
tween The Gip - sy song they ev - er loud - ly raise.

colla voce *sempre pp*

pp

Green grass or snow, On - ward we go,

The Gipsy Trail (concluded)

Who on - ly know A wand'-rer's life o'er hill and dale!

Warm breeze or blast, From first to last,

Our tribe has passed A - long the an - cient Gip - sy

trail!

Fine

D.C.

Fine

D.C.

Orpheus with his Lute

William Shakespere
(Henry the Eighth)

Augustus Barratt
Arranged

Slowly and dreamily *(With broad sustained tone)*

SOPRANO *mf*

Or-pheus with his lute made trees, And the moun-tain tops that freeze,

ALTO *pp*

Or - pheus with his lute made trees,

BASS (optional) *pp*

Or - pheus with his lute made trees,

Like a Harp *pp*

Bow them-selves when he did sing, Bow them-selves when he did sing:

Bow them - - selves when he did sing:

Bow them - selves when he did sing:

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mf

To his mu-sic plants and flow'rs Ev-er spring,– as sun and show'rs There had made a

pp

To his mu - sic plants and flow - ers,

pp *f*

To his mu - sic plants and flow - ers,

f *poco rit.* *rit.*

last - - ing spring, a last - ing spring.–

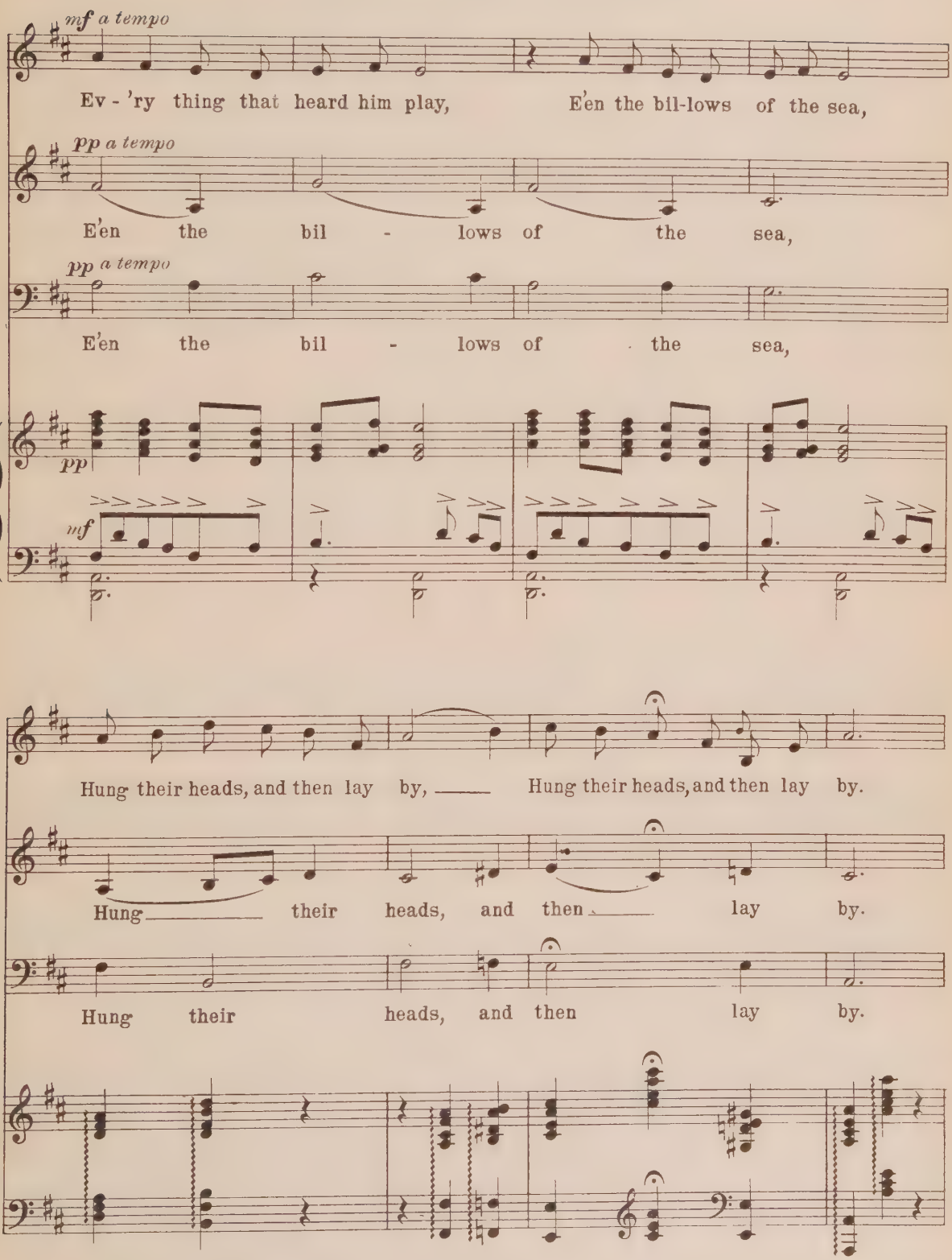
f *poco rit.* *rit.*

There had made a last-ing spring,– had made a last - ing spring.–

f *rit.*

a last - ing spring.–

f *poco rit.* *rit.*


mf a tempo
Ev - 'ry thing that heard him play, E'en the bil-lows of the sea,
pp a tempo
E'en the bil - lows of the sea,
pp a tempo
E'en the bil - lows of the sea,
pp
mf
Hung their heads, and then lay by, Hung their heads, and then lay by.
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

Orpheus with his Lute (continued)

p

In sweet mu - sic is such art, Kil - ling care and grief of heart,

p

In sweet mu - sic is such art, Kil - ling care and grief of heart,

p

Kil - ling care and grief of heart,

p

ppp *f*

Fall a - sleep or hear - ing die.

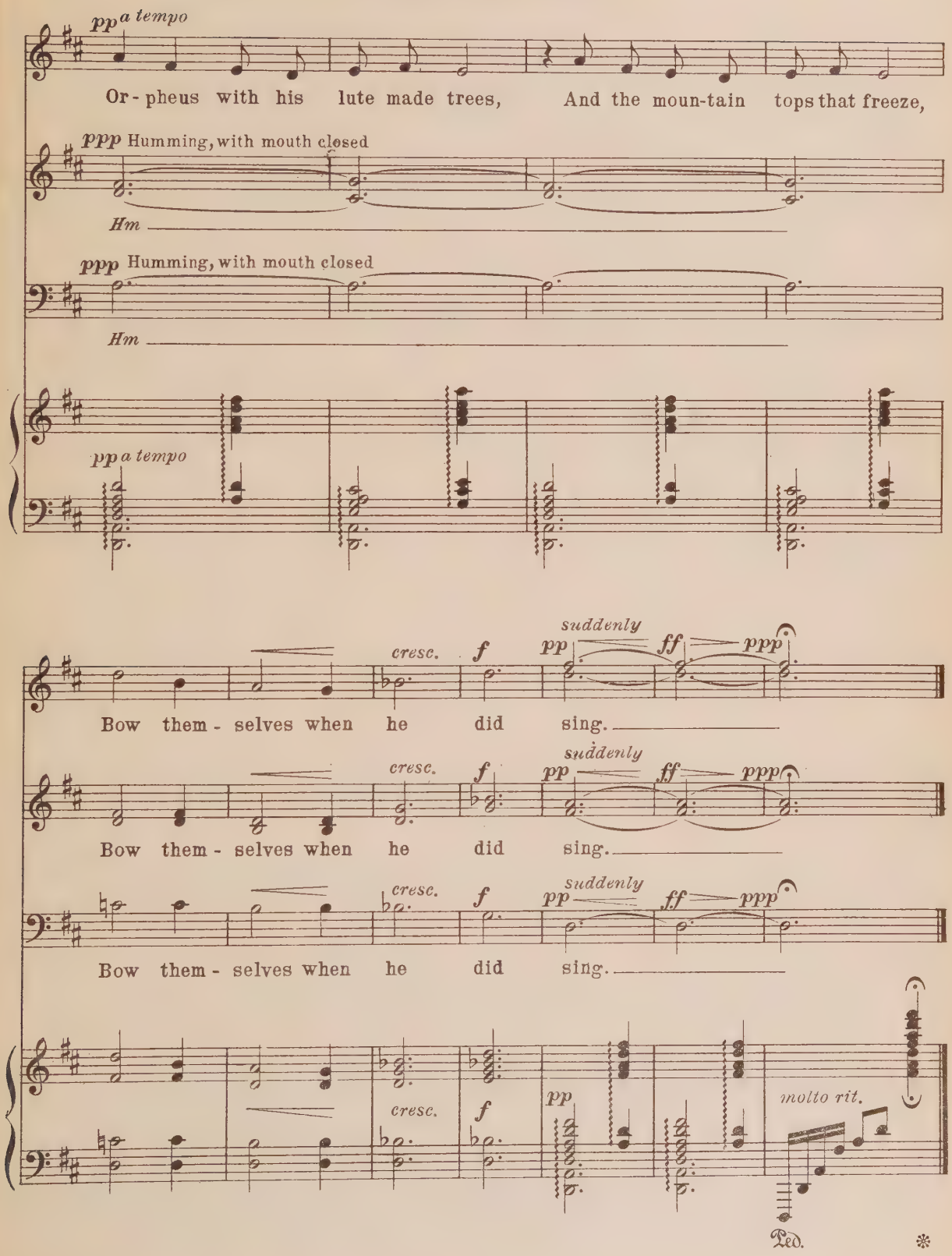
ppp *f*

Fall a - sleep or hear - ing die.

ppp *f*

Fall a - sleep or hear - ing die.

ppp *f* *p*


pp a tempo
Or-pheus with his lute made trees, And the moun-tain tops that freeze,
ppp Humming, with mouth closed
Hm
ppp Humming, with mouth closed
Hm
pp a tempo
cresc. f pp suddenly ff ppp
Bow them-selves when he did sing.
cresc. f pp suddenly ff ppp
Bow them-selves when he did sing.
cresc. f pp suddenly ff ppp
Bow them-selves when he did sing.
cresc. f pp
molto rit.
Ped.

Waltzing Doll

Vocal Dialogue (The Child and the Doll)

E. Poldini
(Arranged)

Tempo di Valse (Andantino)

mf

(THE CHILD)

p

Pret-ty lit-tle doll will you please dance with me? You are so gay and free,

p scherzando

Join in this rev- el - ry Don't you tell a soul we've a se-cret for

three, First you and then the mer-ry dance, and then a-lone with me.

mp

Mu - sic — fills the air with danc - ing, Sweet strains, sim-ply

mp

cresc.

are en - tranc - ing, Joy lives — and my heart gives — all its

cresc.

f *p* (THE DOLL)

lov - ing to you. Dear child, — what a wealth of

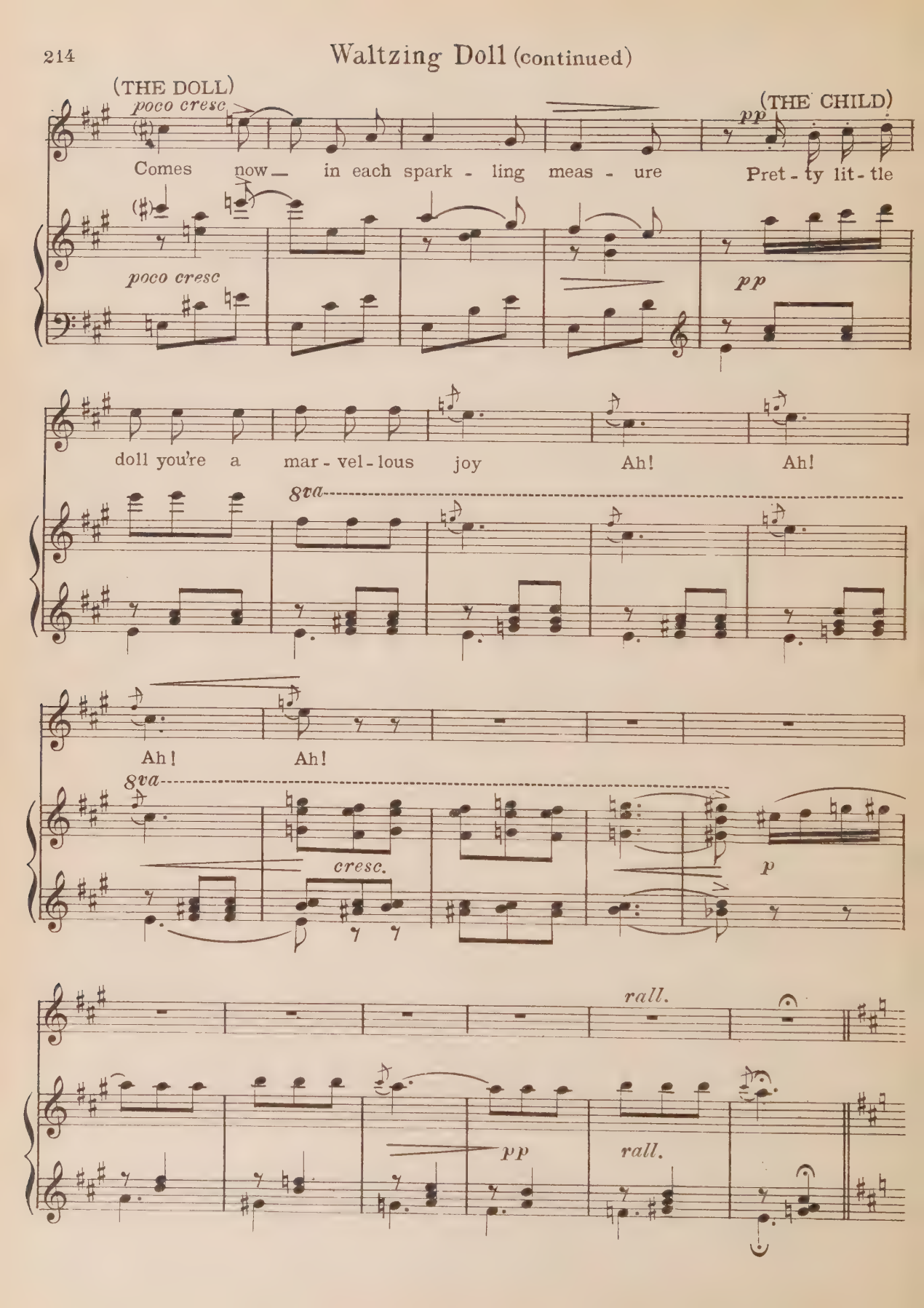
f *p*

(THE CHILD)

pp

pleas - ure — Pret-ty lit - tle doll you're a won-der-ful toy —

pp


(THE DOLL)
poco cresc
Comes now— in each spark - ling meas - ure
(THE CHILD)
pp
Pret - ty lit - tle
poco cresc
pp
doll you're a mar - vel - lous joy Ah! Ah!
8va
Ah! Ah!
8va
cresc.
p
rall.
pp
rall.

a tempo TOGETHER

p

Pret-ty lit-tle doll I'm so tired of the dance
child

p *a tempo*

Now is the time for bed, Don't shake your wea-ry head

Let us close our eyes and we'll sleep with a smile And dream of

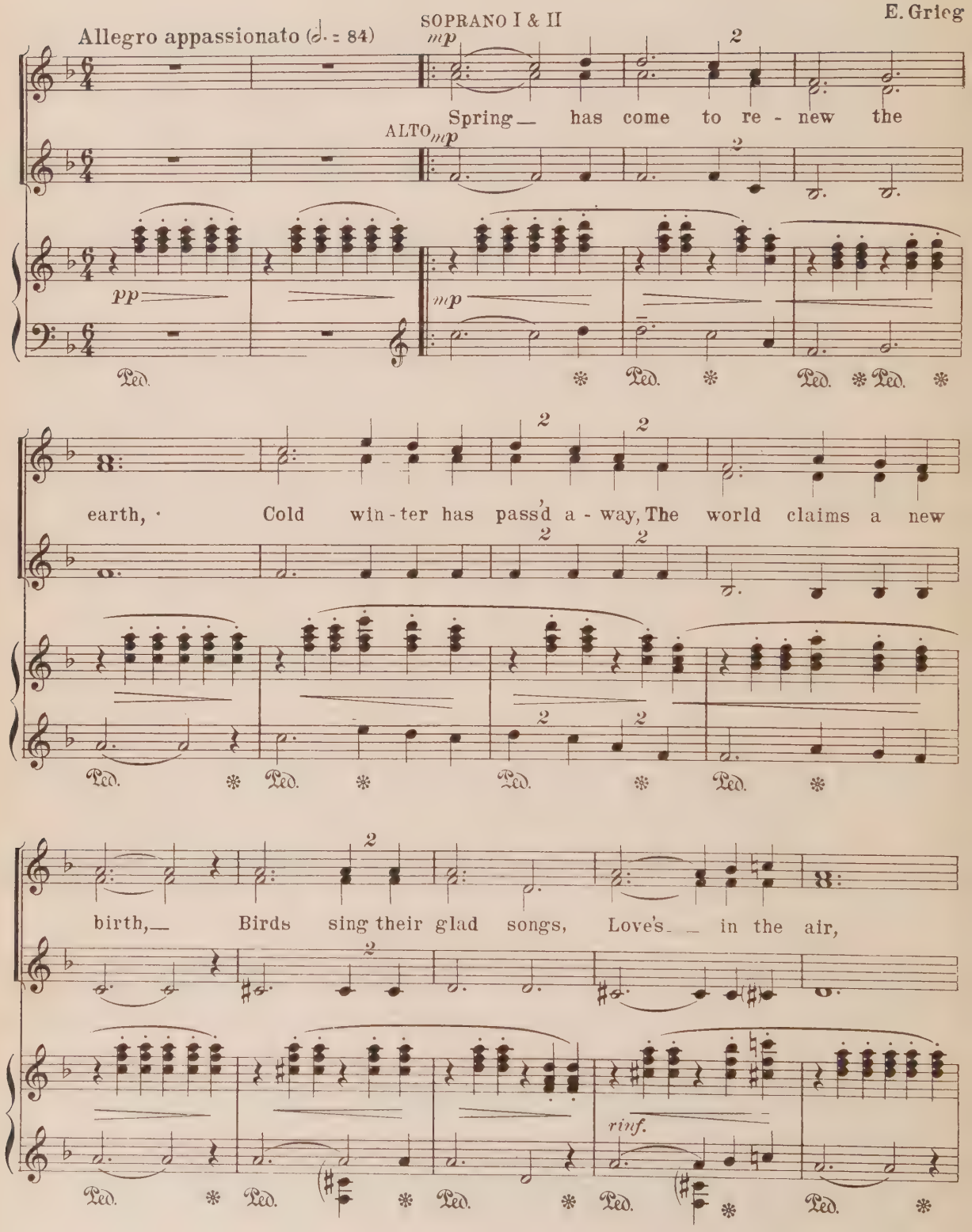
ritard e dim

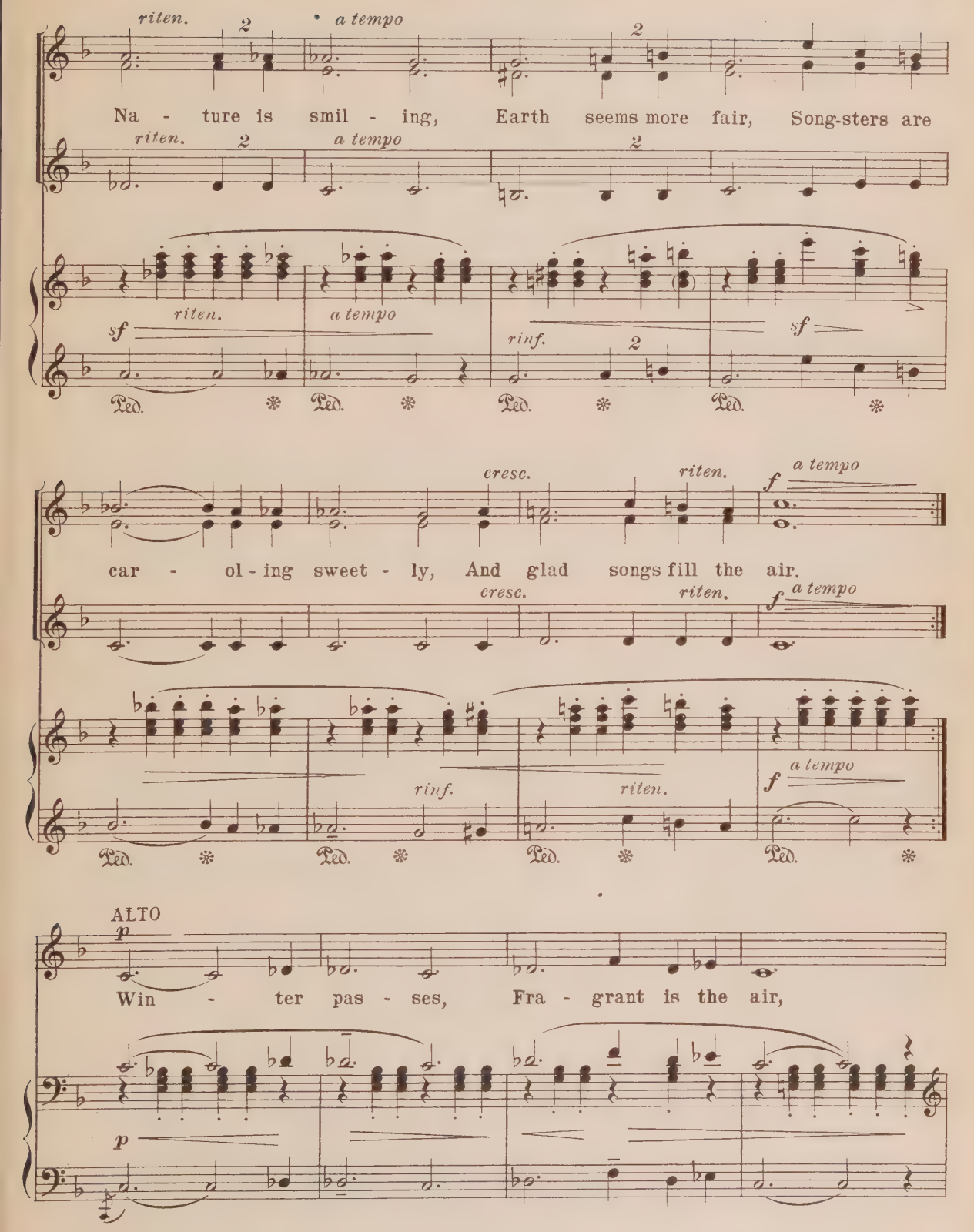
all the pleas-ant things— that made the day worth while. Good-night.

ritard. e dim.

To Spring

E. Grieg




riten.
a tempo
Na - ture is smil - ing, Earth seems more fair, Song-sters are
sf
rinf.
Ped.
cresc.
riten.
f
car - ol - ing sweet - ly, And glad songs fill the air.
ALTO
p
Win - ter pas - ses, Fra - grant is the air,

stretto poco a poco

Rob - - ins call - ing Here and ev-'ry-where,

rinf.

SOPRANO

Flow-ers and trees, Sway in the breeze, Joy seems to call, Beck-on-ing all,

rinf.

Bid-ding us now to re-joice at the thought: It is Spring, 'Tis

f

agitato

f

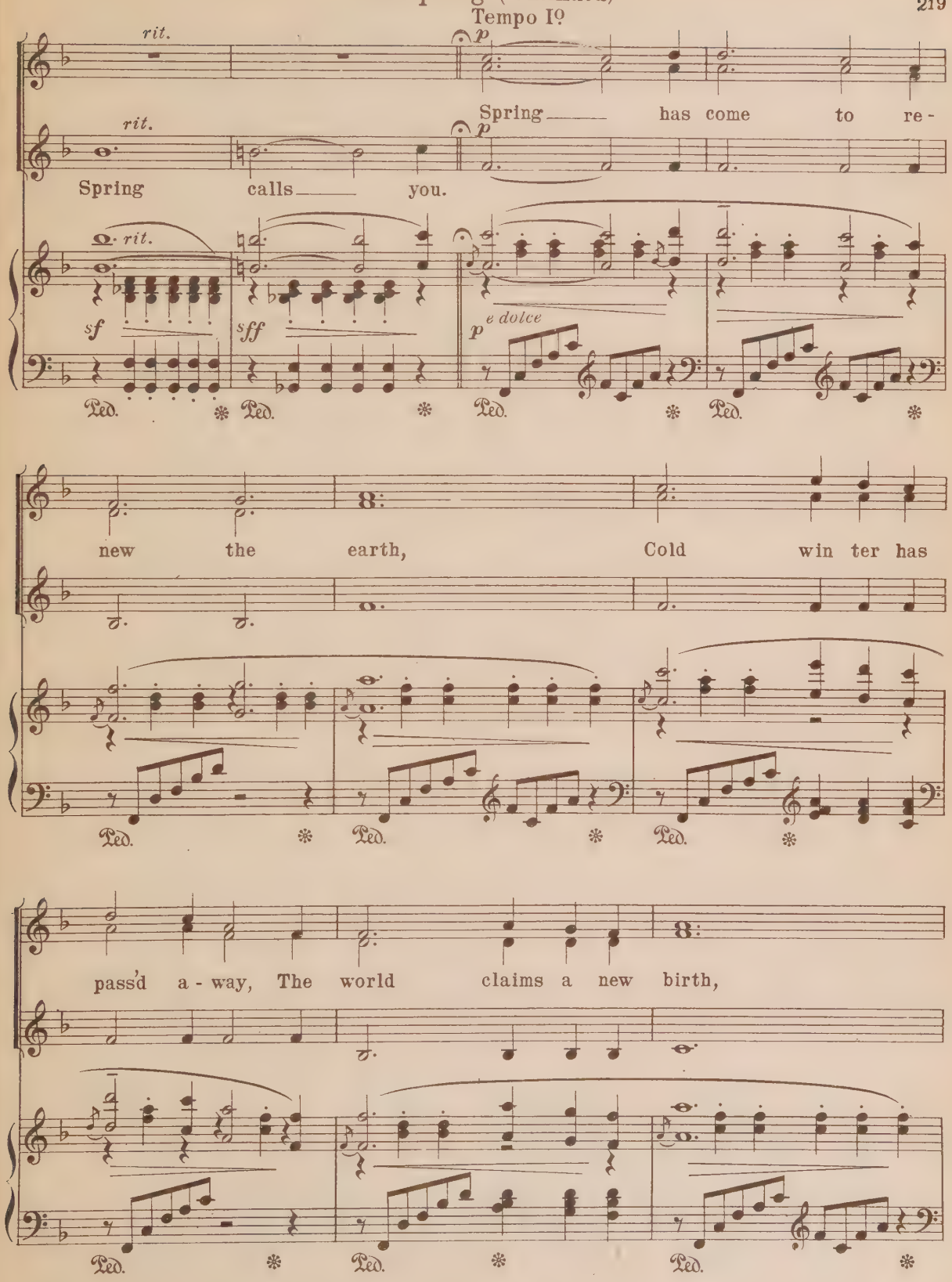
Ped. *

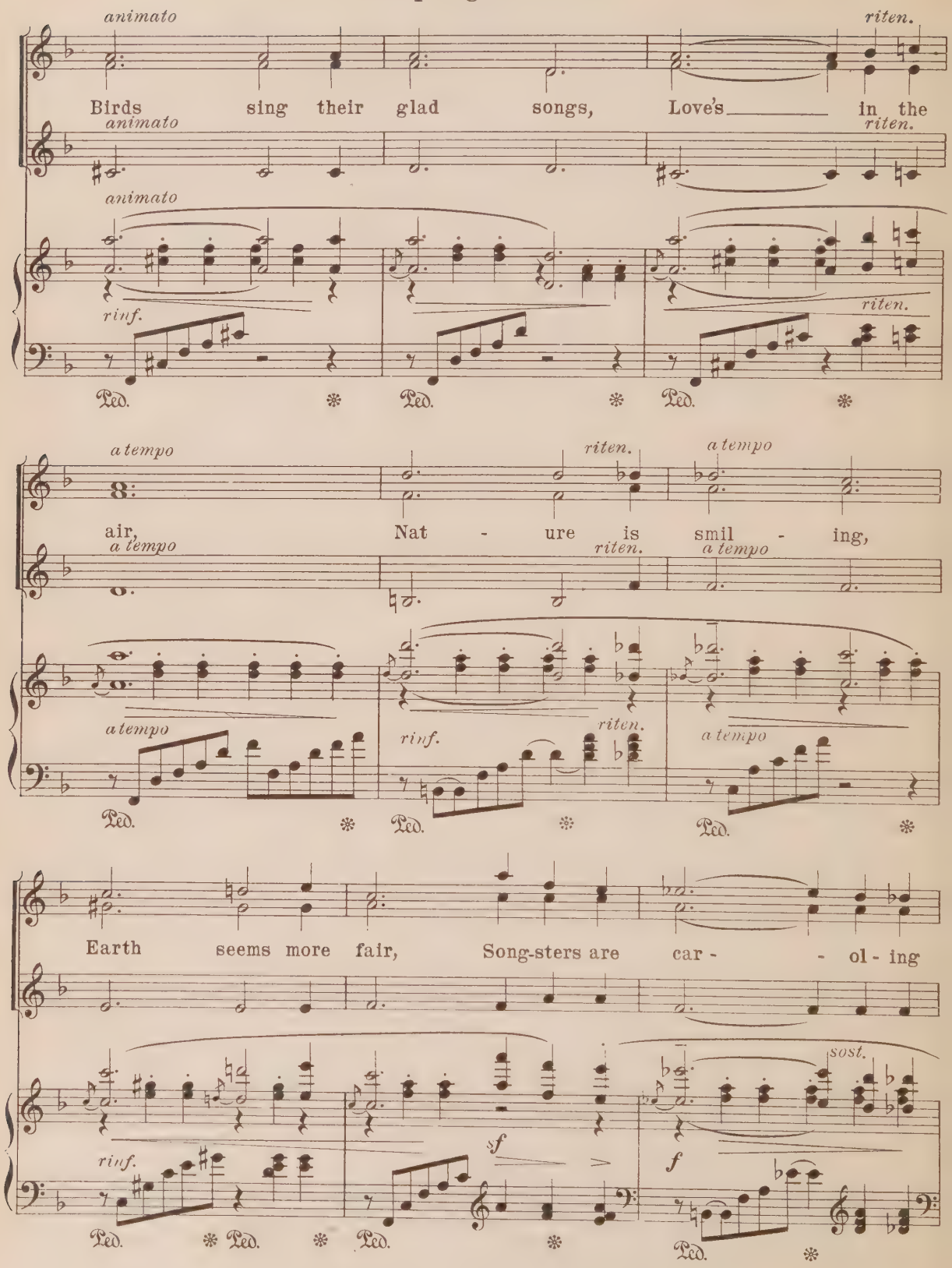
Spring, 'Tis Spring, 'Tis

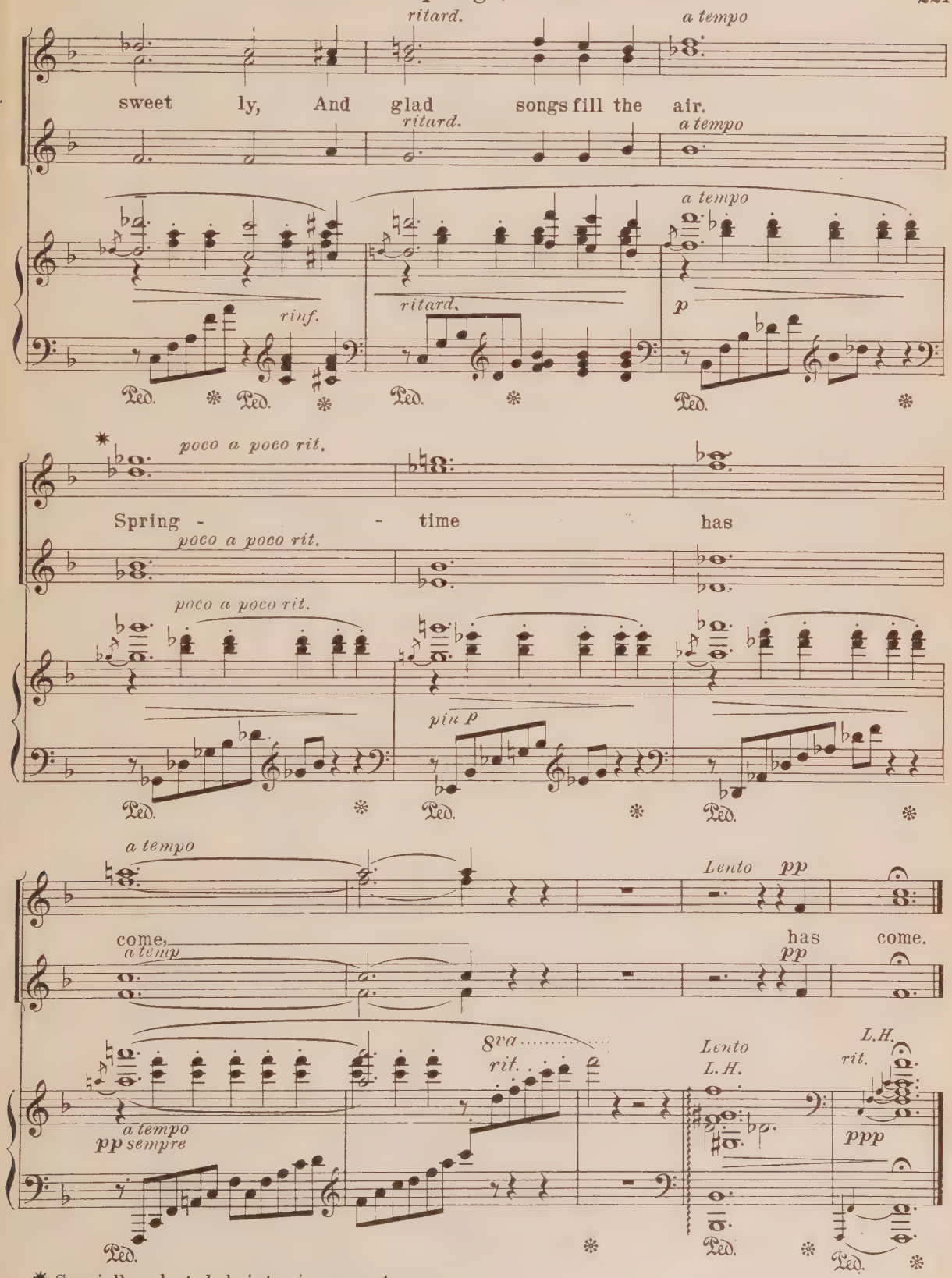
ALTO

sf *rinf.* *sf* *rinf.*

Ped. * Ped. *


Tempo I°
rit.
p
Spring has come to re-
rit.
p
Spring calls you.
rit.
sf
sff
p e dolce
Ped.
new the earth, Cold win ter has
pass'd a - way, The world claims a new birth,


animato
riten.
Birds sing their glad songs, Love's in the
animato
riten.
animato
rinf.
riten.
Ped.
a tempo
riten.
a tempo
air, Nat - ure is smil - ing,
a tempo
riten.
a tempo
a tempo
rinf.
riten.
a tempo
Ped.
Earth seems more fair, Song-sters are car - - ol - ing
sost.
rinf.
sf
f
Ped.



✱ Specially selected choir to sing upper tones.

Hymn of Thanksgiving

Netherland Folk Song
17th Century

Andante Religioso

Unison

p

We gath-er to-

(2nd Stanza *mf*) Be-side us to

pp e legato

(2nd Stanza *mf*) *pp*

cresc.

geth-er to ask the Lord's bless-ing, He chas-tens and has-tens his will to make known. The
guide us, our God with us join-ing, Or-dain-ing, maintain-ing his king-dom di-vine, So

cresc.

wick-ed op-press-ing — cease them from dis-tress-ing, Sing prais-es to His name, He for-
from the be-gin-ning the fight — we were win-ning; Thou, Lord was at our side, All —

ff

gets not His own.
glo-ry be Thine.

We

p

crescendo

ff

Ped. * Ped. *

all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou still our De-

fend - er wilt be. Let Thy con-gre-ga-tion es-cape trib-u- la - tion, Thy

name be ev-er praised! O Lord make us free! Lord,

rit. *a tempo* *ff*

make us free!

In Dreams I've Heard The Seraphs

J. Faure

Andante religioso

pp *rall.*

SOP. I & II *sostenuto* *pp*

1. In dreams I've heard the ser - aphs fair, Sing - ing their
2. The earth lay wrapped in cloud - y wreath, Float - ing like

1. In dreams I've heard the ser-aphs, Sing - ing their
2. The earth lay wrapped in wreath, Float - ing like

ALTO *pp*

1. In dreams I've heard the ser-aphs, Sing - ing
2. The earth lay wrapped in wreath, Float-ing like

pp a tempo

songs of sweet - est tone; An - gel voic - es that
in-censed per-fumed haze; Sun - beams shone bright on

songs of sweet-est tone; An - gel voic - es
in - censed per - fumed haze; Sun-beams shone on

songs of sweet-est tone; An - gel voic - es
in - censed per - fumed haze; Sun-beams shone on

filled the air, Like dul-cet ech-oes float-ing on.
all be-neath, Bless-ing the earth with gold-en rays.

dim.

filled the air, Like dul-cet ech - oes float-ing on.
all be-neath, Bless-ing the earth with gold-en rays.

dim.

filled the air, Like dul-cet ech - oes float-ing on.
all be - neath, Bless-ing the earth with gold-en rays.

sf *dim.* *pp*

SOPRANO

Then soft-ly the sweet hymn of love, Tell-ing of
All the world was melt-ed in prayer, Lift-ing its

sf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

grace by mer-cy giv-en Came from the a-
sup-pliant hands to heav-en, And from the Fa-

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp *rall. tempo*

zure realms a-bove, Where the joy-ous choir sang in heav'n.
ther's bright throne there, A gen-tle smile to each was giv'n.

pp *cresc.* *rall. tempo*

animato

A voice of prayer from all the earth, To heav-en's

A prayer from earth, To

animato *cresc.*

throne seemed breath-ing forth, And swell-ing high, Oh

heav'n breathed forth, And swelled high,

allargando

f Maestoso

Sound a - gain an - them of heav - en, Bright song di - vine,

f

Sound a - gain, sweet an - them of heav - en, Bright song di - vine, oh,

f Maestoso

Oh, ho - ly Fa - ther, My

oh, pass not by Oh, ho - ly Fa - ther, My

pass us not by, Oh, ho - ly Fa - ther, My

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

soul on wings of glo - ry, My soul on wings of

soul, my soul on wings of glo - ry, My soul on wings of

soul, my soul on wings, my soul, my soul on wings of

L.H. L.H. L.H.

animato *cresc.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

glo - ry, mounts up to yon-der hap - py sky!

glo - ry, mounts up to yon-der hap - py sky!

glo - ry, to yon-der hap - py sky!

rall.

Snow-Flakes

Frederic H. Cowen
arranged

Allegretto non troppo (♩= 80)

SOPRANO

p

1. When-e'er a snow-flake leaves the
2. And when a snow-flake finds a

ALTO I

p

1. When-e'er a snow-flake leaves the
2. And when a snow-flake finds a

ALTO II

p

1. A snow-flake leaves the
2. A snow-flake finds a

p *p*

cresc.

sky, Good-bye, dear
tree, Thou art so

cresc.

sky, It turns and turns to say "Good - bye, Good-bye, dear
tree, "Good-day, it says, Good-day, to thee, Thou art so

cresc.

sky, Good bye, dear
tree, Thou art so

cresc.

p *poco rit.*

cloud, so cool and gray, Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and
bare, and lone-ly, dear, Thou art so bare, and lone-ly,

p *poco rit.*

cloud,— so cool and gray, Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and
bare,— and lone-ly, dear, Thou art so bare, and lone-ly,

p *poco rit.*

cloud,— so cool and gray,— dear cloud, so cool and
bare,— and lone-ly, dear,— so bare, and lone-ly.

p *colla voce*

a tempo *p* *2nd time rit.* 1 2

gray!" Then light-ly trav-els on its way.
dear, I'll rest, and call my com-rades here."

a tempo *p*

gray!" Then light-ly trav-els on its way.
dear, I'll rest, and call my com-rades here."

a tempo *p*

gray!" Then light-ly trav-els on its way.
dear, I'll rest, and call my com-rades here."

a tempo *p* 1 2

a tempo *mf* *cresc. ed agitato*

3. But when a snow-flake, brave and meek, Lights on a

a tempo *mf* *cresc. ed agitato*

ro - sy maid-en's cheek, It starts *a tempo* *p* "How

a tempo *p* "How

a tempo

f *a tempo* *pp tranquillo*

tranquillo *cresc.* *mf*

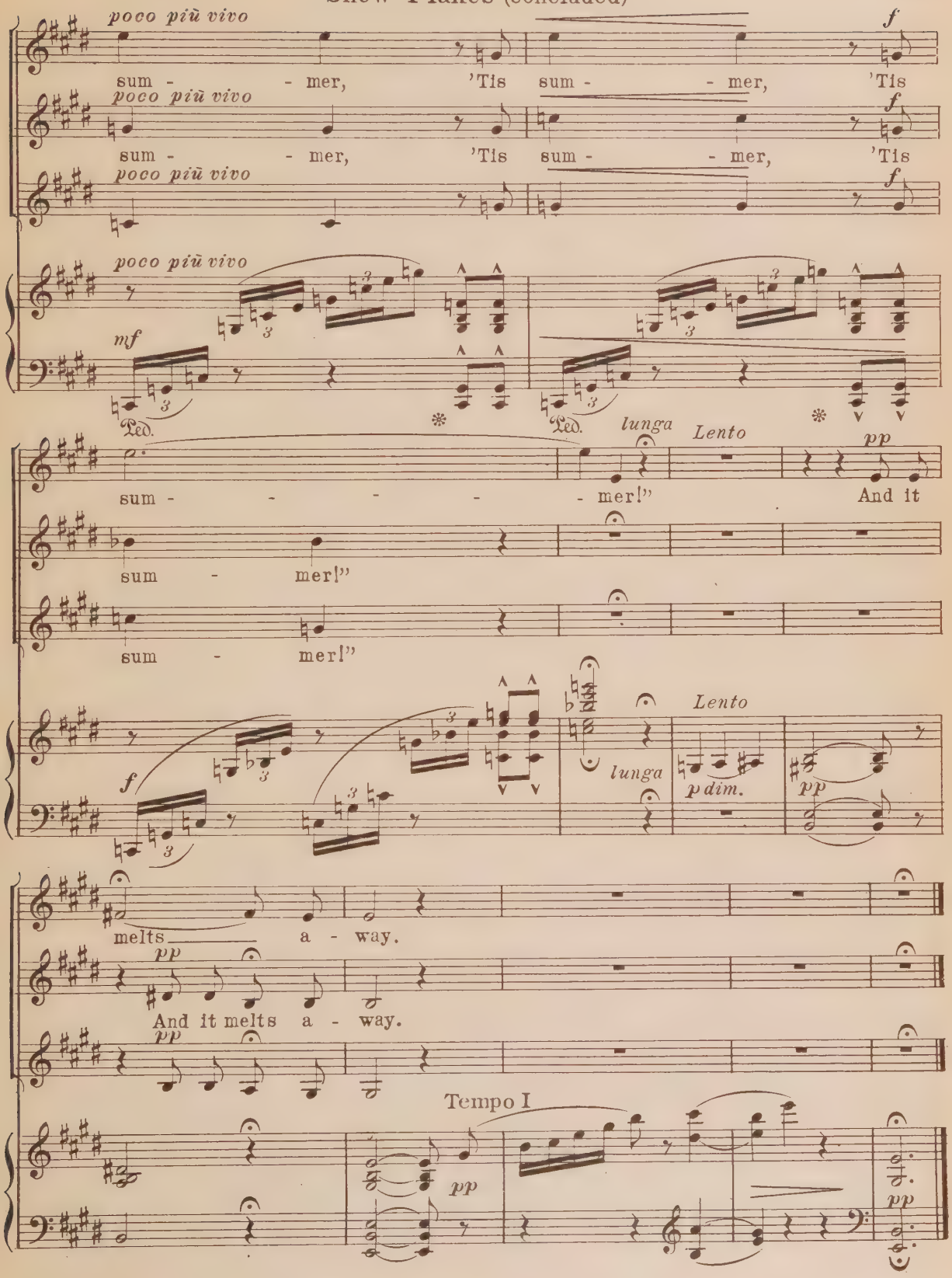
warm and soft the day, how warm and soft the day, 'Tis

tranquillo *cresc.* *mf*

warm and soft the day, how warm and soft the day, 'Tis

mf 'Tis

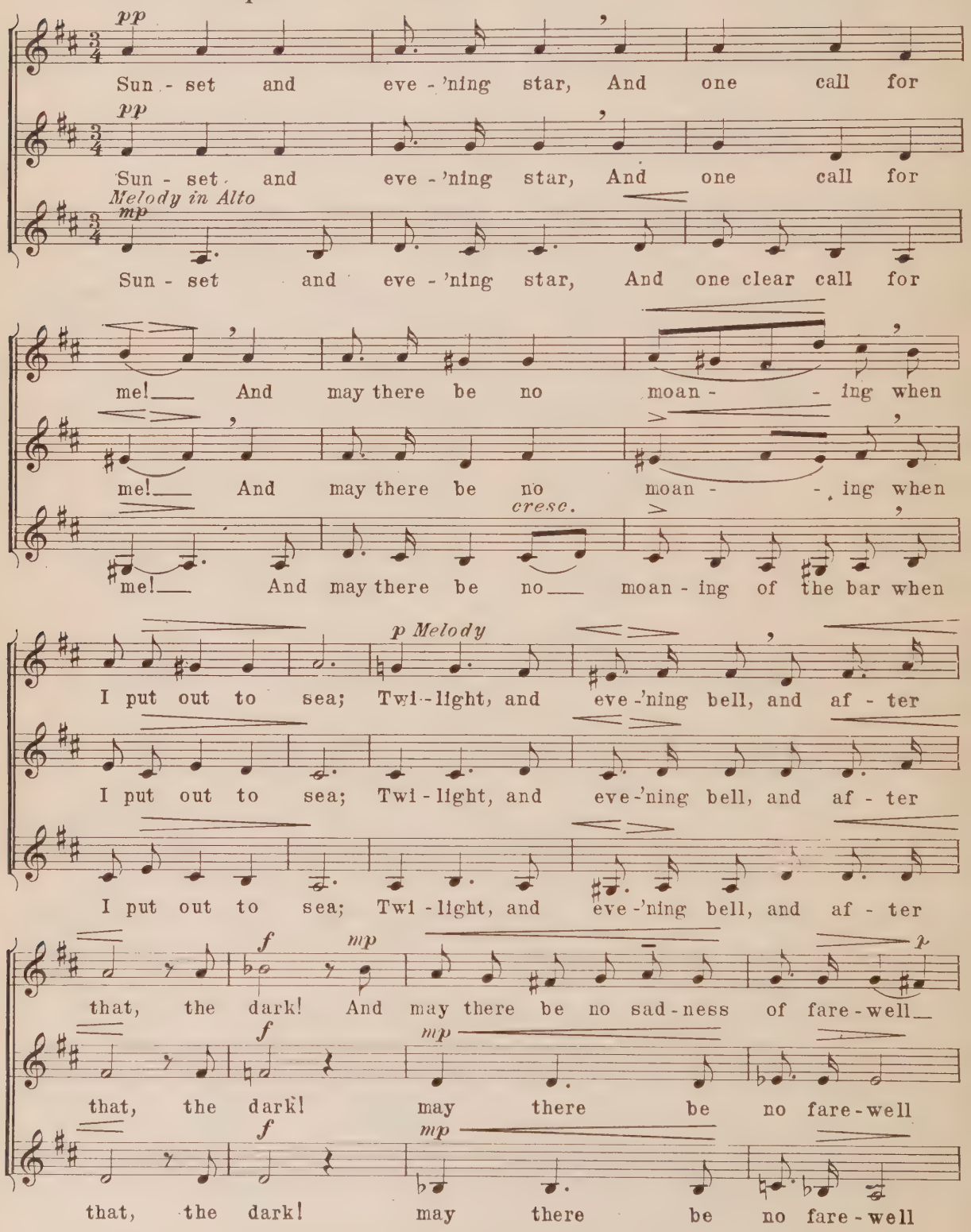
cresc.


poco più vivo
sum - - mer, 'Tis sum - - mer, 'Tis
poco più vivo
sum - - mer, 'Tis sum - - mer, 'Tis
poco più vivo
poco più vivo
mf
Ped.
Ped.
lunga
Lento
pp
sum - - - - - mer!" And it
sum - mer!"
sum - mer!"
f
lunga
Lento
p dim.
pp
melts a - way.
pp
And it melts a - way.
pp
Tempo I
pp
pp

Crossing The Bar

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Alice Reber Fish



rall. *mf* *a tempo*

when I em - bark; For though from out our bourne of

rall. *mf* *a tempo*

when I em - bark; For though from out our bourne of

rall. *mf* *a tempo*

when I em - bark; For though from out our bourne of

accel. *a tempo*

Time and Place, The flood may bear me far, I

accel. *a tempo*

Time and Place, The flood may bear me far, I

accel. *a tempo*

Time and Place, The flood may bear me far, I

f *molto rit.* *p*

hope to see my Pi - lot face to face when

f *molto rit.* *p*

hope to see my Pi - lot face to face when

f *molto rit.* *p*

hope to see my Pi - lot face to face when

a tempo *rit.* *p*

I have crost the bar, have crost the bar.

a tempo *rit.* *f* *p*

I have crost the bar, have crost the bar.

a tempo *rit.* *f* *p*

I have crost the bar, have crost, have crost the bar.

The Palm Trees

I. Faure
Arranged

Andante maestoso

f

rall.

a tempo

p

✱ SOPRANO

p

1. A - round our way the palm leaves and the flow'rs
2. His voice is heard, and na - tion's at the sound

ALTO

p

p

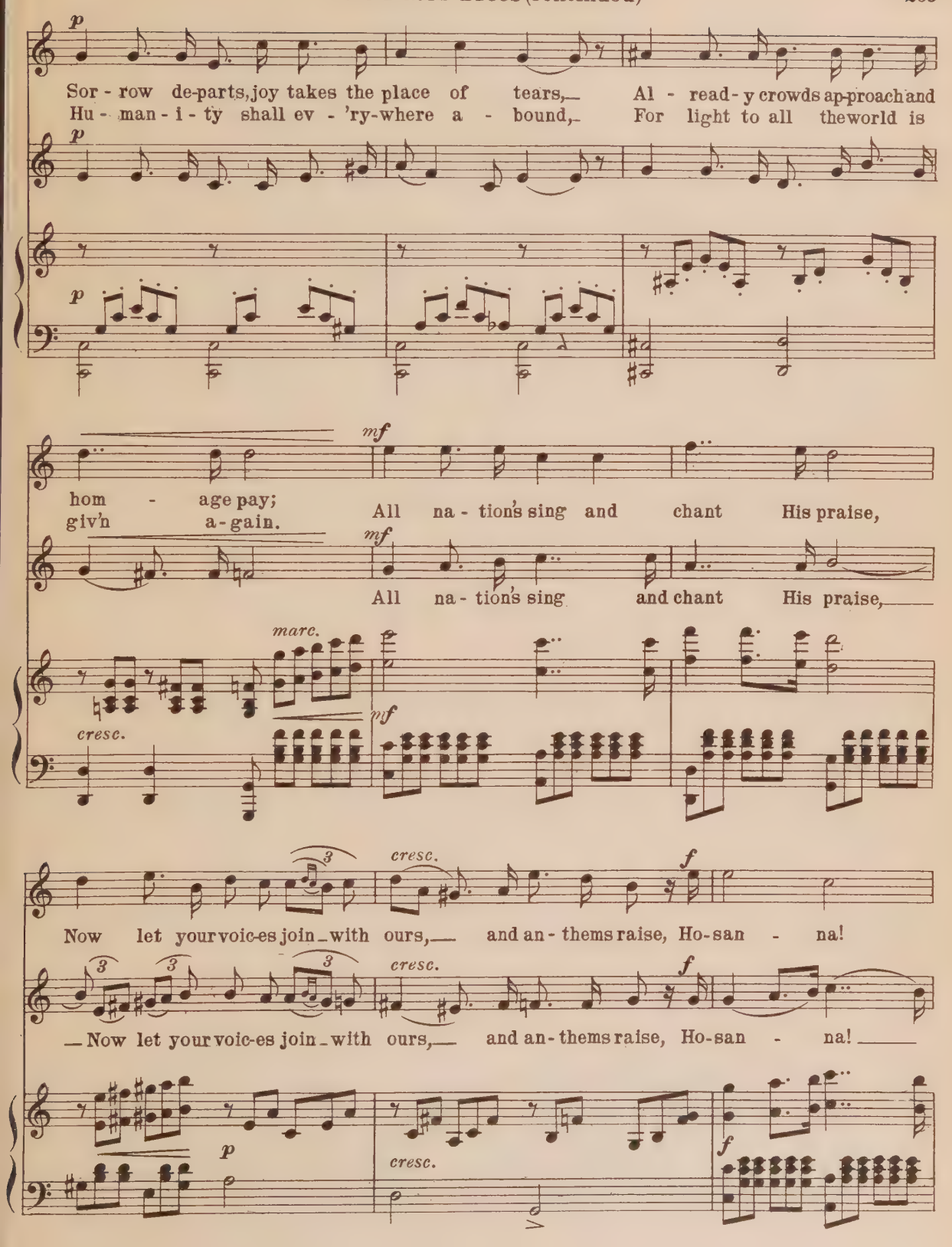
cresc.

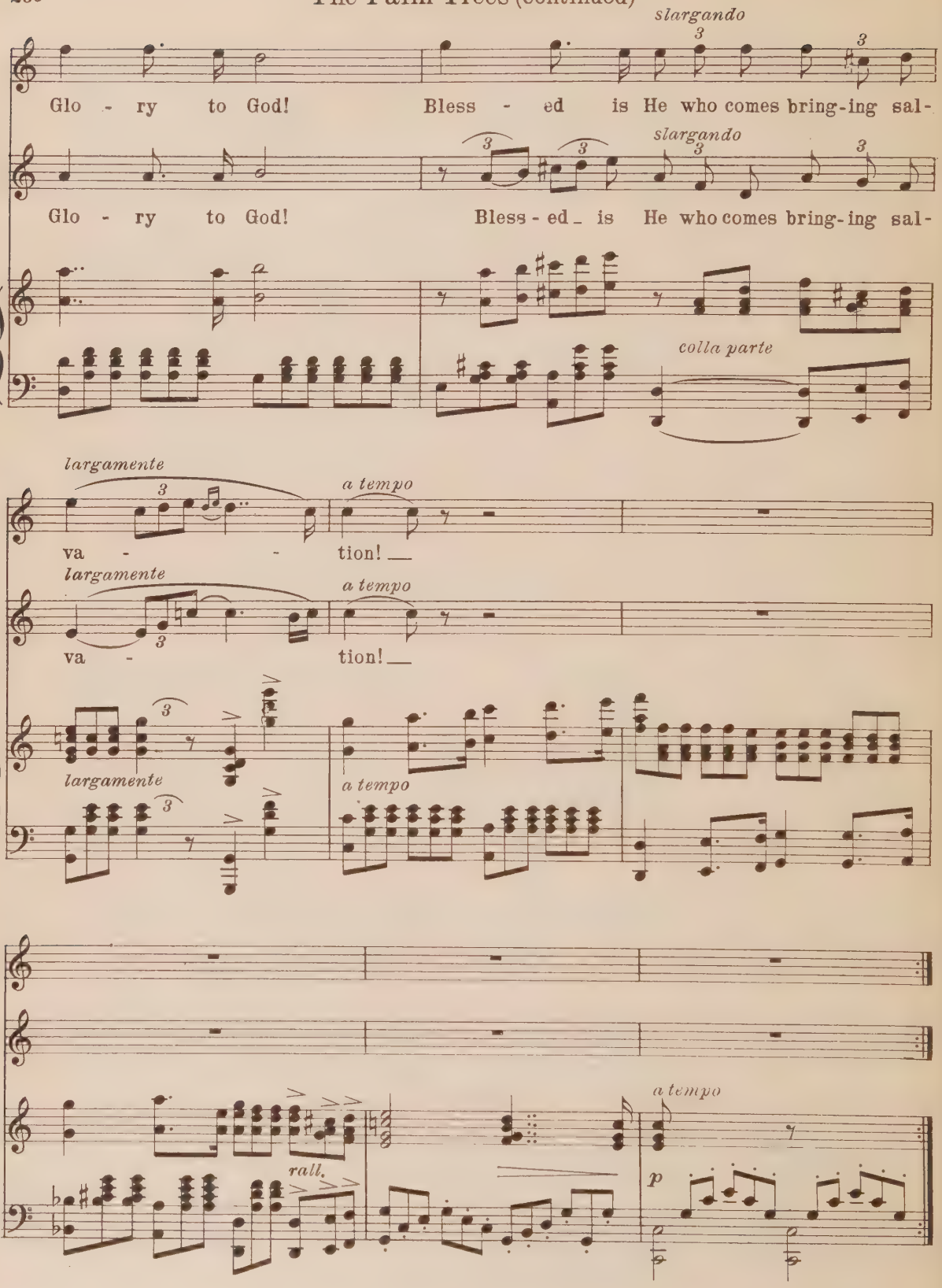
Send forth their per - fume on this fes - - tal day,
Have now re-gain'd that free - dom sought in vain,

cresc.

cresc.

✱ 1st Verse may be sung as Soprano Solo


p
Sor - row de-parts, joy takes the place of tears, Al - read - y crowds ap-proach and
Hu - man - i - ty shall ev - 'ry-where a - bound, For light to all the world is
p
p
mf
hom - age pay; All na - tion's sing and chant His praise,
giv'n a-gain.
mf
All na - tion's sing and chant His praise,
marc.
cresc.
mf
3
cresc.
f
Now let your voic-es join with ours, and an - thems raise, Ho-san - na!
3
3
3
cresc.
f
Now let your voic-es join with ours, and an - thems raise, Ho-san - na!
p
cresc.
f


slargando
Glo - ry to God! Bless - ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
slargando
Glo - ry to God! Bless - ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
colla parte
largamente
a tempo
va - tion!
largamente
a tempo
va - tion!
largamente
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
p

1st SOPRANO

p *cresc.*

3. Re - joice e'en thou, saint-ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy chil - dren now sing the Re-

2nd SOPRANO

p *cresc.*

3. Re - joice e'en thou, saint-ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy chil - dren now sing the Re-

ALTO

p *cresc.*

3. Re - joice e'en thou, saint-ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy chil-dren now, thy chil - dren now sing the Re-

p *cresc.*

p

deem - er's name, For by His grace, the God of Beth - le - hem

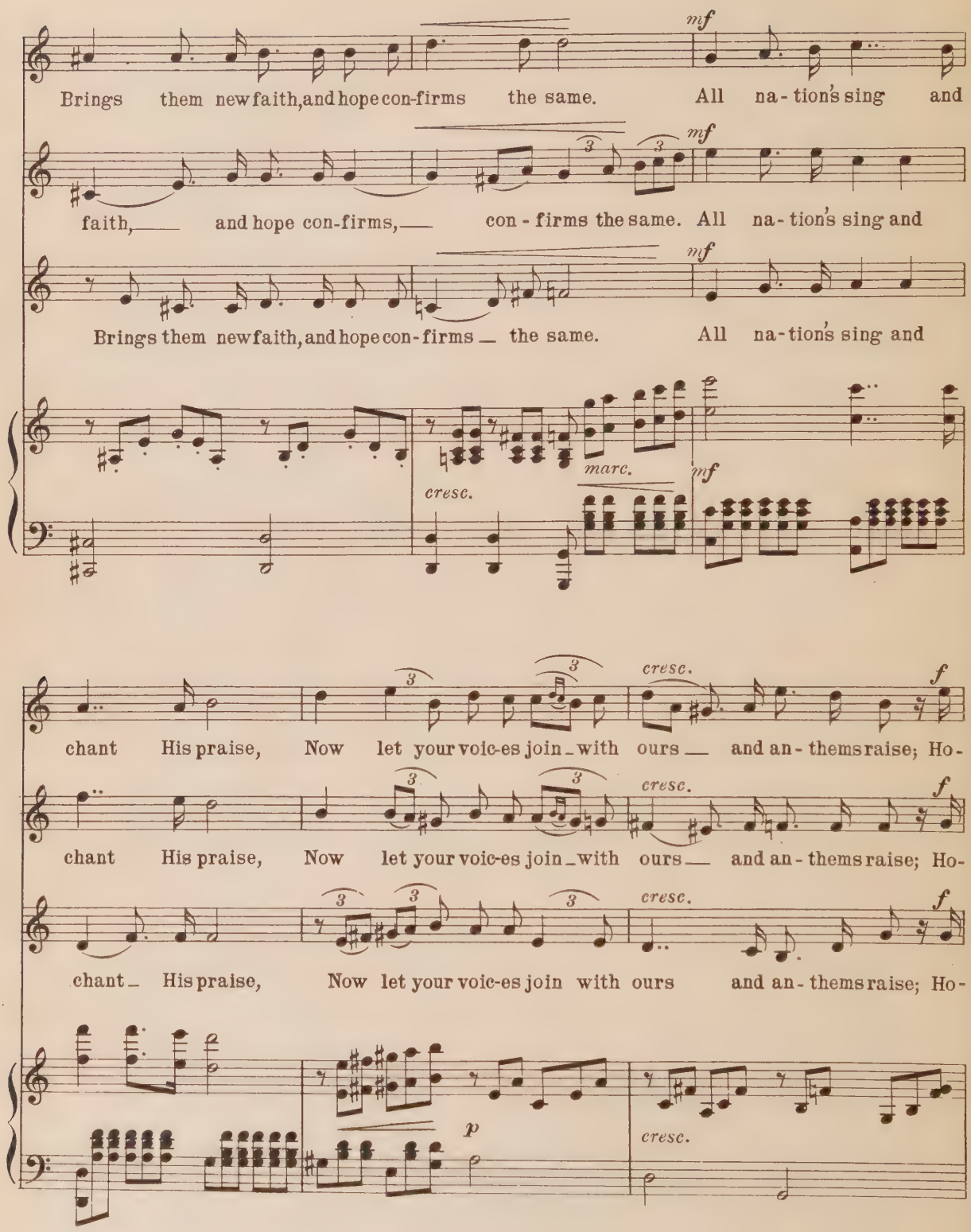
p

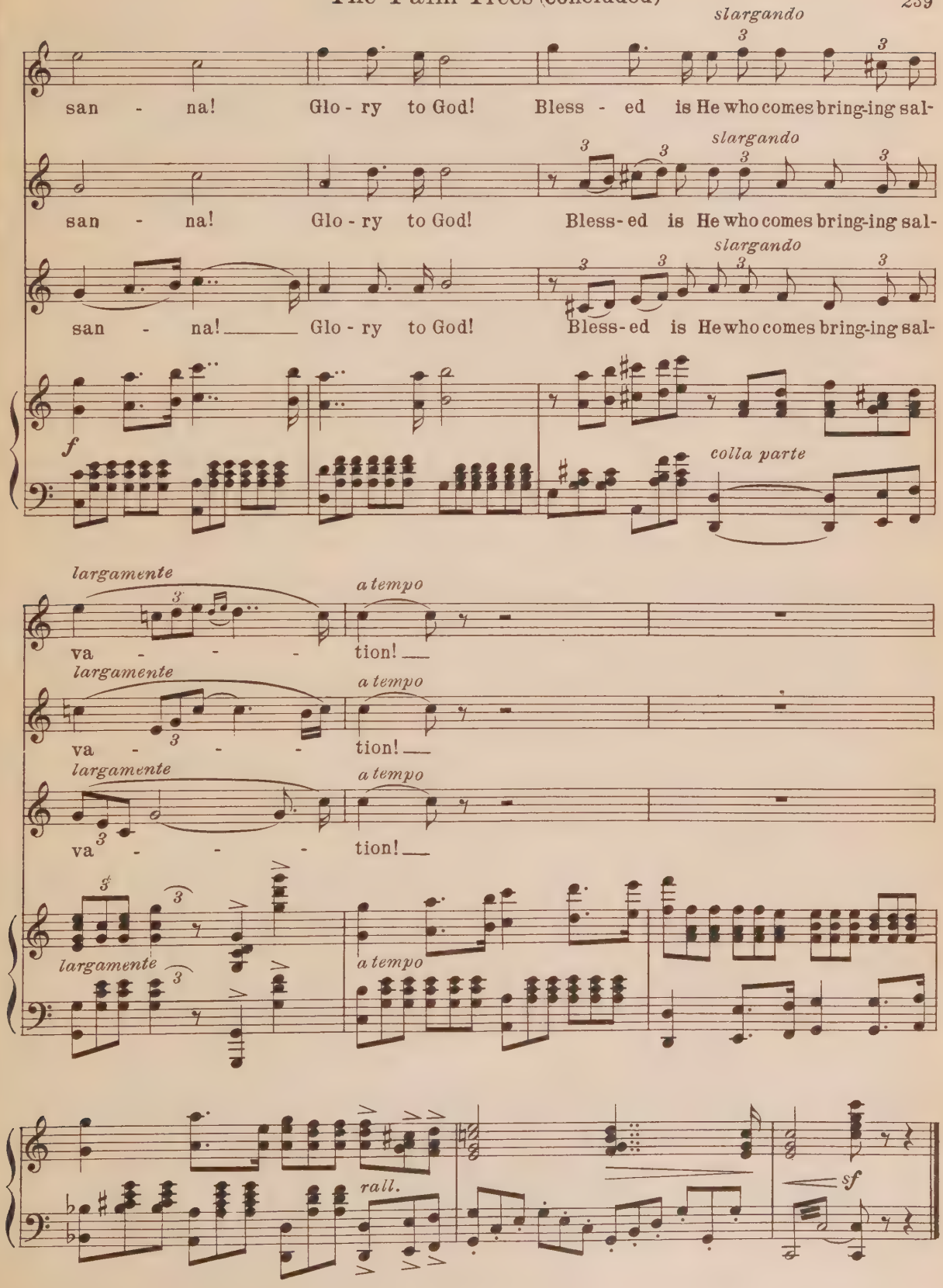
deem - er's name, For by His grace, the God of Beth - le - hem Brings them new

p

deem - er's name, For by His grace, the God of Beth - le - hem

p


mf
Brings them new faith, and hope con-firms the same. All na-tion's sing and
faith, and hope con-firms, con-firms the same. All na-tion's sing and
Brings them new faith, and hope con-firms the same. All na-tion's sing and
cresc.
marc.
mf
chant His praise, Now let your voic-es join with ours and an-thems raise; Ho-
cresc.
f
chant His praise, Now let your voic-es join with ours and an-thems raise; Ho-
chant His praise, Now let your voic-es join with ours and an-thems raise; Ho-
p
cresc.


slargando
san - na! Glo - ry to God! Bless - ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
slargando
san - na! Glo - ry to God! Bless-ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
slargando
san - na! Glo - ry to God! Bless-ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
f
colla parte
largamente
a tempo
va - - - tion!
largamente
a tempo
va - - - tion!
largamente
a tempo
va - - - tion!
largamente
a tempo
rall.
sf

One sweetly solemn thought

R. S. Ambrose
Arranged

Andante

p legato

p SOP. I

One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;

p SOP. II

p ALTO

One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;

p sempre legato

I am near-er home to-day, Than I've ev-er been be-fore;

I am near-er home to-day, Than I've been be-fore;

I am near-er home to-day, Than I've been be-fore;

poco cresc.

dim.

Near - er my Fath - er's house, Where the man - y man - sions be,

cresc. *pp*

Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea;

cresc. *pp*

cresc. *pp*

p

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,

p

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,

p

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,

p

One sweetly solemn thought (continued)

Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.

Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.

Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.

Pochissimo più mosso

mp SOP.

But ly-ing dark-ly be-tween, Win-ding a-down thro' the night,

mp

mp poco marcato

cresc. *rall.*

Is the si-lent, un-known stream, That leads at last to the light.

cresc. *rall.*

Tempo I

p

Fa-ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For it

p

Fa-ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For it

p

Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For it

Tempo I

p

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

may be, I am near - er home, Near - er now, than I think.

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

may be, I am near - er home, Near - er now, than I think.

cresc. *pp*

may be, I am near - er home, than I think.

cresc. *dim.*

The Lost Chord

Adelaide A. Proctor

Arthur Sullivan
Arranged

Andante Moderato

p *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. *

SOPRANO

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was

ALTO

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was

BASS
(Optional)

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was

p

Ped. * Ped. *

wear-y and ill at ease, And my fin-gers wan-der'd i-dly

wear-y and ill at ease, And my fin-gers wan-der'd i-dly

wear-y and ill at ease, And my fin-gers wan-der'd i-dly

Ped. *

più animato

O - ver the noi - sy keys; I know not what I was play - ing, Or

più animato

O - ver the noi - sy keys; I know not what I was play - ing, Or

più animato

O - ver the noi - sy keys; I know not what I was play - ing, Or

più animato *cresc.*

rall. *f*

what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the

rall. *f*

what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the

rall.

what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the

rall. *dim.* *f*

fz *sf* *p*

sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.

fz *sf* *p*

sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.

fz *sf* *p*

sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.

cresc. *sf* *sf* *p* *cresc.*

Ped. *

1st SOPRANO *pp*

Ah, - -

2nd SOPRANO *p*

It

ALTO *p*

f

Ped. ✻

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ah - - - - - - - - - - Ah - -

flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the close of an an - gel's psalm, And it

p

cresc.

dim. *più*

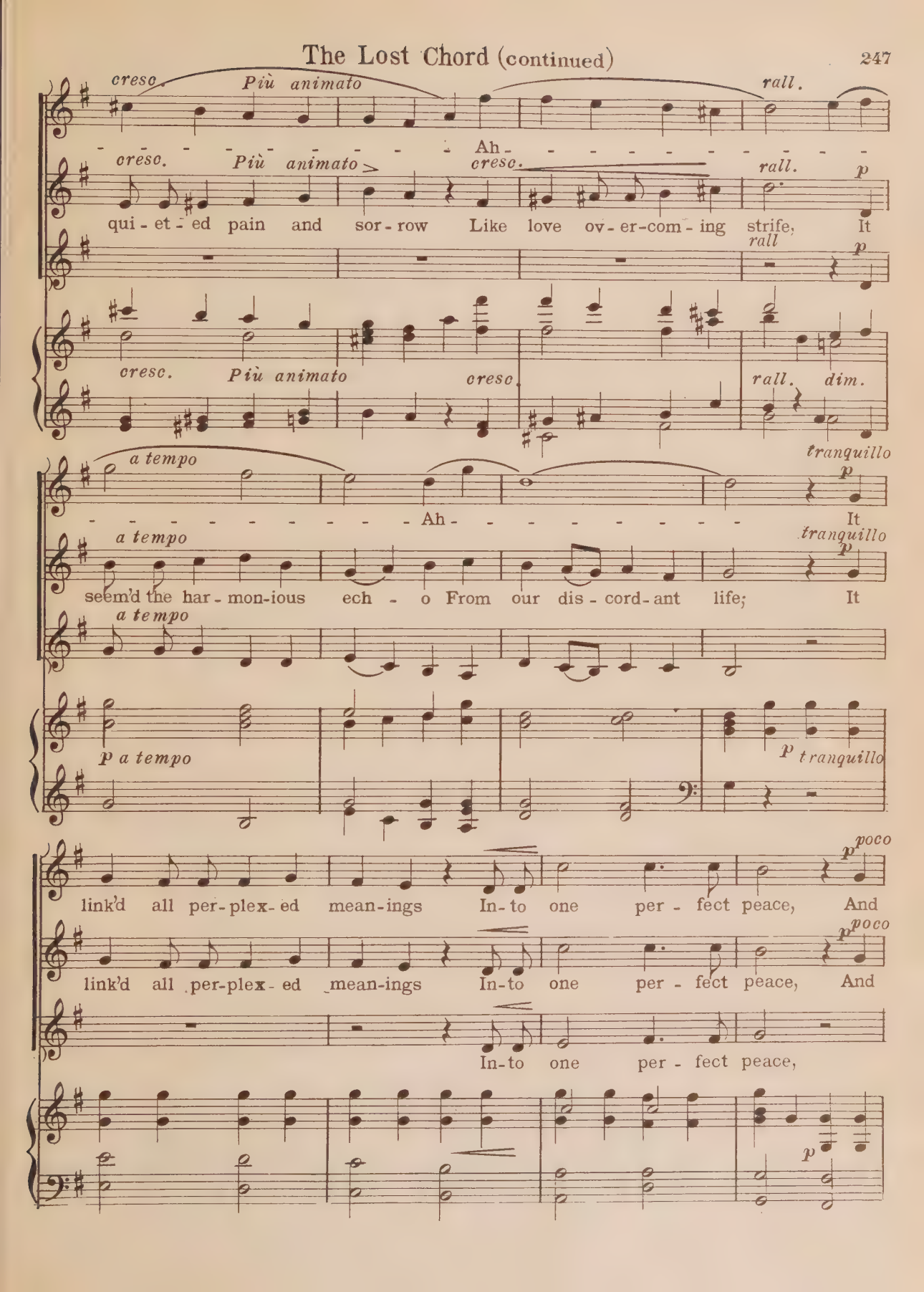
- - - - - - - - - - - - - Ah, - - - - - - - - - - - - Ah -

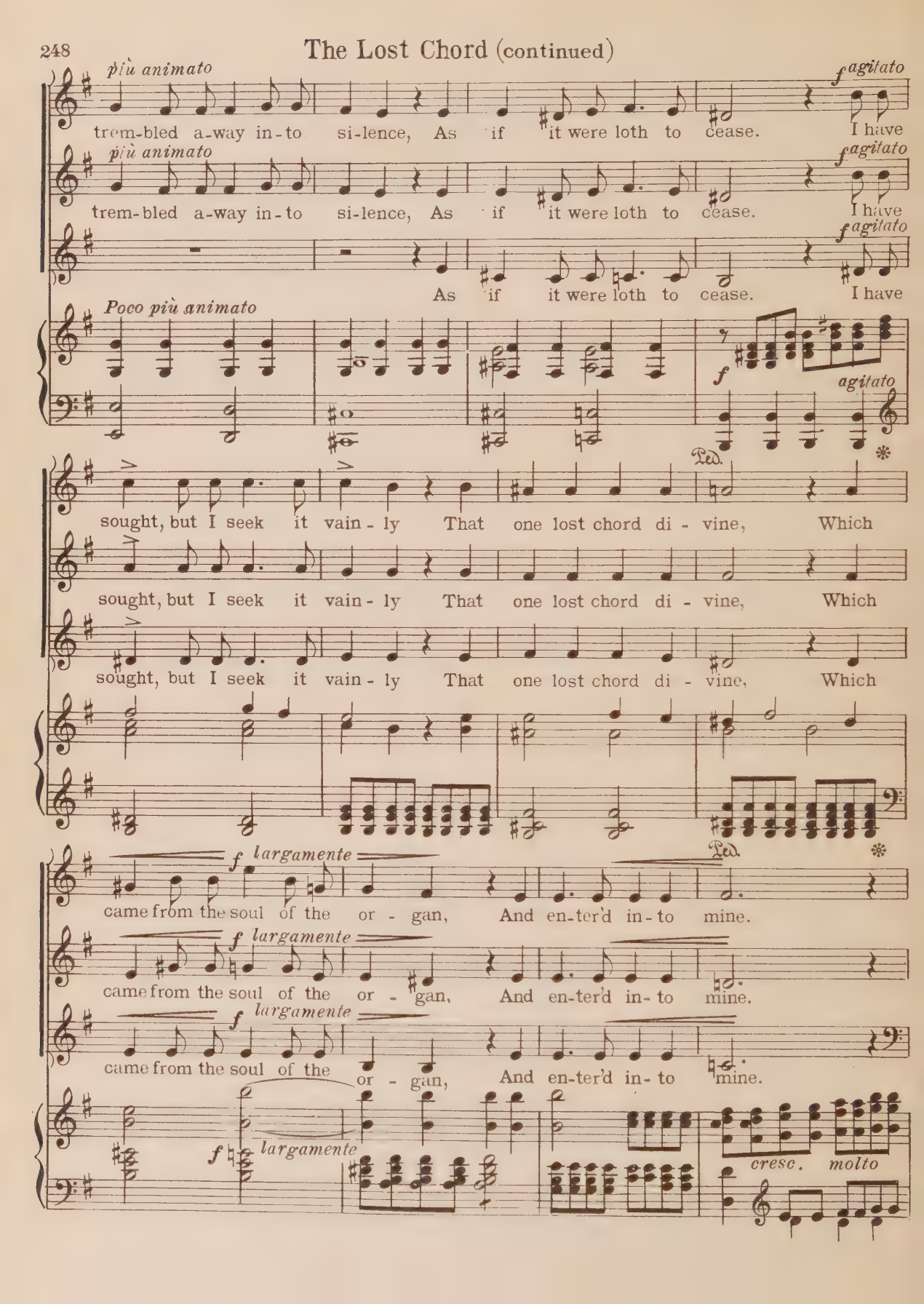
dim. *più*

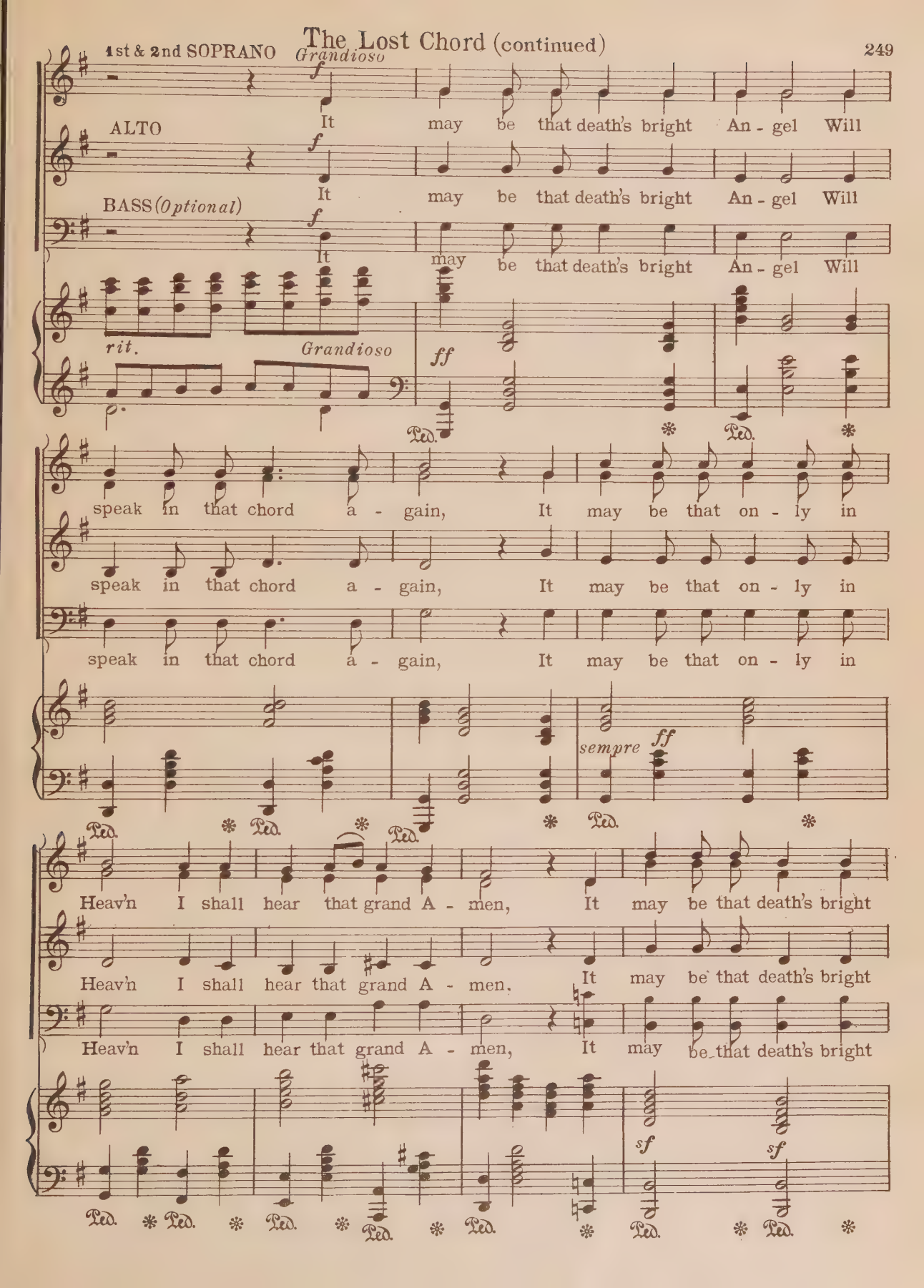
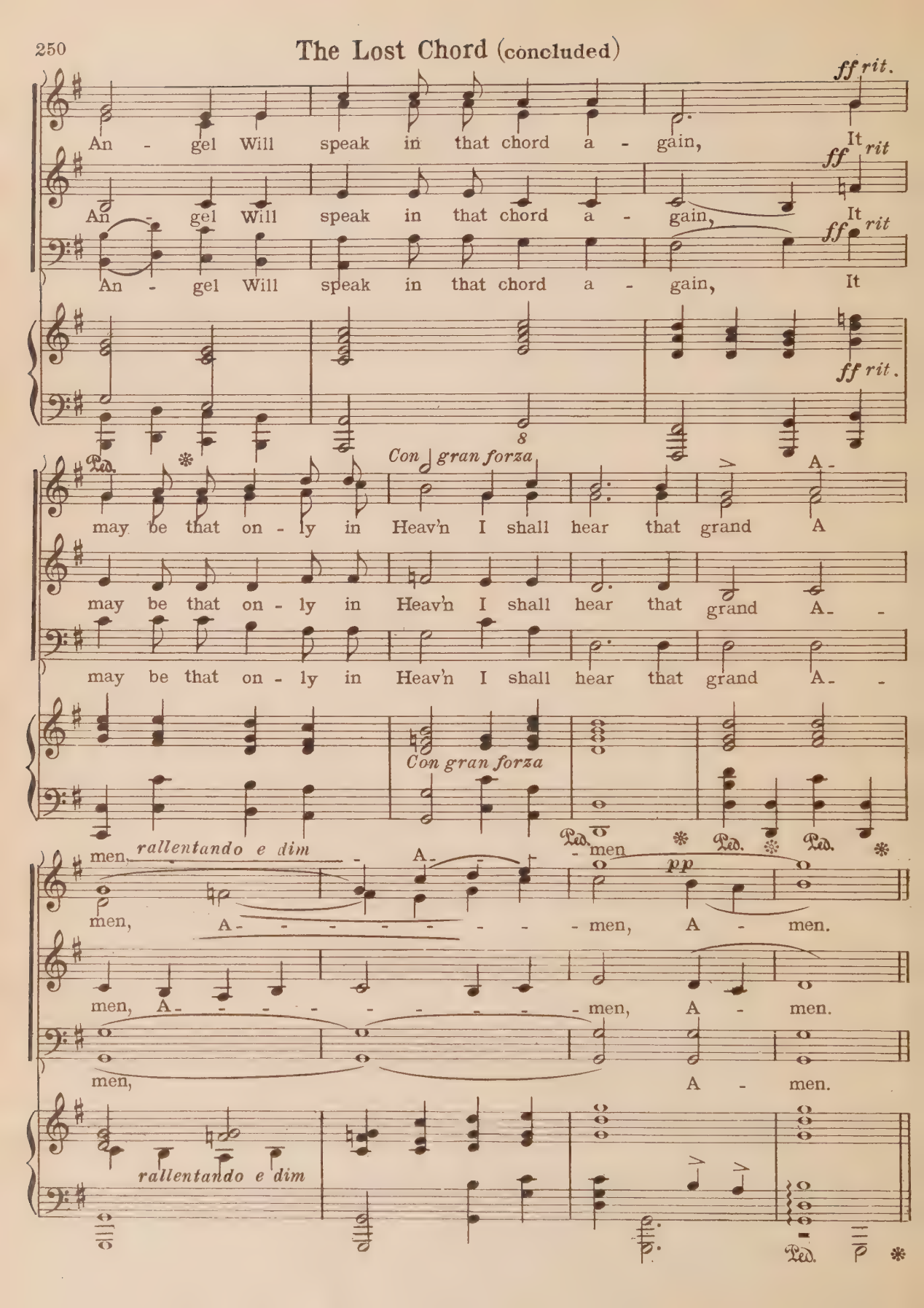
lay on my fev - er'd spir - it, With a touch of — in - fi - nite calm; It

dim.

dim. *più*


cresc.
Più animato
rall.
Ah
cresc.
Più animato
cresc.
rall.
p
qui - et - ed pain and sor - row Like love ov - er-com - ing strife, It
rall
p
cresc.
Più animato
cresc.
rall.
dim.
a tempo
tranquillo
p
Ah
It
a tempo
tranquillo
p
seem'd the har - mon-ious ech - o From our dis - cord - ant life; It
a tempo
p a tempo
p tranquillo
p poco
link'd all per - plex - ed mean - ings In - to one per - fect peace, And
p poco
link'd all per-plex - ed mean-ings In-to one per - fect peace, And
In-to one per - fect peace,
p


più animato
f agitato
trem-bled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have
più animato
f agitato
trem-bled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have
f agitato
As if it were loth to cease. I have
Poco più animato
f
agitato
Ped.
sought, but I seek it vain-ly That one lost chord di-vine, Which
sought, but I seek it vain-ly That one lost chord di-vine, Which
sought, but I seek it vain-ly That one lost chord di-vine, Which
f largamente
Ped.
came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to mine.
f largamente
came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to mine.
f largamente
came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to mine.
f largamente
cresc. molto


1st & 2nd SOPRANO
Grandioso
f
It may be that death's bright An - gel Will
ALTO
f
It may be that death's bright An - gel Will
BASS (Optional)
f
It may be that death's bright An - gel Will
rit.
Grandioso
ff
Ped.
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in
sempre ff
Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men, It may be that death's bright
Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. It may be that death's bright
Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men, It may be that death's bright
sf
sf

The Lost Chord (concluded)